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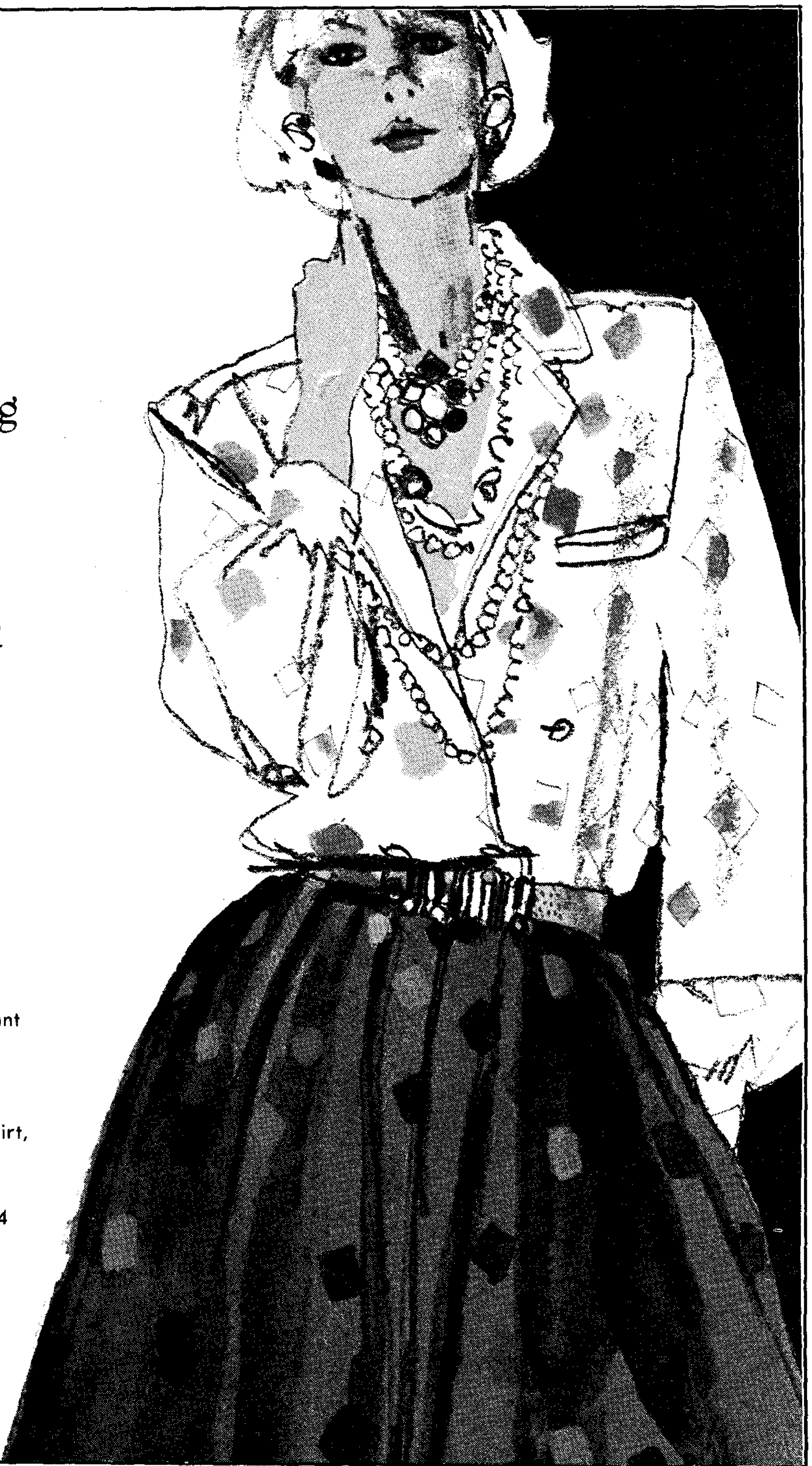

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Big Maggie—A play by John B. Keane. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 28. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, and half a dozen other first-rate actors in a rousing revival of the Herman Wouk melodrama. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Edmund Kean—A one-man play by Raymond FitzSimons, starring Ben Kingsley. Alison Sutcliffe is the director. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Christopher Fry's comedy "The Lady's Not for Burning" is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Oct. 2, at 7, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, at 8. Matinée Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show, last seen at the Public Theatre two months ago. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 29. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Oct. 9: Gilbert and Sullivan's **PRINCESS IDA.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 2. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 V 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Satu days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satu days at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orgasmo Adulto Escapes from the Zoo—Estel Parsons in a one-woman performance of eigl short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Ram The plays are being presented in two part (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Part Wednesday and Friday at 8, and Sunday 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Thursday, Saturday, an Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

Preppies—A foolish, harmless musical spoo (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-131 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sur days at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 an Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teache whom loneliness has made even more bubbl brained than God did. Lee Richardson play the leading role, and he is well supported b Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinto and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directe (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 83 2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, an Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presentin Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sherida Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 8.)

Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing Hi Wife and **Superstitions**—A pair of brief musical one-acters. The words are by the incom

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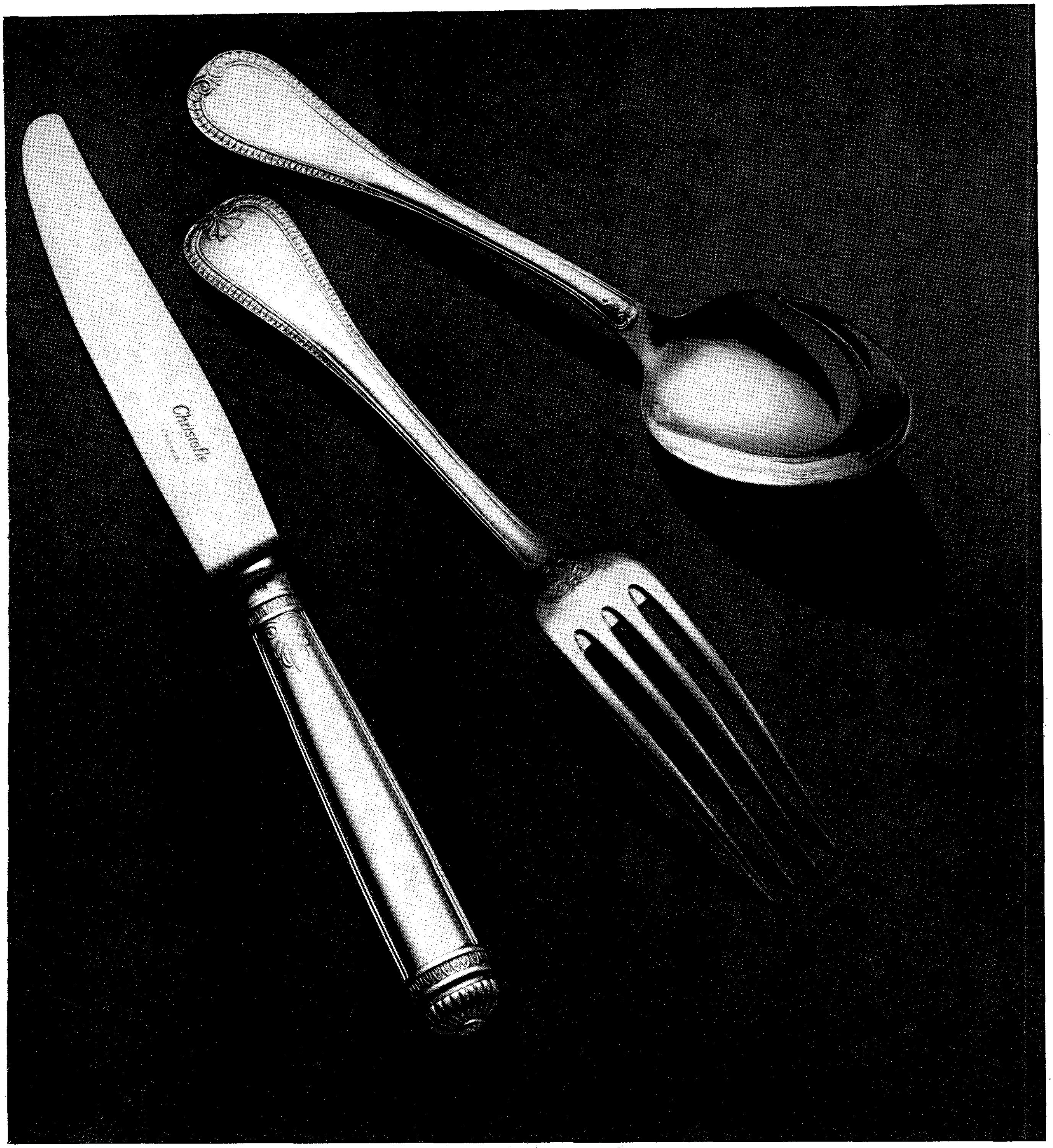

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parable Sam Shepard and the songs, in all varieties, by a group called the Overtones, along with Mr. Shepard. Mark Petrakis and O-lan Shepard act and sing to perfection. (9/26/83) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

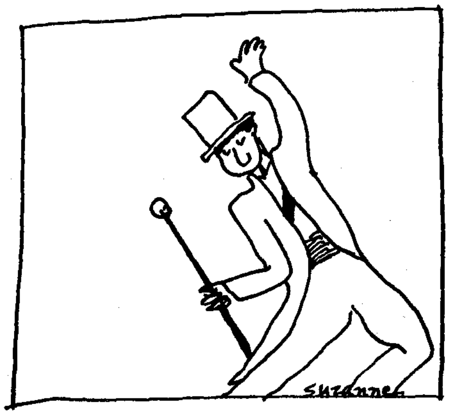
Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Uncle Vanya—This production is more Andrei Serban (director) than Anton Chekhov (playwright), but it has its engaging moments all the same. Joseph Chaikin, F. Murray Abraham, and Frances Conroy are among the good actors. (9/26/83) (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi was the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed by Mako. Donald Li plays Shikaze at the matinée performances. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Eddie Albert heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Daniel Davis plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Peter Crook plays the hapless Mozart; and Maureen Moore plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EXTREMITIES:** A play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,744 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Friday, Sept. 30, at 7 and 10; and Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.)



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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 869-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

DANCE

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Wednesday evening, Sept. 28, and Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 8: Two American premières—"Greek Dances" and "Concerto in Re"—and "Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Sept. 29-30, and Tuesday evening, Oct. 4: "Concerto in Re," "The Divine" (American première), and "Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 1: "Wien, Wien, Nur Du Allein." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 2, and Wednesday through Friday evenings, Oct. 5-7: "Eros Thanatos." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 9.)

Bat Dor Dance Company of Israel—Final performances: Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 2: "Cloven Kingdom," "Eve of Death," "Alto Rhapsody," and "And After." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Rhapsody," "Jeremiah," "Tzaikerk," and "Journey." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3: "Illusion," "Eve of Death," "Tzaikerk," and "Prophetic Visions." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 2, at 7:30: "Khamsin," "Rhapsody," "Othello," and "Journey." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances of mostly modern dance. **RACHEL HARMS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Sept. 28, and Friday, Sept. 30, at 8. . . . **CHARLES MOORE DANCE THEATRE:** Thursday, Sept. 29, and Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Ballet Hispanico of New York—A program of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, and of jazz-influenced works. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 5-7, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 8-9, at 3 and 8.)

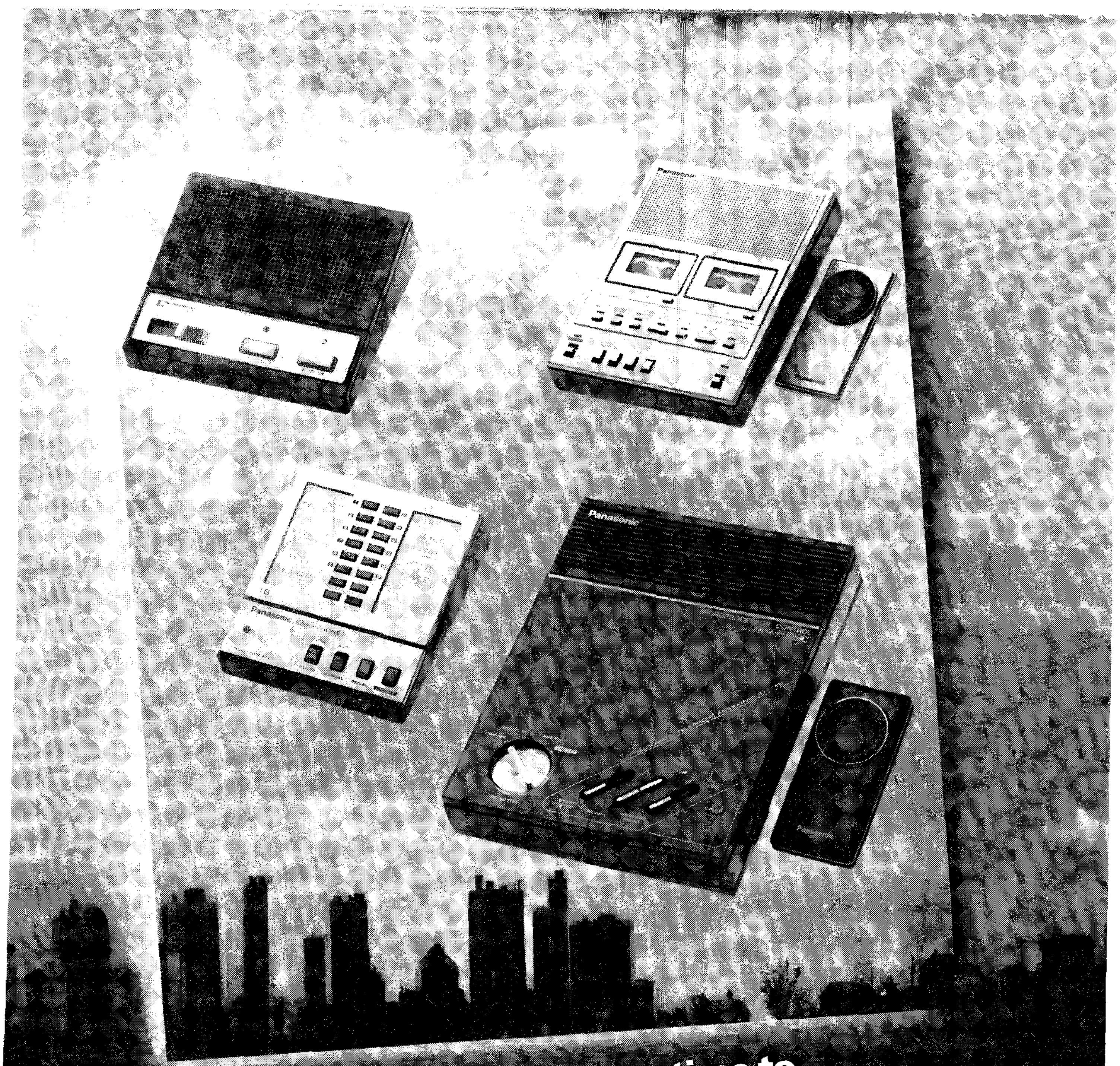
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The weekend jazz crew: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, drummer **ABDUL ZAHIR BATIN** and his band, the **NOTORIOUS ENSEMBLE**—saxophonist **C SHARPE,** pianist **RAHN BURTON,** and bassist **JOHN ORE;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Leny Andrade performs here through Sunday, Oct. 2; on Friday, Oct. 7, singer **JOE WILLIAMS** will move in. Music from nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Friday and Sat-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, **NRBQ**; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, guitarist **DICKEY BETTS** and his Southern-rock accomplices **JIMMY HALL, CHUCK LEAVELL,** and **BUTCH TRUCKS.** Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Right now (nightly), it's **RED MITCHELL** country, with Mr. Mitchell on bass and **HANK JONES** on piano through Saturday, Oct. 1, and Bill Mays at the keyboard starting Monday, Oct. 3. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ'S** trio performs from eleven to two. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Popster pianist Peter Nero works in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Bebop pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the delicate, elegant, reclusive pianist, is the star here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Sept. 28, True West, Zone, and Ice-9; Thursday, Sept. 29, the Incredible Casuals, the Wombats, the Secret Steps, and the Invisible House; Friday, Sept. 30, the Ordinaires, Riddley Walker, Syntax Error, and Linda Hudes; Saturday, Oct. 1, Naüx and Kammermusik; and Tuesday, Oct. 4, the Pinch. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**BOBBY ENRIQUEZ,** who plays beautiful piano solos, winds up his stint here on Saturday, Oct. 1; on Monday, Oct. 3, **JOE TURNER,** a first-edition stride pianist—he was a contemporary of Fats Waller—will claim the piano seat. Music at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, *355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave.* (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Sept. 28, Eileen Clohessy, Johnny Cronin & Maureen and Tom Doherty; Saturday, Oct. 1, String Fling and Stacy Phillips; Wednesday, Oct. 5, Stolen Child; Saturday, Oct. 8, the Fiction Brothers. Music Wednesdays from eight and Saturdays from nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Oct. 2, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** will lead his quartet from nine-fifteen. Mondays from eight-thirty belong to Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays, the **JAY LEONHART**-Danny D'Imperio quartet performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. **ASTRUD GILBERTO** sings here through Sunday, Oct. 2; on Tuesday, Oct. 4, pianist **TEDDY WILSON** will team up with vibraharp patriarch **RED NORVO.** The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Sept. 28, Legal Weapon; Thursday, Sept. 29, **BOYS OF THE LOUGH;** Friday, Sept. 30, **GEORGE GERDES** & his All-Male Vegetarian Orchestra; Saturday, Oct. 1, bluesman **BROWNIE MC GHEE;** Sunday, Oct. 2, Jane Brucker; Monday, Oct. 3, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, Oct. 4, Ilene Weiss; Thursday, Oct. 6, Linda Tillery and Adrienne Torf; Friday, Oct. 7, blues singer **BIG MAMA THORNTON;** and Saturday, Oct. 8, Nick Silver/Quicksilver. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

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GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28-29, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, pianist **HUGH LAWSON;** Sunday and Monday, Oct. 2-3, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER;** and Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 4-8, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: Wednesdays through Sundays, the Carl Barry trio; Mondays, pianist Baba Motta with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups play from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and Baba Motta has the same hours on Sundays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) The pianists: fireballing stride player **JUDY CARMICHAEL** is here nightly, except Sunday and Monday, Oct. 2-3, when **DILL JONES** takes over the keyboard. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND** will play charging, *rampaging, swirling sambas; and on Friday* and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, trumpeter **TED CURSON** will head up a band. Live music from ten. Dancing.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; from eight on Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl, at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to real fine piano-bass teams. The Tuesday-through-Saturday slot is now the property of **BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN** through Oct. 1; then, on Oct. 4, **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** will claim it; and the Sunday and Monday men are, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty: Wednesday, Sept 28, Tiny Tim; Thursday, Sept. 29, Chicago-blues musicians **BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS** and Elly Brown; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 2-3 Nick Silver/Quicksilver and Buddy Cage; Tuesday, Oct. 4, guitarist Roy Buchanan; and Wednesday, Oct. 5, blues-harp virtuoso **JAMES COTTON.** Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Wednesday, Sept. 28, Eddie Allen; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO;** and Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 4-8, the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND.** Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DARDANELLE,** a wily, mainstream-jazz pianist and rarely heard vibraharpist, is also a wonderful singer who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She just plays and sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. *On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the* New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday, Sept. 28, Ivy Ray; Thursday, Sept. 29, Alvin Fields; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday, Sept. 28, Bachelors of Art, Falgares, and the Spinouts; Thursday, Sept. 29, Kitty Bruce, the Bouncing Balls, and Accent on Travvel; Friday, Sept. 30, **OTIS RUSH** and Topper Lilien; Saturday, Oct. 1, **LUTHER ALLISON** and Mojo Bone; Monday, Oct. 3, Boa & the Constrictors, the Maniatics, and Skunkadelic; Wednesday, Oct. 5, the Nults and Pinhead; Thursday, Oct. 6, the Modulators, Broken Promises, and Spellbound; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN.** Shows start at ten. Sundays are reserved for a jam session. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show. Friday, Sept. 30, the Suburbs and Indoor Life; Saturday, Oct. 1, **DEFUNKT** and the Nitecaps; Friday, Oct. 7, Howard Devoto; Saturday, Oct. 8, blues singer **PAUL BUTTERFIELD.** Music from way past your bedtime.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS,** the erstwhile rock-and-roll drummer who has, over the years, gigged with Sammy Price, Lucky Millinder, and Dinah Shore, leads his **SAVOY SULTANS** through some irresistible arrangements to Lindy to on the sixty-fifth floor. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Sept. 28, Bad Manners; Thursday, Sept. 29, Marianne Faithfull; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Roman Holliday; Tuesday, Oct. 4, Michael Stanley; Thursday, Oct. 6, rockabillyist **MARSHALL CRENSHAW**; Friday, Oct. 7, the Bongos; and Saturday, Oct. 8, Aztec Camera. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28-29, **STEPS AHEAD**; Friday through Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 2, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON**; Monday, Oct. 3, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA**; Tuesday, Oct. 4, pianist **DAVID LAHM**; Wednesday, Oct. 5, Ronaldo, a Brazilian guitarist; and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 6-7, trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON**. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Sept. 28, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**; Thursday, Sept. 29, African Heritage Dancers & Drummers; Friday, Sept. 30, Brazilian Energy; Saturday, Oct. 1, and Friday, Oct. 7, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Tuesday, Oct. 4, Frank Ferrucci; Wednesday, Oct. 5, pianist **DOM SALVADOR**; and Saturday, Oct. 8, **PÉ-DE-BOI**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** and his **UNIT** perform through Saturday, Oct. 1; Monday, Oct. 3, will belong to South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and saxophonist **CARLOS WARD**; and on Tuesday, Oct. 4, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** will arrive with seven other advanced, rhythmical thinkers, **OLU DARA, CRAIG HARRIS, JULIUS HEMPHILL, BUTCH MORRIS, CURTIS CLARK, WILBER MORRIS,** and **BILLY HIGGINS**. Sundays belong to **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his Brazilian-jazz band, **AMAZON**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic-blues and R. & B. hangout. Buster Poindexter (a *nom de guitare* if there ever was one) holes up here on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Music after nine.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll in the Roller Skating District: Wednesday, Sept. 28, Third Wave and Taxed; Thursday, Sept. 29, Rick Shane, the Silent Men, and Never Never; Friday, Sept. 30, Taxi Dancer, the Gift, and the Late Shift; and Wednesday, Oct. 5, Snapshot, Angat, and Sacrifice. Dancing to recorded music-with-a-beat Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to four; live shows from about ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday after nine is salsa night in the barnlike downstairs room: on Oct. 3, **WILLIE COLON** and Casanova y Montuno will share the stage along with guest jazz soloist, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** is at the piano through Sunday, Oct. 2; on Tuesday, Oct. 4, pianist **RAY BRYANT** will take over. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio Tuesdays after nine, alternating with the visiting pianists.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Trumpeter **CLARK TERRY**, who still mugs and mumbles and plays real sweet horn solos, leads his quintet through Sunday, Oct. 2; on Tuesday, Oct. 4, tenor saxophonist-spiritualist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music after ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. **JIM HALL** and **RON CARTER** play sublime duets Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave. at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Susan Chinn; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Esther Blue. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. **GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS** are here through Friday, Sept. 30; Saturday, Oct. 1, will belong to Shelbo's Jump Band; Sunday, Oct. 2, altoist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ** will co-pilot a quartet; and on Monday, Oct. 3, bebopist and pianist **JOE ALBANY** will arrive. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. The duos: pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, Oct. 1; guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** beginning Monday, Oct. 3; and pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** every Sunday. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Engelbert Humperdinck—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 8.

Charles McPherson—With the Barry Harris trio. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

De Danann—With Touchstone. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Carrie Smith—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Monday, Oct. 3, at 6.

Al Jarreau—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 6-8, at 8.

Holly Near and Ronnie Gilbert—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:30, and Monday, Oct. 10, at 8.

John McLaughlin, Al DiMeola, and Paco DeLucia—With Steve Morse. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl—Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.

Jean-Luc Ponty—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.

Iron Maiden—With Quiet Riot. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

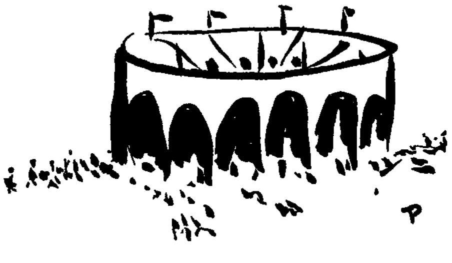
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Architectural interiors and exteriors combined with landscapes and occasionally figures, all with elements imported from the artist's imagination. Through Oct. 15. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Judith Dolnick—Abstract paintings on paper and on linen, some of them mounted on free-standing screens. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothy Gillespie—Painted-aluminum wall pieces. Through Oct. 29. (Marymount Manhattan College Gallery, 221 E. 71st St. Daily, 9 to 9.)

Morris Graves—New paintings. Through Oct. 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. A Graves retrospective is at the Whitney Museum.)



Lucy Mitchell / Walt Kelly (1913-73)—Small-scale collages embellished with drawings. / "Pogo" comic-strip drawings from the years 1958-71. Through Oct. 22. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Dorothea Tanning—Paintings from the past few years. Through Oct. 29. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.) . . . ¶ Works on paper. Starts Thursday, Sept. 29. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Recent oils, abstract for the most part, but with recognizable elements (a face, a tree) appearing here and there. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Mary Joan Waid—Paintings of heads and details of heads, vastly larger than life-size. Through Oct. 22. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Abbie Zabar—Panoramic slices of landscapes (views of the Grand Canyon, of the French countryside), all done in colored-paper collage. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Avigdor Arikha—Paintings, drawings, and pastels; portraits and studio still-lifes are prominent. Through Tuesday, Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ed Baynard—Recent paintings in which landscapes are seen through windows. Through Oct. 15. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

John Chamberlain—This celebrated crusher of automobiles has turned his talents to Tonka toy cars, and five of the small resultant sculptures are here on view, along with unrelated monoprints. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ The Dia Art Foundation, 67 Vestry St., two blocks below Canal St., has a new installation of Chamberlain's sculptures, dating from 1961 to 1982. (Opens at noon.)

Juan Hamilton—New abstract bronze and clay sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings from the fifties and sixties, when this artist's commitment to Abstract Expressionism predominated in his work. Through Oct. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Jordan—"The Trail to Champney Falls" (in New Hampshire, where the artist lives) and other representational landscapes in oil. Through Oct. 22. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Drawings, including numerous preliminary drawings for commissioned portraits and sketches of professional models, and a half-dozen oils. Through Nov. 5. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—Vertical canvases, mostly, in which bright-colored geometric forms are stacked one on top of the other, as in totem poles. Through Oct. 15. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Paintings. Through Thursday, Oct. 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sean Scully—Recent abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Paintings from the thirties and forties that reflect some of the influences at work on the emerging sculptor. Through Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—Paintings as well as sculptures. Through Oct. 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Ernesto Tatafiore—New figurative paintings by this Italian, a number of them with themes drawn from the French Revolution. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Torreano—Sculptures of immense, faceted gems, plus paintings on the same theme. Through Tuesday, Oct. 4. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—Recent sculptures (some steel, some aluminum, and some a mixture of both) ranging in height from eighteen inches to eight feet, plus watercolors that served as studies. Through Oct. 13. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Troels Wörsel—Paintings by an artist from Cologne; first one-man show in New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Drawings from throughout the architect's career: the Johnson Tower, the Guggenheim, and so on. Through Oct. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. A larger show is at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum.)

Group Shows—At the **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Bryan Hunt, sculptures by Mel Kendrick, and photographs by Jan Groover. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. . . . **siegel,** in a new location at 24 W. 57th St.: "Nocturne," a theme show of one work each (primarily paintings) by fifty-six artists from here and abroad, all dealing either directly—or obliquely—with the subject of night: Eric Fischl, Jean-Charles Blais, Rex Lau. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **holly solomon,** also in a new home, at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The inaugural exhibit has a selection of works that were seen in shows at this gallery during its eight years in SoHo; a few of the artists are Laurie Anderson, Jared Bark, Robert Mapplethorpe, Joe Zucker, and Brad Davis. Through Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Open Mondays.) . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Ernst Caramelle, an Austrian; Tullio De Gennaro, an Italian; Alan Johnston, a Scot; and Joseph Nechvatal, from the lower East Side. The gallery, a new one, is the same one previously occupied by the late Betty Parsons. Through Oct. 15.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—Four new works in her usual vein—storytelling through drawings and insinuating texts. Through Oct. 15. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Peter Berg—A large, painted abstract sculpture and twenty large-scale related drawings. Through Oct. 15. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Greg Constantine—A series of antic drawings showing Vincent van Gogh in New York—painting sunflowers in Queens, visiting a Hopperesque night-owl café, prowling with Lautrec on Forty-second Street, and so on. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Elsewhere in the gallery are paintings by Kevin Franke, Gary Jacobson, and Kenneth Morgan.

Jack Goldstein—A new set of his marvels-of-the-night-sky paintings. Through Oct. 22. (Metro Pictures, now located at 150 Greene St.)

Cham Hendon—New paintings. Through Oct. 12. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Jörg Immendorff—Oils and ten large-scale linoleum cuts by a German Neo-Expressionist. Through Oct. 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Guy Johnson / Alan Wolfson—Recent paintings. / Dioramas (mounted on stands at eye level) depicting scenes from around New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Christopher Le Brun—In each of these large paintings, strikingly colorful abstractions surround the enigmatic figure of a white horse. The artist is a young Englishman. First solo show in New York. Through Oct. 22. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Peter Mackie—Airbrush paintings of colorful rumpled paper, many of them suggesting a female form underneath. Through Oct. 9. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily.)

Wilbur Niewald—Representational paintings: figures, still-lifes, and landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Carolee Schneemann—Recent drawings, painting, prints, and sculptures. Through Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Todd Siler—A large installation using constructions, drawings, photomontages, and collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Jean-Luc Vilmouth—Objects acquired in New York by this French artist (a watering can, a shoeshine box, a plastic cocktail shaker) and converted into wall sculptures, plus large freestanding pieces in which, say, a vacuum cleaner or a butcher's scale is padded with Styrofoam and covered with papier-mâché. First show in this city. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

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Bill Woodrow—Sculptures made from cast-off material, mostly junked cars—for instance, a large hen and a serviceable-looking cello are seen beside the auto door from which they were extracted. Through Thursday, Oct. 6. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works by ten emerging artists, including an oversize paper-pulp sculpture of seedpods and a mollusk by Ming Fay and computer-inspired drawings by Roger Boyce. Through Oct. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **protetch mc neil,** 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Recent portraits by Leon Golub, Frank Young, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Opens at noon.) . . . **soho 20,** at 469 Broome St.: A variety of works by ten of the women who are gallery members, such as Mary Ann Gillies, Cynthia Mailman, and Sylvia Sleigh. Through Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Opens at noon.) . . . **thorp,** 419 West Broadway: New works by gallery regulars like David True and April Gornik, and representative works by newcomers like Gary Bower and Anton van Dalen. Through Oct. 29. . . . **weber,** 142 Greene St.: A show titled "Science Fiction" brings together paintings and sculptures by R. M. Fischer and David Deutsch and better-known artists like Donald Judd and the late Robert Smithson. Peter Halley was the curator. Through Saturday, Oct. 8.

OTHER GALLERIES

David Finn—Primitive-looking sculptures of masked figures. Through Oct. 20. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Geoffrey Hellman (1907-77)—A selection of the author's letters and manuscripts. Through Oct. 27. (Bobst Library, third floor, New York University, 70 Washington Sq. S. Mondays through Thursdays, 2 to 5.)

Terry Rosenberg / Frank Young—A wall piece involving three hundred and seventy-five ceramic tiles, hand-cast by the artist at the Kohler factory in Wisconsin, each one measuring twenty and a half square inches. / Four new large-scale paintings. Through Oct. 30. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

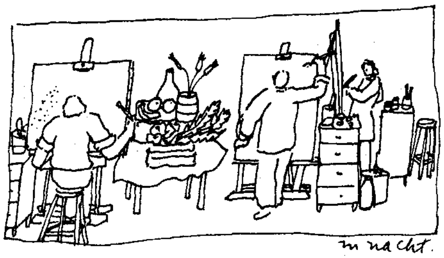
Italo Scanga—Sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Group Show—"Artist/Critic;" works by eighteen artists who also write art criticism. Carl Andre, David Salle, and Jeanne Silverthorne are among those with samples from both fields. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Wynn Bullock (1902-75) **and Edna Bullock**—Two exhibitions of the independent works of these two photographers. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Through Oct. 22. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. . . . ¶ Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Through Oct. 29. Opens at noon.)

Louise Dahl-Wolfe / Paul Outerbridge, Jr. (1896-1958)—Prints by a former fashion photographer at *Harper's Bazaar*. / A retrospective, including both commercial and noncommercial photographic works. Through Oct. 15. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., is showing Carbro-color prints by Outerbridge from the thirties and forties. Through Saturday, Oct. 1.



Larry Fink—Silver-print self-portraits of the artist at home, sometimes in the company of his daughter. Through Oct. 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Eikoh Hosoe—More than sixty prints are included in a retrospective of the works of this Japanese photographer. Through Oct. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Pfahl—Landscape photographs that center on nuclear and hydroelectric power plants. Through Oct. 19. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—Early portraits done in his Harlem studio, plus a few prints from as recently as the eighties. Through Oct. 13. (Photo Center Gallery, New York University, 721 Broadway, two blocks south of 8th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **prakapas,** 19 E. 71st St.: About thirty vintage photographs, mostly from the twenties, taken by artists whose names are associated with Surrealism (Magritte, Man Ray, and Hans Bellmer among them). Through Oct. 29. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.) . . . **studio museum in harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.: More than a hundred prints by photojournalist Roland Freeman, chronicling the day-to-day activities of contemporary black Americans in rural and urban America. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ "A Century of Black Photographers, 1840-1960" has works by little-known artists from the nineteenth century and by their better-known twentieth-century counterparts, among them James Van DerZee and Roy DeCarava. Through Oct. 23. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

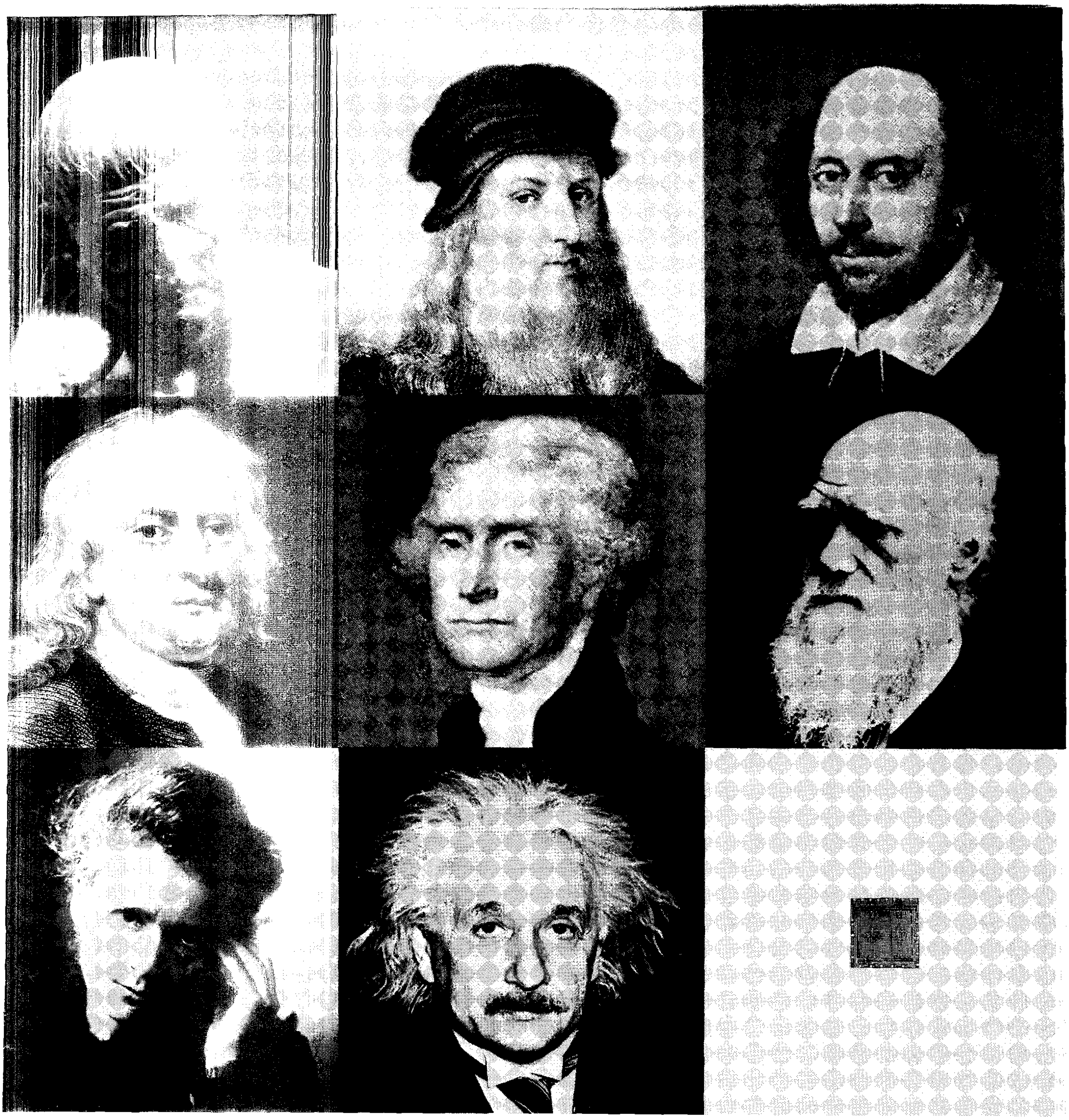
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Édouard Manet retrospective has nearly two hundred paintings, drawings, pastels, and prints (a good number of them on loan), including "The Fifer" and "A Bar at the Folies-Bergère." . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; among the seventy-five works are ten newly acquired ones, including an O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. Both shows through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A display of the color lithograph that Jim Dine made for the Metropolitan Opera's hundredth-anniversary poster. Also, nine trial proofs. Through Oct. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of sixteen of Charles Simonds' clay-brick sculptures of Lilliputian cities and neighborhoods for an imaginary civilization he calls his Little People, including a nine-and-a-half-foot piece (his largest to date) created specifically for the museum's rotunda. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven artists from around the country have been chosen to represent "New Perspectives in American Art." Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Starts Friday, Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 to the present. Through Nov. 27. A complementary show is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St. . . . ¶ "The Sculptor as Draftsman," a show of about forty twentieth-century drawings by nearly as many artists, including Elie Nadelman, Isamu Noguchi, and H. C. Westermann. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6;



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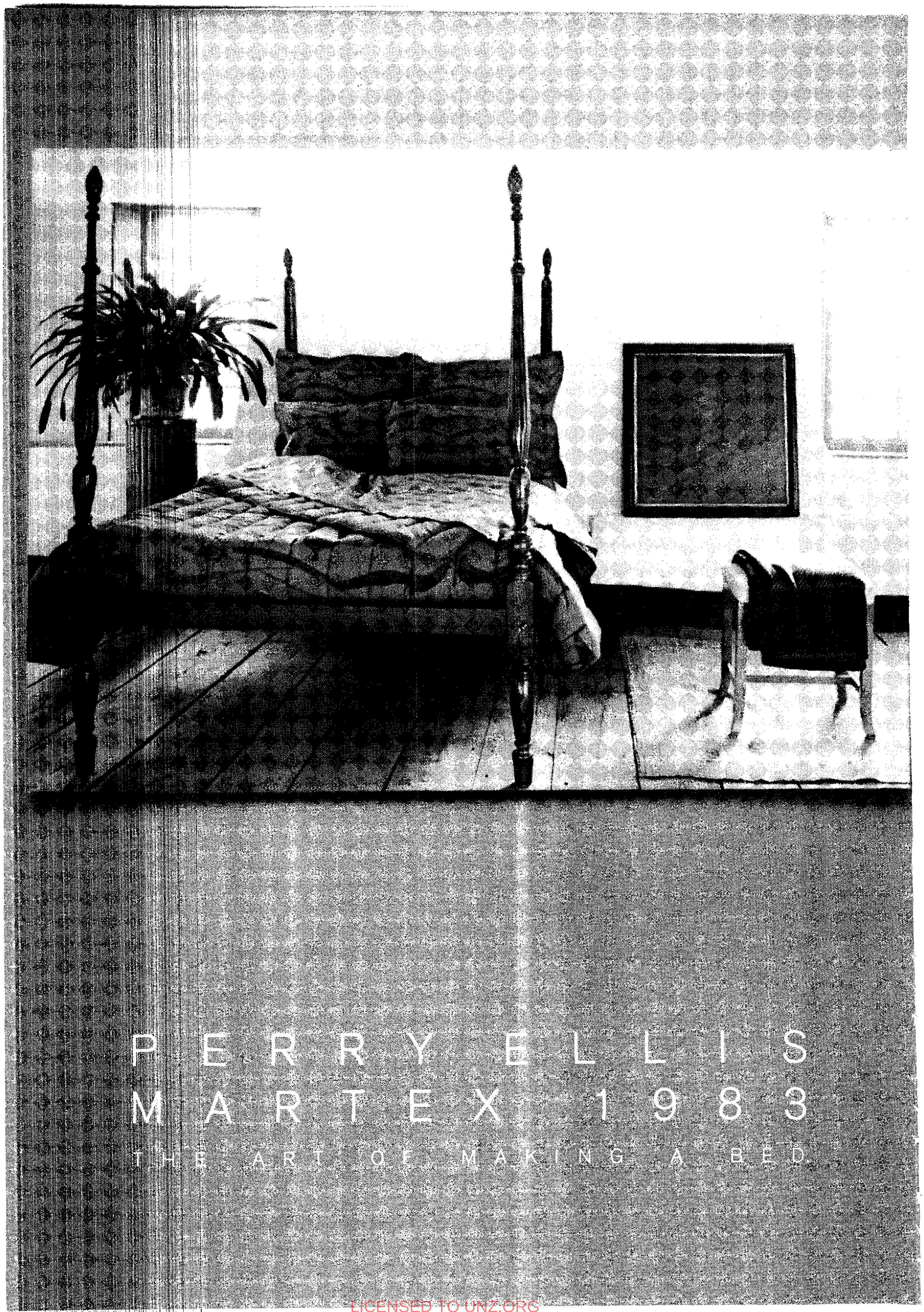
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collections are the main reason for a visit just now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of Japanese *emaki*, narrative painted hand scrolls. Through Nov. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculpture, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. A complementary show is at Max Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Designs for opera sets and costumes, from the Renaissance to the present, are seen in a display (of paintings, drawings, prints, books, and models) marking the centennial of the Metropolitan Opera. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A Japanese National Treasure, "Toiletry Case with Medallion Design," made in the mid-thirteen-hundreds, is included in a show that focusses on the autumn-grass and water motifs in the classical art of that country. Lacquerware, porcelain, screens, and textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centuries of Opera," a comprehensive show (also with the Metropolitan Opera in mind) offering original music manuscripts, printed scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ "Letters from Notable Children": Even a fifteen-year-old Napoleon had to write his relatives from military school; among the other correspondents with items in this show are Mozart, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Helen Keller. There is also a book written and illustrated by the young John Ruskin and a science notebook belonging to a school-age Isaac Newton. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of drawings, watercolors, and gouaches depicting people, events, and life in general in France during and after the Revolution. Included are portraits of Danton and Talleyrand by David, and one of Napoleon by Duvivier. On loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5, Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Yet another nod to the Met, this one concentrating on opera in the nineteenth century, starting with printed material from the first opera performed here ("The Barber of Seville," in 1825) and ending with memorabilia from the Met's first home, on Thirty-third Street. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ A century's worth of Central Park unfolds chronologically in a show of more than fifty paintings, drawings, and prints. Watercolors from 1814, when it was a virtual wasteland; Calvert Vaux's designs for Glade Arch and for Denesmouth Arch; Maurice Prendergast's May Day celebrations on the Mall; etc. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Beth Lapides (performance), Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30; Johanna Went (performance), Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; Eleanor Antin (reading), Friday, Oct. 7, at 6. . . . ¶ An installation by Ellen Rumm. Through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ A show of recent acquisitions of artists' books. Through Saturday, Oct. 8.

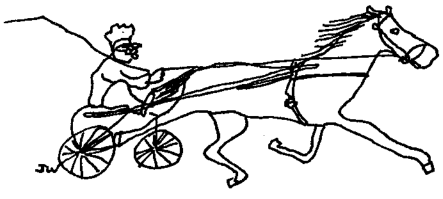
P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The paintings and sculptures of five of Germany's Neo-Expressionists—Georg Baselitz, Jörg Immendorff, Anselm Kiefer, Markus Lüpertz, and A. R. Penck—occupy the main galleries. Through Nov. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8. "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 29, at 6:30: "Les Troyens," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jessye Norman, Placido Domingo, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 6:30: "Les Troyens," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jessye Norman, Placido Domingo, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, José Carreras, and Ryan Edwards; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 1:30: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Spiro Malas; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jessye Norman, Placido Domingo, and Allan Monk; James Levine.



New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8: The New York stage première of Handel's "Alcina," with Carol Vaness, Erie Mills, D'Anna Fortunato, and John Stewart; conducted by Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Pamela Myers, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Diana Walker-Leuck, Jerry Hadley, William Stone, and Richard T. Gill; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, Harry Theyard, and Arthur Thompson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 2, at 1: "The Merry Widow" (in English), with Karen Huffstodt, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, and Cris Groenendaal; Eric Knight. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 2, at 7: "The Merry Widow" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, and Stanley Wexler; Eric Knight. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Alcina," with Carol Vaness, Erie Mills, D'Anna Fortunato, and John Stewart; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Delia Wallis, and William Parker; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2: "La Bohème," with Judith Haddon, Elizabeth Hynes, Robert Grayson, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Diana Walker, Jerry Hadley, William Stone, and Richard T. Gill; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Amato Opera Company—Boito's "Nerone," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik conducting performances of Beethoven's Violin Concerto and the American première of Karl Amadeus Hartmann's "Cantata Gesangsszene" on Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, and Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8 (all with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Roland Hermann, baritone). . . . ¶ Larry Newland conducting a Copland-Mahler-Dvořák program on Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8; Friday, Oct. 7, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8 (all with Håkan Hagegård, baritone).

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting a benefit concert for the Deafness Research Foundation. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3.)

Camerata Bern—A Swiss chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Swedish National Orchestra of Gothenburg—Neeme Jarvi conducting an Alfven-Mahler-Sibelius program, with Birgit Finnilä, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Bamberg Symphony Orchestra—Eugen Jochum conducting a performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

United States Marine Band—Colonel John R. Bourgeois conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—The first two in a series of five concerts. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and Julien Robbins, bass.

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(Avery Fisher Hall.) . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 7:30: Anthony Newman, harpsichord, and friends in a Bach-Handel program. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. For tickets, call 873-9546.)

RECITALS

Yin Cheng-Zong—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The first in a series of five concerts, this one featuring the Guarneri Quartet; Ruth Laredo, piano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and Ransom Wilson, flute. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

Robert Mann and Yefim Bronfman—Violin and piano, in a program of Mozart sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The first in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Sidney Harth, violin; Ward Davenny, piano; Keith Wilson, clarinet; and Claudio Jaffe, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Miriam Fried—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3.)

Alison Deane, Arturo Delmoni, and Richard Locker—Piano, violin, and cello. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Kathleen Bride—Harp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Homero Francesch—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Peter Katin—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Peter Orth—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Zina Schiff—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—Chamber music. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 551.)

Trevor Pinnock—Harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Arden Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Verdehr Trio—A program of contemporary music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Musica Antiqua Köln—A chamber ensemble from Germany, performing on authentic baroque instruments. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

The Bach Winterfest—The first in a series of six concerts, this one performed by John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; and the Bach Family Strings. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St., on Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Arnold Steinhardt and Lincoln Mayorga—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28-29, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 1-2, at 1:35. . . . **NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Tuesday, Oct. 4. . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Wednesday, Oct. 5.

College Football—**FRIDAY, SEPT. 30:** Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 6:45. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 1** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Penn State, at Giants Stadium. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 2:** Manhattan vs. St. Peter's, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 8:** Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. William and Mary, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Rutgers (Newark), at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Air Force, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Boston College, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. San Diego Chargers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Oct. 2, at 4.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Buffalo. Monday, Oct. 3.)

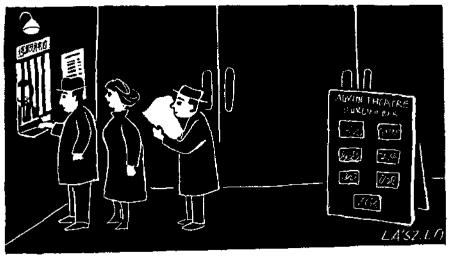
Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (564-4400): Rangers vs. Devils, Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 7:30. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Rangers (exhibition game), Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders (exhibition game), Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Friday, Oct. 7, at 7:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 17. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 28; the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 1; and the Fall Highweight Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Rutgers, Thursday, Sept. 29. . . . **LAUREL, MD.:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 28-29, at 8 A.M.; Friday, Sept. 30, at 7 A.M.; and Saturday, Oct. 1, at 7:30 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 29, at 3; Friday, Sept. 30, at noon; and Saturday, Oct. 1, at 10: Free skating. (Sky Rink, 450 W. 33rd St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

Yachting—The seventeenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, Battery Park; south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge; around the West Bank Light; and back to Pier 16, at the South Street Seaport Museum. The starting gun goes off at ten, Saturday, Oct. 1 (storm date, Sunday, Oct. 2). A spectator boat will embark from Pier 15, East River at Fulton Street, at eight-thirty; for information about tickets, call 669-9400.



ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—James Merrill and Mona Van Duyn reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 3, at 8.). . . ¶ Ann Beattie reading from her own prose. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May Sarton in a benefit reading of her own poetry and prose on the subject of women. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-8190.)

Lectures—Jacobo Timerman presenting two lectures. Thursday, Sept. 29, at 6: "Journalism in a Violent World." . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 6: "The Conscience of the Writer." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5690.)

Antiques Shows—**FALL ANTIQUES SHOW** (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 48th St.): Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 6-8, from noon to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 9, from noon to 6. . . . **NEW YORK ARMORY ANTIQUES SHOW** (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St.): Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 6-8, from noon to 9, and Sunday, Oct. 9, from noon to 6.

International Festival of Flowers—Floral, fruit, and plant exhibits from such lands as Canada, Korea, New Zealand, Bermuda, South America, and the United States. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 5-7, from 10 to 7, and Saturday, Oct. 8, from 10 to 6. For information about tickets, call 678-6922.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Friday, Sept. 30, at 2: Paintings, furniture, and decorative works of art; from the estate of Raymond P. Sloan. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 10:15 and 2: Paintings, furniture, and decorative works of art; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Perry. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5-6, at 10:15 and 2: Antique and period jewelry and watches. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 10 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the eighteenth through the twentieth centuries. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 10 and 2: Silver, watches, *objets de vertu*, and Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 29.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—The World Series starts Oct. 11 in the home park of the American League champion.

Professional Basketball—The Knicks open their regular season at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 29 vs. Washington. . . . ¶ The Nets open their regular season at the Byrne Meadowlands Arena on Oct. 28 vs. Atlanta.

Professional Football—**SUNDAY, OCT. 9:** Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 16:** Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 23:** Jets vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Shea Stadium. . . . **MONDAY, OCT. 24:** Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 30:** Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at San Francisco. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 6:** Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium. . . . **MONDAY, NOV. 7:** Giants vs. Detroit Lions, at Detroit.

Hockey—The Rangers at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Oct. 10 (Los Angeles), Oct. 13 (Washington), Oct. 16 (Philadelphia), Oct. 19 (Calgary), Oct. 23 (Islanders), Oct. 26 (Winnipeg), Oct. 28 (Toronto), Oct. 30 (Edmonton), and Nov. 9 (Calgary). . . . ¶ The Islanders at **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Oct. 11 (Los Angeles), Oct. 15

(Philadelphia), Oct. 18 (Calgary), Oct. 22 (Rangers), Oct. 25 (Winnipeg), Oct. 29 (Devils), Nov. 1 (Vancouver), Nov. 5 (Buffalo), and Nov. 8 (Philadelphia). . . . ¶ The Devils at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Oct. 14 (Quebec), Oct. 16 (Toronto), Oct. 26 (Washington), Oct. 30 (Pittsburgh), Nov. 4 (Islanders), Nov. 6 (Chicago), and Nov. 8 (Rangers).

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 1-6.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Oct. 19-Dec. 31.

RUNNING—The New York City Marathon, starting at the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge Plaza, and ending at the Tavern-on-the-Green, Oct. 23.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Nov. 7-Dec. 31.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 21. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26. . . . ¶ José Carreras, tenor, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano; Young-Uk Kim, violin; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Gaechinger Kantorei of Stuttgart and the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 6. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Boston Philharmonic, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 11 and Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Lausanne Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Bamberg Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Vienna Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 19-20. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 22 and Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Shlomo Mintz, violin, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ André Watts, piano, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Earl Wild, piano, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ French Opera Comique, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ San Francisco Symphony, Nov. 4-5. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Nov. 9. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Beethoven Society, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 23-25 and Nov. 4 and 6. . . . ¶ Orquesta Nacional de España & Coro Nacional de España, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ American Chamber Symphony, Oct. 30. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Elmar Oliveira, violin, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Group for Contemporary Music, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Oct. 22-23. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Oct. 25-26. . . . ¶ Peter Frankl, piano; Gyorgy Pauk, violin; and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Shura Cherkassky, piano, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Nov. 8. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Oct. 15 and Oct. 29-30. . . . ¶ Andras Schiff, piano, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Frans Brueggen, recorder and transverse flute, and John Gibbons, harpsichord, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Richard Goode, piano, Nov. 10. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Sabicas, classical guitar, Oct. 14.

DANCE—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct. 18-Nov. 13.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Anthony Quinn in the title role, starring with Lila Kedrova, in "Zorba," a musical based on the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis. The book is by Joseph Stein, the lyrics by Fred Ebb, and the music by John Kander. . . . ¶ "Chaplin," a musical about the life of Charlie Chaplin, stars Anthony Newley, who, with Stanley Ralph Ross, wrote the book, music, and lyrics. . . . ¶ A musical, "Amen Corner," has a book by Peter Udell and Philip Rose, music by Garry Sherman, and lyrics by Mr. Udell. It is based on the James Baldwin play "The Amen Corner.". . . . ¶ Geralyn Petchel will portray Marilyn Monroe in a musical, "Marilyn an American Fable," by Patricia Michaels (book) and Doug Frank, Beth Lawrence, Jeanne Napoli, Gary Portnoy, and Norman Thalheimer (music and lyrics). . . . ¶ Garry Trudeau wrote the book and lyrics for "Doonesbury," a musical based on his comic strip. Elizabeth Swados composed the music.

OTHER DATES—Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 8 elections, Oct. 13 and 15. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 30.

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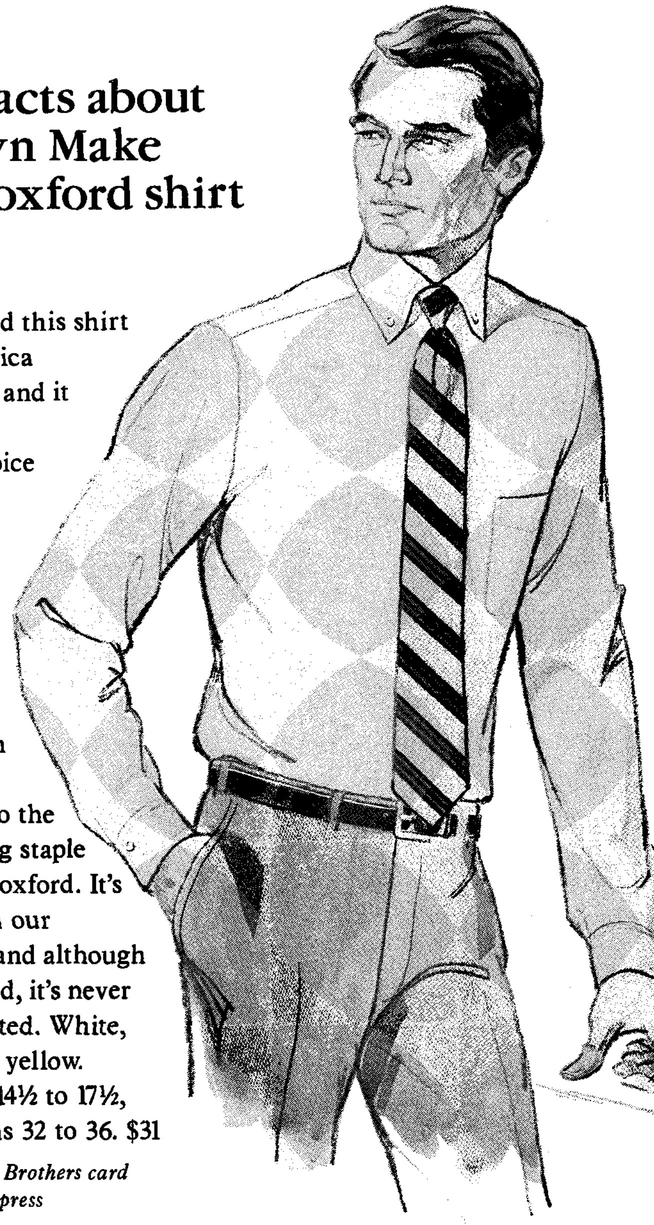

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

MAJESTIC THEATRE
NEW MIDNIGHT SHOW

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"El Bruto" (1952; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Pedro Armendariz and Katy Jurado.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Sept. 29: "A Star Is Born" (†).
From Sept. 30: "Trading Places" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 29: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret; and "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Sept. 30-Oct. 6: "Staying Alive" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 29: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
From Sept. 30: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 6: "Zelig" (†).
From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat. From Sept. 30: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger.
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Risky Business" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 29: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Risky Business" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cross Creek" (†).

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "Blue Thunder" (†) and "Tootsie" (†). Sept. 30-Oct. 6: "Flashdance" (†). From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie. From Oct. 7: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.
Theatre 2: "Daniel" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 1: "The Grey Fox" (†).
From Oct. 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From Sept. 30: "Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "Space Raiders." From Sept. 30: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis. From Sept. 30: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Trading Places" (†). The theatre will be closed on Wednesday, Sept. 28, and Tuesday, Oct. 4.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 29: "Flashdance" (†).
From Sept. 30: "The Leopard" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 29: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton. From Sept. 30: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), *with Richard Gere and Michael* Caine.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 29: "Smokey and the Bandit, Part III" (Dick Lowry), with Jackie Gleason and Paul Williams.
From Sept. 30: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "Space Raiders." From Sept. 30: "A Time to Die."
Theatre 2: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "Doktor Mabuse" (1922; directed by Fritz Lang; a German silent film), with Rudolf Klein-Rogge; and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin. Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "You Only Live Once" (1937; Fritz Lang), with Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda. Oct. 2: "Metropolis" (†) and "Scarlet Street" (†). Oct. 3-4: "Spies" (†) and "Fury" (†). From Oct. 5: "The Flat Jungle" (1978; Johan van der Keuken).
Theatre 2: Sept. 28: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla; and "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1971, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hans Hirschmuller. Sept. 29: "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (1978; Christian Weisenborn and Erwin Keusch); and "The Wizard of Babylon" (1983; Dieter Schidor; in German), a documentary on Rainer Werner Fassbinder filming "Querelle." Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Stroszek" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German and English), with Bruno S. and Eva Mattes; and "The American Friend" (1977; Wim Wenders), with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz. Oct. 2: "Our Hitler" (1980; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German). All seven hours, starting at 2. Oct. 3: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring; and "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla. Oct. 4-5: "Céleste" (1981; Percy Adlon; in German), with Eva Mattes and Jurgen Arndt; and "Despair" (†). Oct. 6: "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (†); and "History Lessons" (1973; Jean-Marie Straub; in German). Oct. 7-8: "The Tin Drum" (†); and "The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner" (1975; Werner Herzog; a West German film, with English subtitles), a documentary about Walter Steiner.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "The Grey Fox" (†). From Sept. 30: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Moon in the Gutter" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster. From Oct. 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Sept. 29: "WarGames" (†).
From Sept. 30: "Staying Alive" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 29: "Staying Alive" (†).
From Sept. 30: "Brainstorm" (Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken and Natalie Wood.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Oct. 6: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film is being shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly. Part IV will be shown through Sept. 29; Part V, Sept. 30-Oct. 6.
From Oct. 7: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 4: "The Moon in the Gutter" (†).
From Oct. 5: Theatre closed.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lonely Hearts" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster. From Sept. 30: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "The Leopard" (†). From Oct. 2: "Rear Window" (1954;

Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Lonely Hearts" (†). From Oct. 2: "Rear Window."

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "Don't Look Back" (†). From Sept. 30: "Trading Places" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis. From Oct. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 6: "Risky Business" (†). From Oct. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 29: "The Grey Fox" (†). From Sept. 30: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).
Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo; and "The Man with Two Brains" (†). Sept. 30-Oct. 6: "Sword of the Barbarians." From Oct. 7: "Halloween" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi. From Sept. 30: "Staying Alive" (†) and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 29: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†); and "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). From Sept. 30: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 29: "La Cage aux Folles" (†) and "La Cage aux Folles II" (†). From Sept. 30: "Trading Places" (†) and "48 Hrs." (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Mr. Mom" (directed by Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton. From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 3: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.
Theatre 4: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.
Theatre 5: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.
Theatre 6: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Trading Places" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 29: "Blue Thunder" (†) and "Tootsie" (†). From Sept. 30: "Staying Alive" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat. From Sept. 30: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Zelig" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Flashdance" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Pieces."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield. From Sept. 30: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "Silver Dream Racer;" and "Last Fight" (Fred Williamson). From Sept. 30: "A Time to Die."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "Space Raiders." From Sept. 30: "Sword of the Barbarians."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Sept. 29: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders); and "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.
Oct. 2-3: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972; Wim Wenders; in German); and "The State of Things."
Oct. 4: "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler; and "The State of Things."
Oct. 5: "The Scarlet Letter" (1973; Wim Wenders; in German), with Senta Berger; and "The State of Things."
Oct. 6: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler; and "The State of Things."
Oct. 7-8: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Leap Into the Void" (1979; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Michel Piccoli, Anouk Aimée, and Michele Placido.

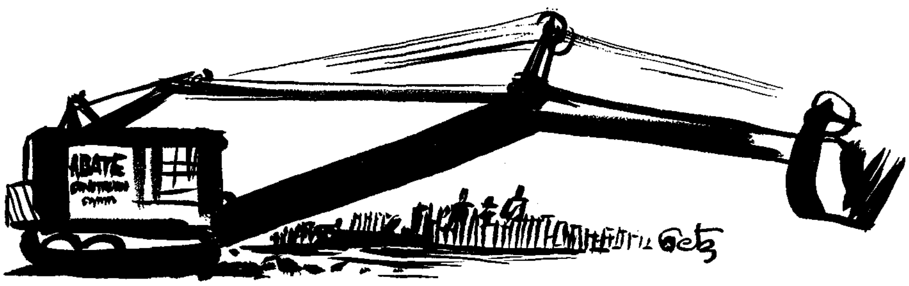
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 29: "Lianna" (1983; John Sayles); and "Personal Best" (1982; Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Patrice Donnelly, and Kenny Moore.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
Oct. 2-4: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Oct. 5-6: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
Oct. 7-8: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Sept. 28: "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling; and "Servant and Mistress" (1978; Bruno Gantillon; in French), with Victor Lanoux and Andréa Ferréol.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
Oct. 2-3: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale.
From Oct. 4: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 29: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, and Mickey Rourke.
Oct. 2: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965; David Lean), with Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, Rita Tushingham, and Ralph Richardson.
Oct. 3-4: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.
From Oct. 5: To be announced.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Sept. 28: "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Slow Attack" (1980; Reinhard Hauff; in German), with Burkhard Driest.
Sept. 29: "The Verdict" (1982; Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman, Charlotte Rampling, Jack Warden, and James Mason; and "Absence of Malice" (1981; Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.
Sept. 30: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.
Oct. 1: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Oct. 2: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Oct. 3: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
Oct. 4: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Robert Walker, Farley Granger, and Ruth Roman; and "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.
Oct. 5: "The Middle of the World" (1975; Alain Tanner; in French), with Philippe Léotard and Olimpia Carlisi; and "Story of a Love Affair" (†).
Oct. 6: "Potemkin" ("The Battleship Potemkin;" 1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov.
Oct. 7: "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, Fulton



MacKay, and Burt Lancaster; and "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Oct. 8: "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Oct. 1: "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks.

Oct. 2-3: "In Which We Serve" (†); and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

Oct. 4-5: "Great Expectations" (1946; David Lean), with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Tunes of Glory" (1960; Ronald Neame), with Alec Guinness, John Mills, Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Susannah York.

Oct. 6-8: "The Wrong Box" (†); and "The Mouse on the Moon" (1963; Richard Lester), with Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins, Ron Moody, and Terry-Thomas.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 28: "The Sword of Doom" (1967; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Sword of Vengeance, Part 4" (1972; Taketichi Saito; in Japanese).

Sept. 29: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino; and "Straight Time" (1978; Ulu Grosbard), with Dustin Hoffman.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary.

Oct. 2: "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere; and "Band of Outsiders" (†).

Oct. 3: "Vera Cruz" (†); "Day of the Outlaw" (1959; André de Toth), with Robert Ryan and Burl Ives; and "The Shooting" (1965; Monte Hellman), with Warren Oates, Will Hutchins, Millie Perkins, and Jack Nicholson.

Oct. 4: "The Rain People" (†) and "You're a Big Boy Now" (†).

Oct. 5: "High and Low" (1963) and "Stray Dog" (1949), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Oct. 6: "Hi, Mom!" (†); and "Dionysus in 69" (1970; Brian De Palma, Robert Fiore, and Bruce Rubin), a filmed performance of the Off Broadway play.

Oct. 7-8: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 28: "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce" (1965; Anthony Asquith), with Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman, Shirley MacLaine, Alain Delon, George C. Scott, and Omar Sharif.

Sept. 29: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Oct. 2: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Marrying Kind" (†).

Oct. 3: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian); and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

Oct. 4: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937) and "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo" (1937), both films directed by Eugene Forde, with Warner Oland as the detective.

Oct. 5: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper; and "Platinum Blonde" (†).

Oct. 6: "The Stranger" (†) and "Journey Into Fear" (†).

Oct. 7: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (†); and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

From Oct. 8: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Sept. 29 at 2:30: "La Vie de Bohème" (1945; directed by Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with no English subtitles), with Maria Denis, Louis Jourdan, and Suzy Delair. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "Lady Paname" (1950; Henri Jeanson; in French, with English subtitles), with Louis Jouvet and Suzy Delair. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Les Trois Masques" (1929; André Hugon; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "La Comédie de Bonheur" (1942; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with no English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Micheline Presle, Ramon Novarro, Louis Jourdan, and Jacqueline Delubac. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at noon: "The Man I Killed" ("Broken Lullaby;" 1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Lionel Barrymore, Nancy Carroll, and Phillips Holmes. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:30: "Early French Cinema: Program I—The Lumière Approach." . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 5: "Lettres de Mon Moulin" (1954; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at noon: "The Man I Killed." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2:30: "Early French Cinema: Program II—Méliès and His Contemporaries." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 5: "Early French Cinema: Program III—The Beginnings of Color, Sound, and Animated Film." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2: "La Justice Est Faite" (1950; André Cayatte; in French, with English subtitles), with Valentine Tessier and Claude Nollier. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Lettres de Mon Moulin." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6: "DES: The Timebomb Drug" (1982; Stephanie Palewski) and "La Operacion" (1983; Anna Maria Garcia). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2:30: "The Goat Horn" (1972; Metodi Andonov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Anton Gorchev and Katya Paskaleva. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "Advantage; or, The Reincarnation of the Rooster" (1977; Georgi Dyulgerov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 2:30: "The Unknown Soldier's Patent Leather Shoes" (1979; Ranghel Vulchanov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Borislav Tsankov and Slavka Ankova. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6: "Iconostasis" (1969; Todor Dinov and Hristo Hristov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Dimiter Tashev and Emilia Radeva. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at noon: "Rubber Tarzan" (1981; Søren Kragh-Jacobsen; in Danish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Advantage; or, The Reincarnation of the Rooster." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 5: "The Goat Horn." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A retrospective of films by Ernie Gehr—Through Oct. 2: "Morning" (1968), "Wait" (1968), "Reverberation" (1969), and "Behind the Scenes" (1975) showing daily at 1; and "Transparency" (1969), "History" (1970), "Field" (1970), and "Serene Velocity" (1970) showing daily at 3. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 4: "Eureka" (1974) and "Still" (1969-71) showing daily at 1 (plus Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 6:30); and "Untitled" (1977), "Mirage" (1981), "Shift" (1972-74), "Table" (1976), and "Untitled" (1981) showing daily at 3 (plus Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 5). Mr. Gehr will be present on Thursday, Sept. 29, at 1. Closed Mondays.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—A series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL,** Lincoln Center. Sept. 28 at 6:15: "Boat People" (Ann Hui; Hong Kong and Republic of China). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30 and Sept. 29 at 6:15: "Danton" (Andrzej Wajda; Poland and France). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30 and Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Life Is a Bed of Roses" (Alain Resnais; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30 and Oct. 1 at 12:30: "Rear Window" (Alfred Hitchcock; United States; 1954). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 3: "Erendira" (Ruy Guerra; Mexico, France, and West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "Lost Illusions" (Gyula Gazdag; Hungary). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell; United States) and "Shifted Evidence" (Patricia Gruben; Canada). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at midnight: "The Golden Eighties" (Chantal Akerman; Belgium). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2: "Lost Illusions." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 4:30: "Last Night at the Alamo" and "Shifted Evidence." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 7: "Seeing Red" (Julia Reichert and James Klein; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "Erendira." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:15: "Red Love" (Rosa von Praunheim; West Germany). . . . **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL,** Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Oct. 3 at 9: "The New Babylon" (Grigori Kozintsev and Leonid Trauberg; U.S.S.R.; 1929; a silent film). . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL.** Oct. 4 at 6:15: "Dhrupad" (Mani Kaul; India) and "So Far from India" (Mira Nuir; India and United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9:30 and Oct. 5 at 6:15: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; France and Switzerland) and "You the Better" (Ericka Beckman; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9:30 and Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; U.S.S.R. and Italy). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30 and Oct. 7 at 6:15: "Heart Like a Wheel" (Jonathan Kaplan; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Rumble Fish" (Francis Ford Coppola; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 12:30: "Entre Nous" (Diane Kurys; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 3: "Rumble Fish." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6: "Burroughs" (Howard Brookner; United States) and "Secret Agent" (Jacki Ochs; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9: "Entre Nous". . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Oct. 9 at 8:30: "Streamers" (Robert Altman; United States). (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BAND OF OUTSIDERS (1964)—The two heroes (Claude Brasseur and Sami Frey) begin by playacting crime-and-violence movies, then really act them out in their lives. Their girl (Anna Karina), wanting to be accepted, tells them there is money in the villa where she lives. And we watch, apprehensive and puzzled, as the three of them go through the robbery they're committing as if it were something in a movie—or a fairy tale. The crime does not fit the daydreamers or their milieu: we half expect to be told it's all a joke—that they can't really be committing an armed robbery. This Jean-Luc Godard film is like a reverie of a gangster movie—a gangster movie as students in an espresso bar might remember it or plan it. It has the gangster-film virtues (loyalty, daring), but they are mixed with innocence, amorality, lack of equilibrium. It's as if a French poet took a banal American crime novel and told it to us in terms of the romance and beauty he read between the lines; Godard re-creates the gangsters and the moll with *his* world of associations—seeing them as people in a Paris café, mixing them with Rimbaud, Kafka, Alice in Wonderland. This lyrical tragicomedy is perhaps Godard's most delicately charming film. Script by Godard (he is also the narrator), based on the novel "Fool's Gold," by Dolores Hitchens. Cinematography by Raoul Coutard; music by Michel Legrand. *In French. (Thalia; Oct. 2.)*

BLUE THUNDER—There's electricity in the air, and L.A. at night has a psychedelic, futuristic quality, like Godard's Alphaville. But the plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a

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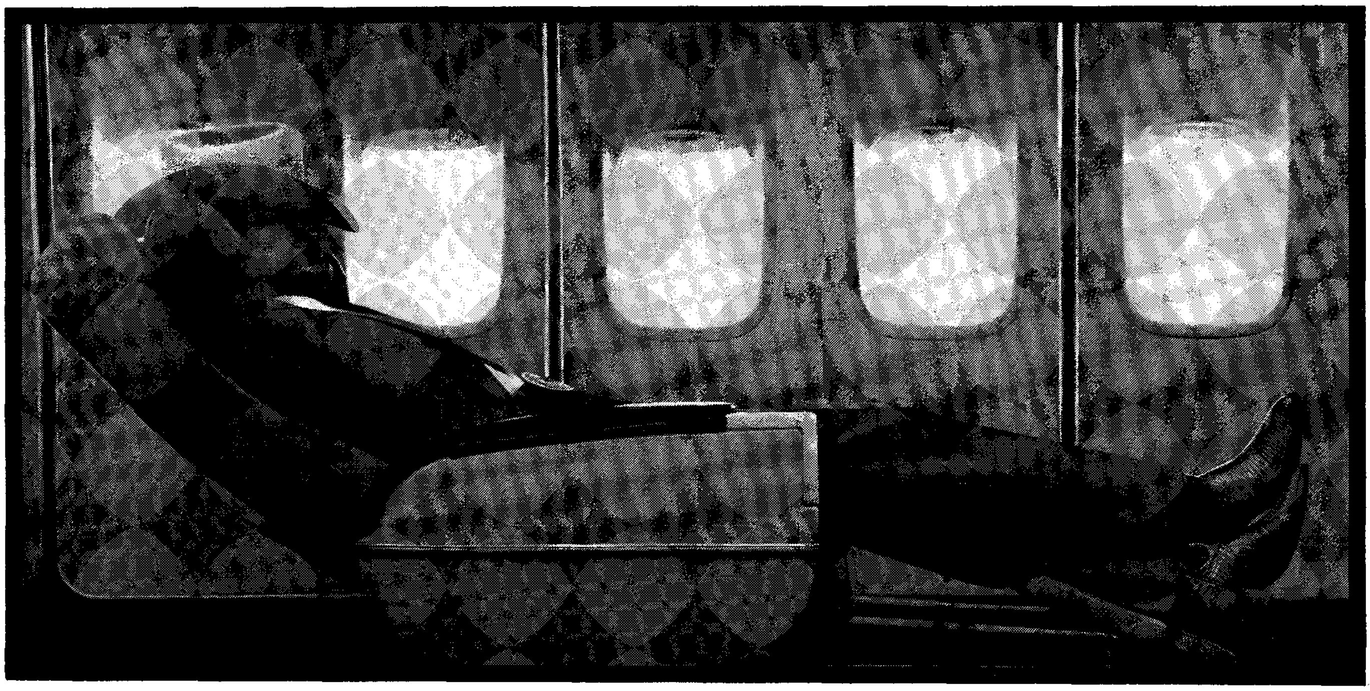

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sumptuous test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name Blue Thunder. The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and, what with all the stunt flying and the hair-trigger editing (by Frank Morriss and Edward Abroms), this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern in an engaging performance as a rookie police pilot, Warren Oates as a scowling, good-guy police captain, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/30/83.) (Manhattan, and Embassy; through Sept. 29.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Gramercy, and Olympia Quad; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; Oct. 3.)

La Cage aux Folles II (1980)—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (also by Edouard Molinaro). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The movie is most inventive when they're in Italy, and Albin, dressed as a peasant woman, is toiling in the fields among the women; he looks youthful and radiantly fulfilled—he really believes that he is one of them. Albin doesn't see what we can see: wherever he is and however he's dressed, he's so far into his fantasy that he looks like no one else. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and with the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 29.)

Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach (1967)—The final years of Johann Sebastian Bach (the Dutch harpsichordist Gustav Leonhardt) as seen through the eyes of his second wife (Christiane Lang). Those final years were, of course, devoted to his music, and the film, directed by Jean-Marie Straub, is deliberately—one might say determinedly—undramatized. Straub concentrates on Leonhardt at his instrument. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 6.)

Cross Creek—With Mary Steenburgen, directed by Martin Ritt. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

Daniel—Sidney Lumet directed, from E. L. Doctorow's script, based on his 1971 novel "The Book of Daniel." The quasi-modernist novel is a personal fantasy that plugs into the persecution fears that the Rosenberg case stirred up. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing. The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. Timothy Hutton is Daniel, the son of the "Isaacsons," who is searching for the meaning of his dead parents' lives, and Amanda Plummer is the driven-mad younger sister; Lindsay Crouse and Mandy Patinkin are the parents. The cast includes Ellen Barkin, Ed Asner, Carmen Matthews, John Rubinstein, Maria Tucci, Julie Bovasso, Tovah Feldshuh, and many other well-known players; some of them must have flinched when they saw their performances here. (9/5/83) (Coronet.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda's film comes from a Polish play of the nineteen-twenties that depicts Danton as a kind of proto-revisionist and makes Robespierre the real hero of their encounter, which resulted in Danton's going to the guillotine. Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, stood the play on its head, making heroic Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza; starting Sept. 30.)

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Despair (1979)—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (Film Forum; Oct. 4-5.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by Jean-Jacques Beineix, a director who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in an affected cinema-verité film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 29.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Gemini, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 30.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Greenwich Playhouse, Embassy, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Manhattan; Sept. 30-Oct. 6.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 30.)

Fury (1936)—When this melodrama about an orgy of mob violence against an innocent man—it was Fritz Lang's first American movie—opened in London, Graham Greene said in his review that it was "the only film I know to which I have wanted to attach the epithet of 'great.' " Though Americans may rate it high, they are unlikely to go that far. Spencer Tracy (as the victim) and Sylvia Sidney are very fine, and the picture has so much vitality that it's easy to make allowances for the tacky ending, which doesn't jibe with Lang's sensibility and style. But the sensibility and style are themselves hurdles. The schematic view of fate, the lighting and design, the stylized movements of the lynchers all relate to the theatrical wing of the German Expressionist movement; Lang brings a heavy battery of advanced stagecraft to the small-town American Southern setting. Joseph L. Mankiewicz produced; Norman Krasna did the story; Bartlett Cormack and Lang did the screenplay. With Edward Ellis, Walter Brennan, Bruce Cabot, Frank Albertson, and Walter Abel. Cinematography by Joseph Ruttenberg. (Film Forum; Oct. 3-4.)

The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy. Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who

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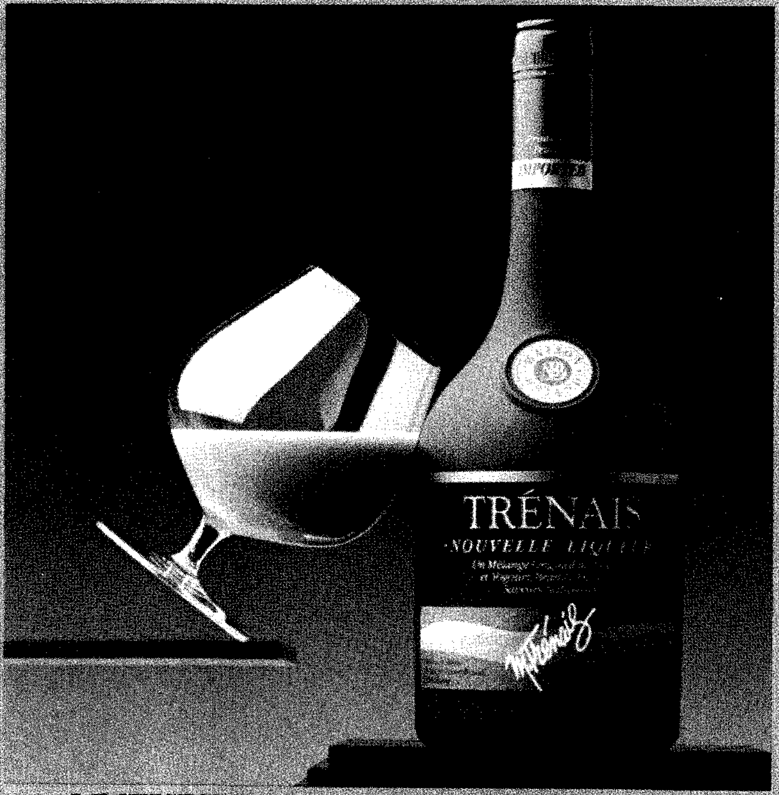

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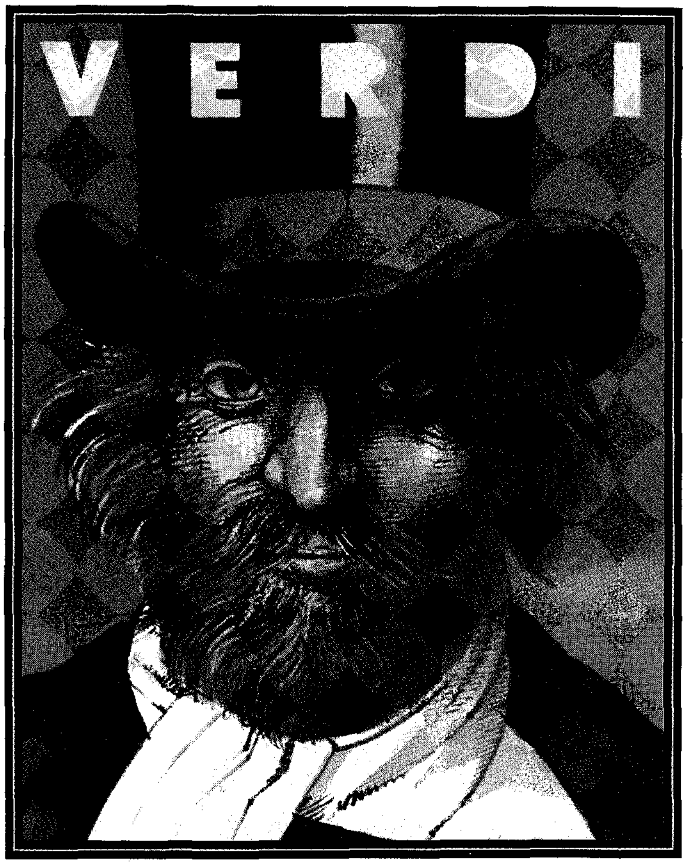

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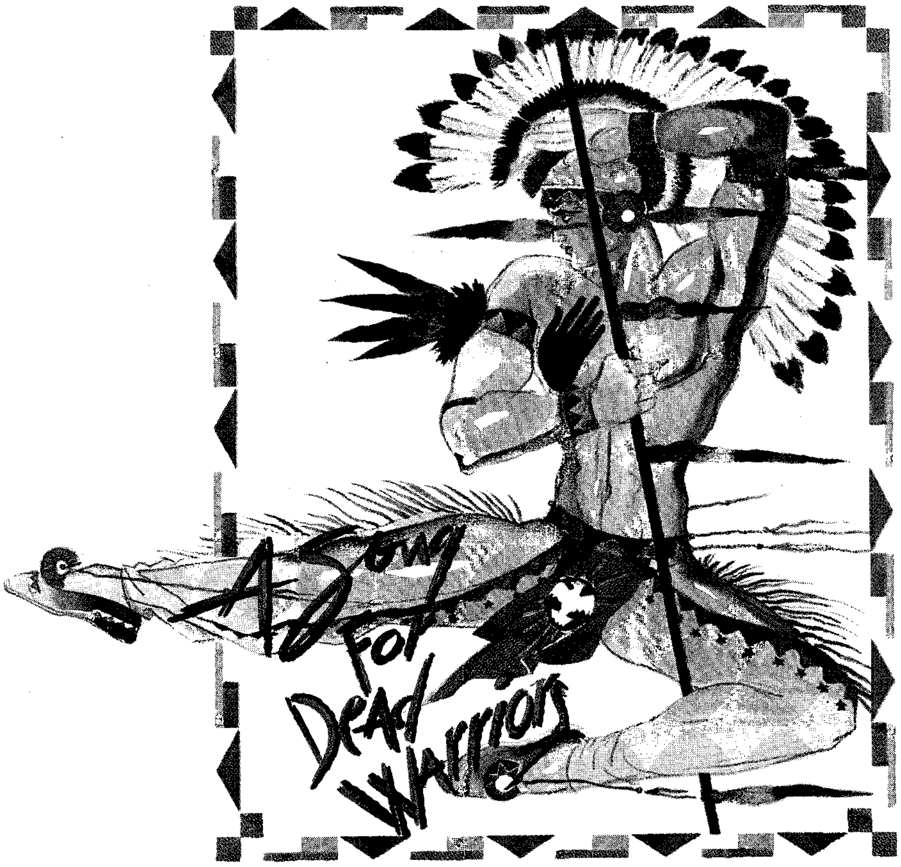
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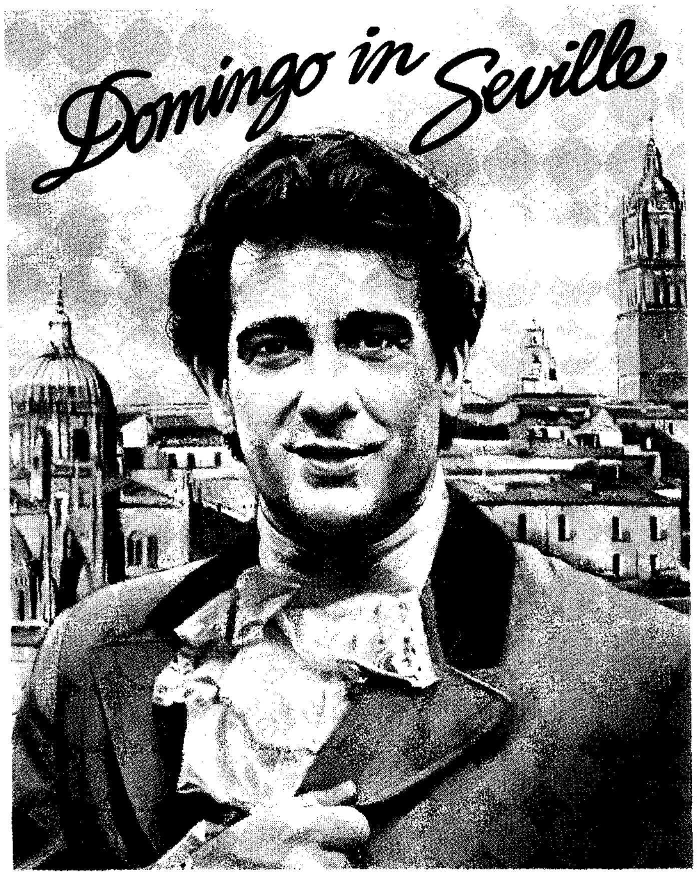
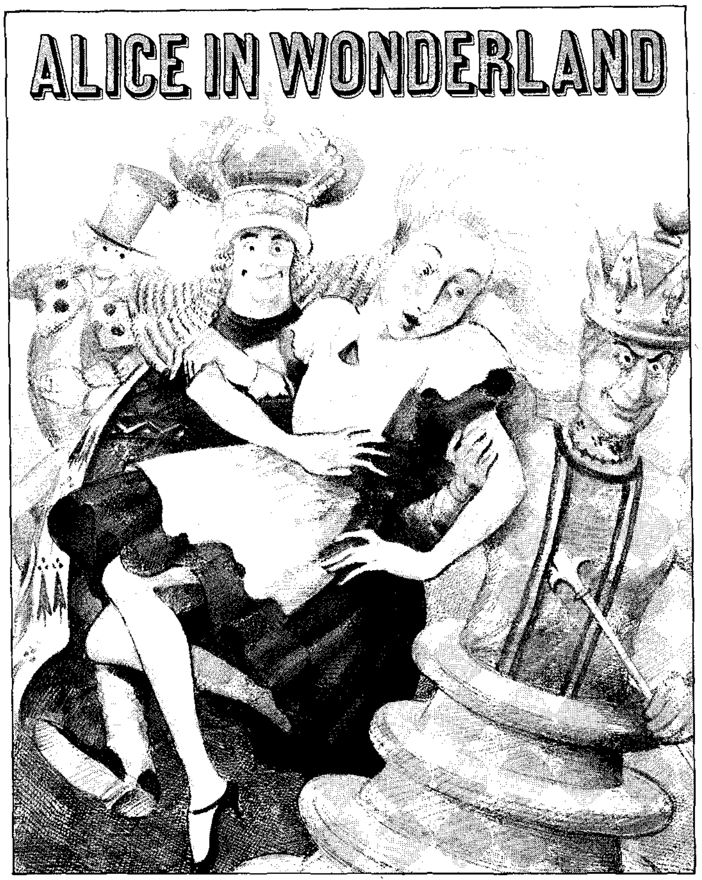
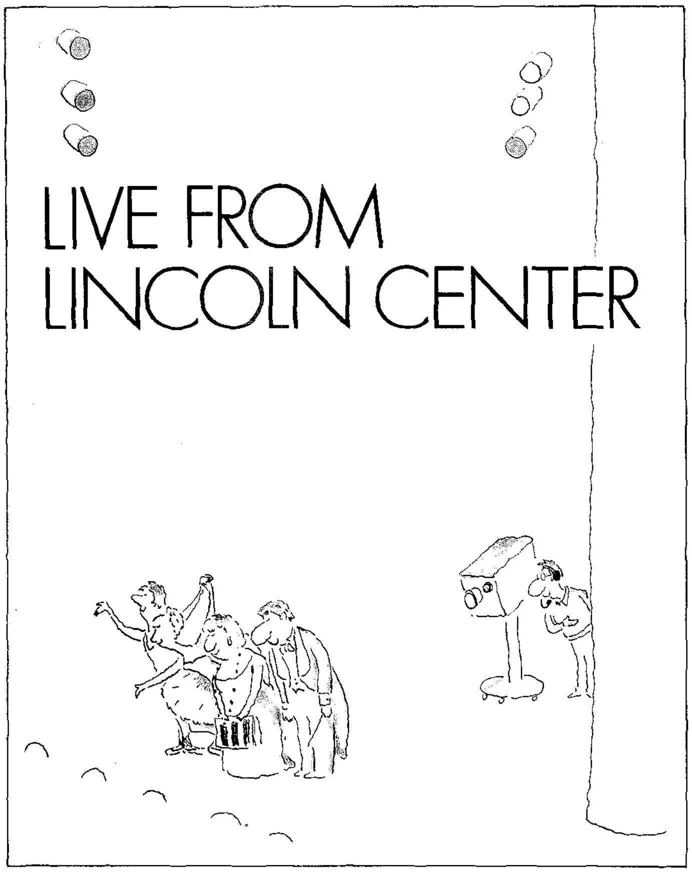


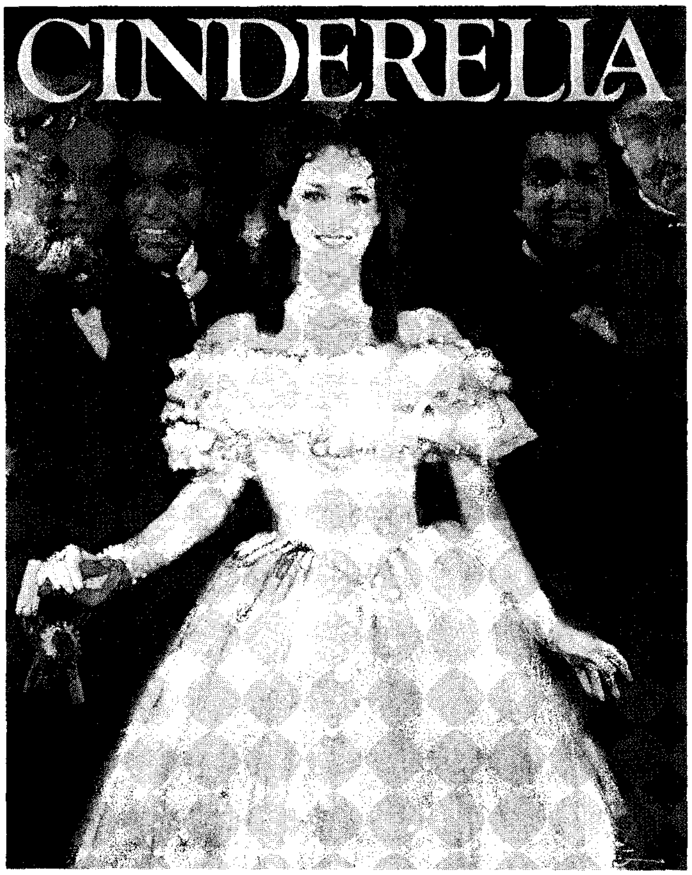
PLACIDO DOMINGO CELEBRATES SEVILLE. One of the world's greatest tenors strolls the streets of Seville performing selections from *Carmen* to *The Barber of Seville.* James Levine conducting. Coming in March.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND. A contemporary Alice in a musical fantasy of mad hatters, Cheshire cats and the Queen of Hearts. Starring Richard Burton, James Coco, Colleen Dewhurst and Donald O'Connor, with Kate Burton as Alice. October 3.



LIVE FROM LINCOLN CENTER. A Lincoln Center Special begins this series with New York City Ballet's Balanchine Tribute– “Vienna Waltzes,” “Mozartiana” and “Who Cares.” October 10.



CINDERELLA. *La Cenerentola,* Rossini's comic opera, performed at La Scala. Starring Frederica von Stade. Claudio Abbado, conductor. Coming in January.

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plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Oct. 1.)

Halloween (1978)—John Carpenter, who made this low-budget scare picture, has a visual sense of menace, but he isn't very gifted with actors, and he doesn't seem to have any feeling at all for motivation or for plot logic. An escaped lunatic wielding a kitchen knife stalks people in a small Midwestern town, and that's about it. There's no indication of why he selects any particular target; he's the bogeyman—pure evil—and he wants to kill. The film is largely just a matter of the camera's tracking subjectively from the mad killer's point of view, leading you to expect something awful to happen. But the camera also tracks subjectively when he isn't around at all; in fact, there's so much subjective tracking you begin to think everybody in the movie has his own camera. "Halloween" keeps you nervous and jumpy rather than pleasurably excited. Yet it has been a huge box-office success, and a lot of people seem to be convinced that it's a classic. With Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, P. J. Soles, Nancy Loomis, and Tony Moran as the monster. Music by Carpenter; he also wrote the screenplay, with the producer, Debra Hill. Shot in Los Angeles. (Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 7.)

Hi, Mom! (1970)—Robert De Niro is at his most spontaneous in this amazing, freewheeling comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, from a story he concocted with his young producer, Charles Hirsch. It was made in a cabaret style, taking on one social target after another. De Niro—very boyish, with thick, shiny brown hair—does some great, fast, double-talk routines with Allen Garfield; they rattle on together in a fixed frame. (The camera doesn't move—*they* move around in the frame.) De Palma uses a lot of camera gags in this film—he keeps you conscious of the film medium by playing Buster Keaton-like games with it. De Niro is a Vietnam vet who's trying to make out with girls. At first, he wants to shoot Peep Art films (the windows he peeps into become fixed frames); then he begins to see himself with the cuties in those frames, so he goes up, knocks on the doors, talks his way into the pictures, and lives his fantasies. Next, he joins a mostly black theatre-of-cruelty-and-revolt troupe that stages an audience-participation play—"Be Black, Baby." The black actors appear in whiteface and they daub black paint on the faces of the white liberals who attend, telling them that they are going to experience what it means to be black. Then the actors proceed to beat them and rob and rape them. This sequence becomes rather overpowering; conceptually it's satire, but it's too wild and chaotic to be very funny. However, when the liberals call for the police to help them and De Niro comes on as a cop and refuses to believe their stories, the insane comic tone is restored. (Eventually, the guilt-ridden, masochistic audience convinces itself that it has had a worthwhile experience.) When the actors become bored with theatrical approaches to revolution, they become urban guerrillas, and our hero gets closer to his dream of total involvement by setting bombs. De Niro does quirky parody numbers all the way through; when he's a guerrilla living in disguise as a middle-class insurance salesman, he becomes a Harold Lloyd type. He has long scenes with several of the other performers in which he and his partners set the rhythm as they would on a stage (the camera is motionless), and the results are crazily likable timing. The cast includes Jennifer Salt as the dumpling in one of the windows, and Lara Parker, Gerrit Graham, and Ruth Alda. This underground vaudeville show may have been too hip even for 1970; it didn't have the success it deserved. De Palma's dialogue may be the best that he has ever had to work with. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (Thalia; Oct. 6.)

Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte (1965)—Bette Davis in a macabre melodrama directed by Robert Aldrich—an attempt to reproduce the box-office success of their camp gothic "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," in which Davis's co-star was Joan Crawford. Crawford was to have appeared in this one also, but became ill and was replaced by Olivia de Havilland. Davis is a rich, dotty recluse living in a moldy mansion in Louisiana; she wanders about the shadowy rooms in streaming hair and billowing nighties, whispering telepathic endearments to her long-dead daddy. De Havilland is her treacherous cousin, Agnes Moorehead the witchlike housekeeper, and Joseph Cotten the family doctor. The story, redolent of mutilation and assorted horrors, is from a novel by Henry Farrell, who also was the source of the earlier film. A lot of people seemed to enjoy the spectacle of Davis crawling and howling and looking wildly repulsive. With Victor Buono, Mary Astor, Bruce Dern, George Kennedy, and Cecil Kellaway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7.)

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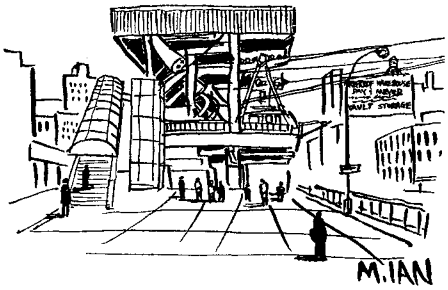
In Which We Serve (1942)—During the Second World War, Noël Coward and David Lean co-directed this skillful, discreetly realistic film about the courage and sacrifice of the British Navy, specifically the men on a destroyer. Coward himself plays the ship's commander; he also wrote and scored the movie and produced it. Coward's ability to package emotions and to break the audience's heart without relaxing his upper lip are more perplexing here than elsewhere. The restraint of his proud patriotism may seem a much worse con than rampant jingoism, but he's a wizard at this English game. The cast includes Celia Johnson, John Mills, Kay Walsh, Michael Wilding, and Richard Attenborough. (Regency; Oct. 2-3.)

Journey Into Fear (1943)—This labyrinthine spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey is loaded down with terror hocus-pocus and high-toned conversations. It's a halfhearted—almost fey—film, with a lot of dark atmosphere and unusual camera angles that don't amount to much; the pacing is uncertain, and the suspense doesn't build. Orson Welles, who appears as the Turkish police chief Colonel Haki, is credited, along with Joseph Cotten, for the rather eccentric adaptation of the Eric Ambler novel. Welles also supervised the making of this Mercury Production, though it was at least partly directed by Norman Foster. The cast includes Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, Everett Sloane, Agnes Moorehead, Edgar Barrier, Jack Moss, Ruth Warrick, Richard Bennett as the ship's captain, and Hans Conried as the magician. Cinematography by Karl Struss; editing by Mark Robson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

The Leopard (1963)—It had been cut to two hours and forty-one minutes when it opened in this country, in a dubbed-into-English version that didn't always seem in sync, and with the color brightened in highly variable and disorienting ways. This version, not released here until September, 1983, is in Italian, with subtitles, and at its full length—three hours and five minutes. And it's magnificent—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. Based on the novel by Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, an impoverished Sicilian prince, it has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively by Burt Lancaster, who has acknowledged that he modelled his performance on the nobleman director Luchino Visconti. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes. We couldn't be any closer to Lancaster's Prince if we were inside his skin—which in a way we are. We see what he sees, feel what he feels, and, in the last hour, set at a splendid ball that marks the aristocrats' acceptance of the Mafia-dominated parvenus who are taking over their wealth and power, we're inside his mind as he relives his life, experiences regret, and accepts the dying of his class and his own death. It's one of the greatest of all passages in movies. With Alain Delon as the Prince's sly nephew; Claudia Cardinale as a shrewd, sensual heiress; Paolo Stoppa as her beady-eyed, land-grabbing father; Rina Morelli as the Prince's repressed, whimpering wife; and Romolo Valli, Serge Reggiani, Leslie French, and Pierre Clementi. (Both Paolo Stoppa and Rina Morelli give superb performances; Alain Delon is perhaps too airy for his role.) The score is by Nino Rota; the cinematography is by the justly celebrated Giuseppe Rotunno. (9/19/83) (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Sept. 30.)



Lonely Hearts—With Wendy Hughes, directed by Paul Cox. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Oct. 1.)

The Man with Two Brains—As the world's greatest brain surgeon, Steve Martin is an exuberantly dirty-minded kid; sunny, grinning, lewd, Martin is wired up for the whole movie—a slapstick burlesque that moves along enjoyably. The surgeon perceives himself as a man of the world, but he's a guileless innocent compared with the flirty, dimply sadist (Kathleen Turner) who marries him for her convenience and coos with pleasure as she frustrates him. With David Warner as a soft-spoken mad doctor who keeps live human brains in candy jars before putting them in gorillas, Paul Benedict as his butler, and George Furth. There's at least one inspired love scene (between Martin and a brain, in a rowboat). This movie has the kind of maniacal situations that are so dumb they make you laugh, and since much of what children find hilarious has this same giddiness, they'd probably like the film a lot. But it also has the kind of raunchiness that may worry their parents (though it will probably just make the kids giggle). Directed (more gracefully than usual) by Carl Reiner, written by Reiner, Martin, and George Gipe. The cinematography, by Michael Chapman, has a graphic vitality that's unusual for a comedy. (6/27/83) (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 29.)

The Marrying Kind (1952)—In the early fifties, Hollywood wasn't making very many movies about the troubled lives of average couples, and so some people took this uneven, serious sit-com, directed by George Cukor from a script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, to be highly commendable. As the couple whose marriage is breaking up, Judy Holliday (of the friendly brass lungs) and Aldo Ray (with his lightweight cracked-gravel croak) have a surprising salt-and-pepper rapport. But there's nothing to this movie except the expertly contrived misunderstandings of simple "little people." It's warm; at times it's likable. But does anybody believe a minute of it? With Madge Kennedy as a judge, and Peggy Cass and Phyllis Povah. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 2.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the

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workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang (a mad medieval type like Dr. Caligari and, with his mechanical arm, father to Dr. Strangelove), who, in a phenomenal science-fiction laboratory sequence, creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. But the destruction gets out of hand, the children of the workers are about to be caught in a flood, and all of Metropolis would be destroyed were it not for the final alliance of the industrialist, his son, the true Maria, and the workers. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of expressionist design (grouped human beings are used architecturally), with moments of almost incredible beauty and power (the visionary sequence about the Tower of Babel), absurd ineptitudes (the lovesick hero in his preposterous knickerbockers), and oddities that defy analysis (the robot vamp's bizarre, lewd wink). It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel as the industrialist, Gustav Frölich as his son, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou (who did go to work for the Nazis); cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. (Film Forum; Oct. 2.)

The Moon in the Gutter—Coming right after Jean-Jacques Beineix's sparkling, gift-wrapped "Diva," this oppressive romantic tragedy, in which Gérard Depardieu plays a stevedore obsessed with memories of his dead sister, may be a shock, but it's the kind of excruciatingly silly movie that only a talented director can make. (Hacks don't leave common sense this far behind.) Beineix is celebrating the poetry of the movies, which for him is the poetry of artificiality. Nastassia Kinski is posed like Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers;" she's the unattainable—the moon that shines on poor Depardieu down there in his Brando T-shirt in the *film noir* gutter. The actors are helpless, because the movie isn't about their characters' emotions—it's about Beineix's swooning response to the earlier movie stars that they're standing in for. Beineix can sometimes engage us by his visual flourishes—abstractions of men at work, blood that's like spilled fingernail polish, a cathedral like a witch's palace. But it's a suffocating, empty movie in thick, nocturnal color, and with glamour music that's an exaggeration of Hollywood's old soaring and slurping scores—the kind that make you wince during revival showings. With Victoria Abril as hot little Bella, who's like a parody of generations of sensual, jealous spitfires, and Bertice Reading, Dominique Pinon, and Milena Vukotić. Based on the 1953 American novel by David Goodis. In French. (9/19/83) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Oct. 4.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Sept. 29.)

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 30.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. With Louise Closser Hale, Reginald Owen, and Walter Catlett. From a story by Harry E. Chandlee and Douglas W. Churchill, which had been adapted by Jo Swerling, with continuity by Dorothy Howell; Riskin, a former playwright, livened it all up, and went on to do a series of hits with Capra. (The central performer, Robert Williams, whose style suggests that of Lee Tracy, was on the verge of stardom, but this was his last film; he died of a ruptured appendix.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

The Rain People (1969)—There's a prodigious amount of talent in Francis Ford Coppola's unusual, little-seen film, but it's a ponderously self-conscious effort; the author-director applies his film craftsmanship with undue solemnity to material that suggests a gifted college student's imitation of early Tennessee Williams. The result is academic, and never believable. Shirley Knight is atrociously mannered as a pregnant woman who leaves home and picks up a brain-damaged hitchhiker (James Caan). With Robert Duvall as a motorcycle cop. (Thalia; Oct. 4.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (34th St. East, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 6.)

Scarlet Street (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne;" in the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as "immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to incite crime," a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nag (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds home the ironies and the murder-plot devices. (Robinson kills the girl, and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker. (Film Forum; Oct. 2.)

Spies (1929)—Fritz Lang's stylish gothic story of master spies, rooms that fill up with water, and a loyal nurse who looks after a supercriminal in a wheelchair. One of Lang's best, of his best period. (Film Forum; Oct. 3-4.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tearjerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (R.K.O. Century Art; through Sept. 29.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's

"Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the wham-bams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Ziegfeld; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 30-Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Guild, Olympia Quad, and Embassy; starting Sept. 30.)

Story of a Love Affair (1950)—Michelangelo Antonioni's first film, directed by him from his own original story. (The screenplay credits Antonioni and four others.) A Milanese industrialist (Ferdinando Sarmi) sets out to investigate the past of his beautiful, sulky young wife, Paola (Lucia Bosè). The film is unmistakably Antonioni's in its concentration on the unknowability of an intimate's identity, though it is not as cryptic as the aesthetically more beautiful "L'Avventura." As in "La Notte" and "Eclipse" and "Red Desert," the sense of mystery here tends to cling exclusively to the well-off and bored, as though riches and lassitude of spirit had a peculiar allure for the Marxist Antonioni. His political sense of cause and effect, and of the environment that produces disaffection, had to wait until "The Passenger" (1975) to be truly fused with his usual genius. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 5.)

The Stranger (1946)—The only conventionally made narrative film that Orson Welles ever directed. He undertook it, apparently, in order to prove that he could stay on a schedule and make the same sort of movies that other directors did; he has said that there is nothing of himself in it, and that it's his "worst" picture. What he meant, probably, was that it's impersonal—that it has little of the specific Wellesian moviemaking excitement. It's a smooth, proficient, somewhat languorous thriller, handsomely shot (by Russell Metty), with some showy long takes. It's quite watchable, but the script (by Anthony Veiller and, though uncredited, John Huston, from a story by Victor Trivas and Decla Dunning) is clever in a shallow way: the people need more dimensions. Edward G. Robinson plays an F.B.I. war-crimes investigator on the trail of a Nazi big shot (Welles) who has taken a false identity and is living in a small town in Connecticut, teaching in a prep school; his wife (Loretta Young) knows nothing of his past. The small-town details are fairly entertaining, especially the scenes involving Billy House as the canny, fat drugstore owner, and Welles introduces some baroque touches and a garish finale, in which he's impaled on a sword at the top of a clock tower. His performance is so flagrantly, boyishly unconvincing—the Nazi seems preoccupied by his evil superman thoughts—that it's rather amusing. With Konstantin Shayne, Philip Merivale, Richard Long, and Brian Keith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

The Tin Drum (1980)—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 7-8.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman is both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors. He plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as "Dorothy Michaels," and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. He's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role—you can see it in his intense, glittering eyes. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him; she says her lines in such a mild, natural way that it makes perfect sense for Michael to stop in his tracks and stare at her in wonder. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Manhattan, and Embassy; through Sept. 29.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East. The theatre will be closed on Wednesday, Sept. 28, and Tuesday, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 30.)

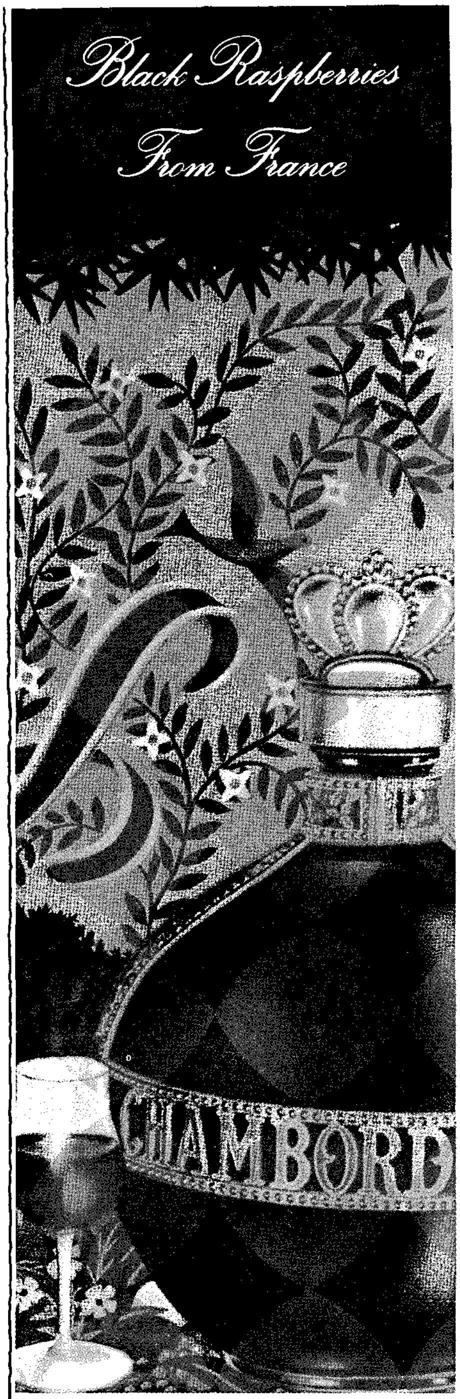
Vera Cruz (1954)—Directed by Robert Aldrich. Pretty low-level bang-bang. "Moral overtones" were discovered in it later by film buffs in Europe who could ignore the coarse grain of conventionality that Aldrich was working. Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster are plotting a *coup d' état* against the Emperor Maximilian. (Thalia; Oct. 3.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Guild; through Sept. 29.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Farce about a murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers plays a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson a butler. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Regency; Oct. 6-8.)

You're a Big Boy Now (1967)—A not altogether black comedy about coming of age in New York. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Peter Kastner, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Elizabeth Hartman. (Thalia; Oct. 4.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Beekman, New Yorker, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Oct. 6.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

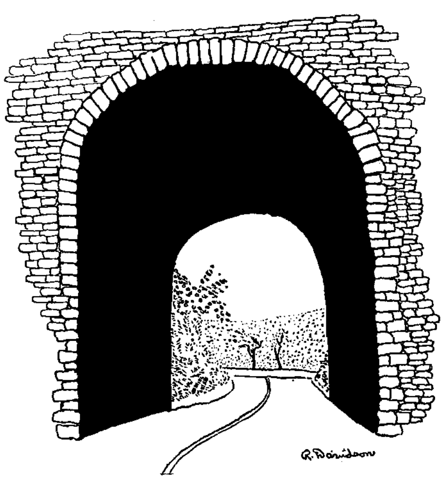
Twenty years ago, I quit college and got a job on a daily paper. It was a long jump for a young punk, but I was restless in school, felt useless, and had romantic ideas about newspapering, and also I was broke. They gave me a seat at the city desk—a horseshoe table where the city editor sat at the apex, the assistant city editor sat at his right, and I sat at the foot of the left leg and wrote what they gave me to write, which was mostly obits. Mortuaries phoned in the names, and I called the next of kin to get the facts.

The big obits for prominent people went to other reporters. Mine were all standard obits for people we'd never heard of, and were as formal as the sonnet. Services will be held on Day for Whom of Address who died When. Second graph: An employee of Which for Number of Years, he was a member of This, That, and The Other. Third: He is survived by Her, Them, Them, and Them. And though I got the idea from other reporters that this was lowly work, not meant for a person of talent, I enjoyed it. I felt useful. Someone had died, and the family wanted the world to pay some attention. They were glad to talk to me, the fellow from the paper, and, unlike the blowhards other reporters had to deal with, my people were very modest, and had small expectations. "I don't know if you can get this in, but one thing Dad did was swim across the lake and back every summer until he was eighty-two," one man told me. "It's nothing important, but it'd be nice if you could get it in."

I did get it in. I tried to get a lot of stuff in, some of which the city editor took exception to. "Zinnias?" he wrote at the top of one obit. "For Christ's sake!!" But I managed to convince him that large beds of beautiful zinnias were one of the deceased's accomplishments in life and should be noted in her obituary. He wouldn't let me mention another woman's rhubarb cake. "Recipes don't belong in an obit. It's disrespectful," he said. But he did once let me say, "An employee of the Northern Pacific for thirty-seven years, Mr. Johnson was well known for his skill as an electrician and for taking good care of his tools."

I thought of my obit-writing days the other evening, after I'd spent the afternoon going around to estate sales. Like the obit trade, they might have been depressing—the homes of deceased opened up for the sale of stuff the survivors didn't want, and hundreds of us strangers tramping through the rooms looking for bargains—but they were not. Not to me, anyway. I found them very satisfying. I went to three houses, all modest, all jammed with stuff. Though people of modest means, the deceased all had terrific dining-room tables, monumental solid oak or walnut, and they had all been pack rats and kept impressive collections of knickknacks, souvenirs, bric-a-brac, and what the want ads call "collectibles."

I'm a saver myself, and to my considerable collection I added a little bit of each of theirs: a white plastic radio, circa 1950 ($5), a black serving tray with a map of North Dakota on it ($1), a glass pitcher with cheerful red roses on it that is similar to one my mother had ($2.50), a small "I Want Roosevelt Again" button (50 cents), four chauffeurs' badges ($5), a copy of Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-four" inscribed "Happy Birthday, Fred—Mar. 1950—Hazel" ($1), a Tagolene Motor Oil folding yardstick (10 cents), and some other stuff I thought I'd enjoy owning. I was a discriminating buyer. I passed up a busted Victrola ($95) and a crate of *National Geographics* circa 1940 ($10 for the lot).



Going to estate sales, a person is struck by the fact that possessions survive us. The chair I'm sitting in should be good for another fifty years, at least. This typewriter should clatter on into the twenty-first century. This solid-glass paperweight could be darned near eternal. I'll hang on to them, they are so dear, but when I'm dead they should be sold to strangers at rock-bottom prices. People who may not be born yet should come by my house and snatch them up as the wonderful bargains they will be. That's why I took good care of them—to extend their usefulness beyond the unimaginable day when I'm no longer here. The big obits of prominent people referred to legacies ("a legacy of public service") they left behind, and maybe they did and maybe they didn't. I am definitely going to leave a black Underwood upright in very good condition, *cheap*, and who knows what that could lead to?

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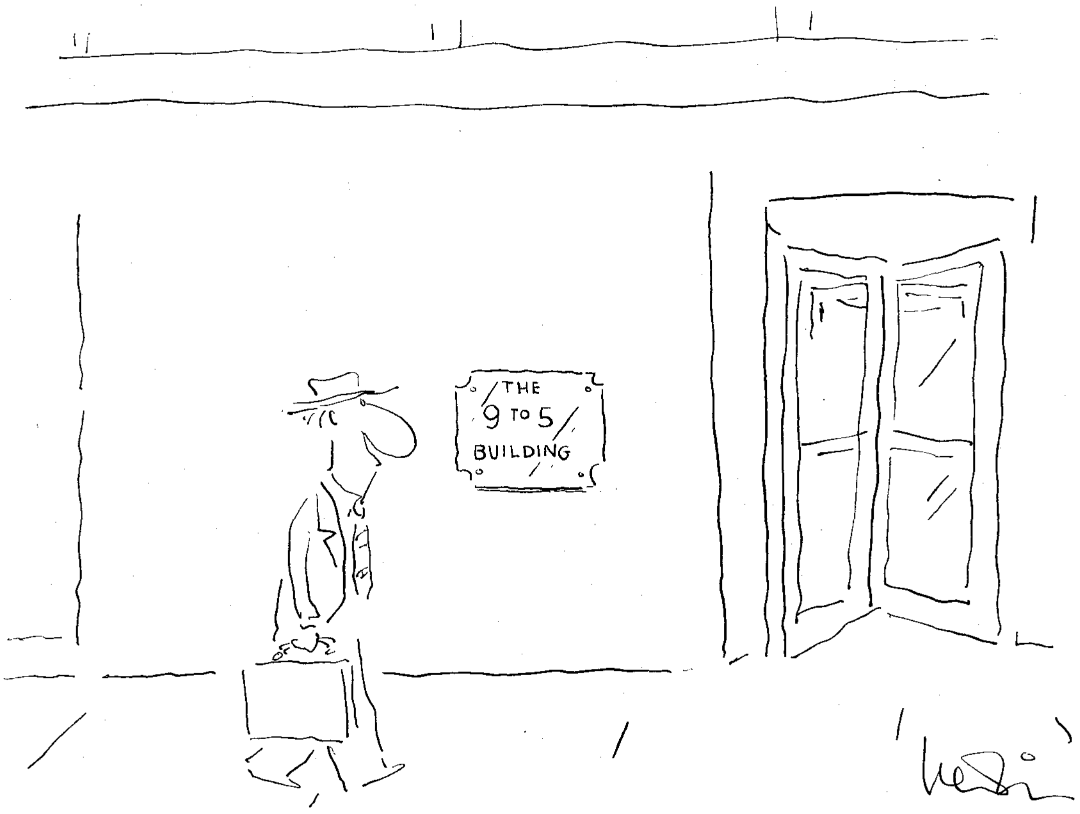
Centennial

THE Metropolitan Opera opened its centennial season on Monday night with an unprecedented amount of money in the bank (twenty-three million in a special endowment fund) and a five-hour production of Hector Berlioz's “Les Troyens”—the largest and most complex work ever mounted by the company—on the stage. “Troyens,” which is based on Virgil's poetic account of the sack of Troy and the subsequent adventures of Aeneas in Carthage, is, in this version, a monumental, semi-abstract production that involves thirty-three scene changes; a hundred and twenty-eight singers; sixty-one dancers, acrobats, and supers; an orchestra of eighty; three offstage bands; five ghost apparitions; and more than a thousand costumes. The present production is based on a shorter version of the opera which was put on by the Met in 1973, but is considerably changed: it has been expanded musically by its conductor, James Levine, and reworked visually by a new director, Fabrizio Melano, and by its original designer, Peter Wexler.

We paid a visit to the Metropolitan ten days before the opening night and found the entire company rehearsing in an atmosphere of controlled anxiety. Two leading tenors were missing (José Carreras was en route from Europe, and Placido Domingo had not decided whether or not he could sing the leading role in “Troyens”), but all the other principal singers were in place and were preparing their roles in operas scheduled for the first week. In one basement room, Joan Sutherland, a drum slung around her waist, was leading a group of French soldiers in a comic march that accompanies the “Rataplan” duet in Donizetti's “La Fille du Régiment.” Down the hall, Grace Bumbry, singing the tragic heroine of Verdi's “La Forza del Destino” for the first time, was blocking out her death scene with David Sell, a staff stage director. “We'd better find the padded rock,” said Mr. Sell, guiding Miss Bumbry over to a mound of gray-and-green plastic foam at one side of the room, “because after you're stabbed, wherever Padre Guardiano puts you down you stay until the end.” Upstairs in the auditorium, we found Troy on the main stage, in the shape of seven enormous rectangular towers; James Levine on the podium, rehearsing the orchestra with an emphasis on balance, precision, and transparency; and Fabrizio Melano and Peter Wexler contemplating their handiwork from a lighted desk halfway back in the house.

We asked what major changes they had made in the production, and Mr. Wexler, a slight, bearded man, replied that he had refined his original ideas by subtracting a number of details. “When we chose to do the opera as an abstract work, I designed two unit sets reflecting the different kinds of music that Berlioz wrote for Carthage and for Troy,” he said. “Troy, which is warlike and aggressive, has vertical towers that can be moved into semicircular arrangements by stagehands hidden inside their wheeled bases. Carthage, which is more feminine and lyrical, is a curved, stepped platform with enormous oval hangings in back of it. We've added drops, redesigned all the principal costumes, and simplified other costumes, stripping them of some details to make them look less mannered. We have also replaced three film sequences that gave us some problems. The Trojan horse is now a large abstract gold head, Hector's ghost is a gold-helmeted hero who appears to Aeneas in a burst of flame, and the Royal Hunt music is played in front of a dropped curtain.”

Mr. Melano, a tall, dark-haired young man, told us that he had staged the opera as a classical epic seen through the filter of nineteenth-century romantic sensibility. “ ‘Troyens’ is united by a single idea, the founding of Rome,” he said, “and the entire opera is laid out in very large sections, which have to be presented with the sweep of a classical painting. And when you try to suggest a classical epic with minimal scenery you need a very grand style of acting. Every moment has to have a certain weight, balance, and extension to it; the emotions are so intense that the acting has to be a little larger than life. Since our version compresses five acts into three, many of the set changes take place with an open curtain. Our main technical problem is simply to keep things moving from scene to scene without a hitch.”



We walked backstage, at Mr. Melano's suggestion, to watch the arrival of the Trojan horse—a particularly tricky change, involving a lot of moving scenery, three offstage bands, and a chorus that began a hymn to Pallas in the wings and followed the horse to the front of the stage. At his desk in the right wing, Tom Connell, the stage manager, counted bars in his score and called stage moves and lighting cues, which were picked up on headsets by stagehands. Behind him, in a cavernous side stage, were two of the brass bands, with conductors and television monitors, and a chorus of Trojan citizens, who watched Mr. Levine on another monitor. On the darkened stage, an enormous steel platform holding a turntable and the seven Trojan towers slid back fifteen feet, leaving Cassandra (Jessye Norman) lamenting her fate downstage. One of the brass bands began the Trojan anthem; then the second band joined in, to indicate the gradual approach of a triumphal procession. The chorus picked up the melody as an enormous skeletal gold horse's head was hoisted silently to the top of the central tower. Trojan soldiers bearing torches marched up from underneath the stage through two openings at the front of the platform. Then other Trojans, wearing long gray robes trimmed with gold, scrambled onto the turntable at the back of the stage. It began to revolve slowly, carrying the glittering horse and its followers around to the front in a giant circle. The two groups of Trojans joined forces to sing the final verse of the anthem together as the lights came up and the horse reached the center of the stage. The turntable continued to revolve, carrying the citizens of Troy off to their fate, until Mr. Levine put up an arm to stop it. "Chorus, you've prepared this so well the sound is stunning," he said. "But remember, when you're back there in the wings you've got to deliver the same energy, the same intensity, that you're delivering out here in front. And when you come in at the back watch me carefully, because this is the only place in the opera where we're still rhythmically swimming. Now let's go back and do the horse again."

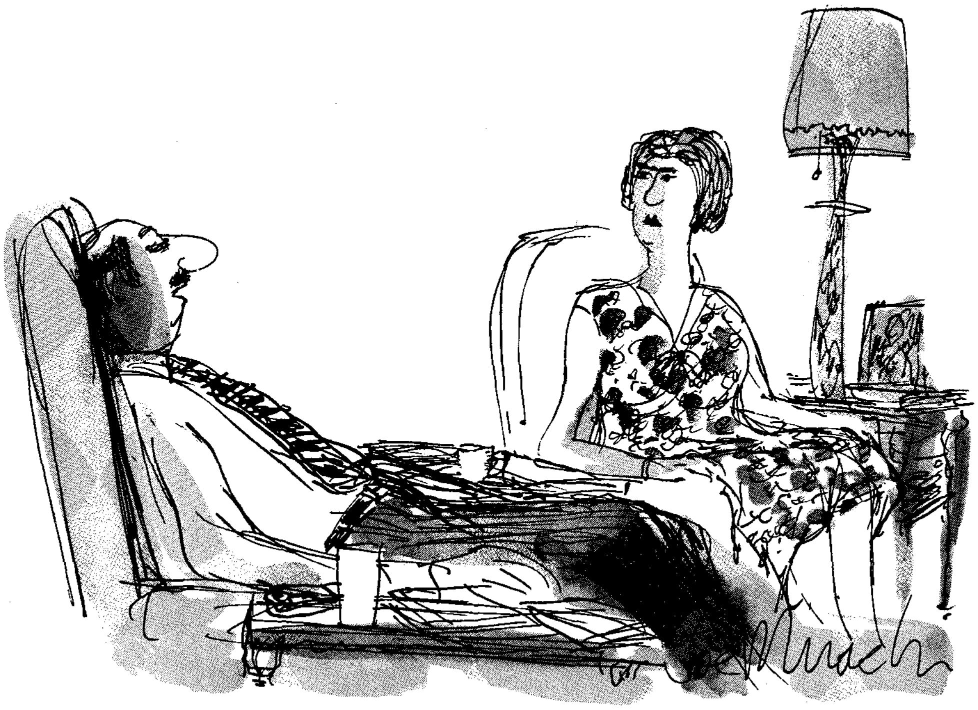
We left the turntable re-revolving and went upstairs to the general manager's office, where we found Anthony Bliss, who has announced his impending retirement from the post, in a reflective mood. "When I took over this desk, nine years ago this November, nobody believed that the company would survive," he told us. "People weren't contributing, because they didn't have confidence in the institution. We didn't know whether we could meet our April payroll, and we were sure that we couldn't raise the curtain the following fall. An enormous part of my job was changing the psychology of the house. I had to convince the board and the staff that the Metropolitan Opera simply could not be *allowed* to fail. Some board members wanted to cut back the season drastically, but I took a more aggressive view. I said, 'We're going to spend money on advertising and we're going to proceed with new productions, because I'd rather have this company go down with flags flying than have it die a lingering death over a period of years.' "

"How did you raise the money to cover your first season?" we asked.

"I cashed in some good-will brownie points with various foundations," Mr. Bliss replied, with a smile, "and that produced enough money to get us going. Then we overhauled the entire organization, and contributions began to come in again. Jimmy Levine and John Dexter reorganized the artistic and technical staffs, I strengthened and computerized our financial and fund-raising operations, and we brought in some very hardworking new people on the board. At the moment, we are secure enough financially to survive a couple of box-office disasters, but we still have to watch ticket sales carefully and we do not have the resources to take any real artistic risks. I hope the day will come when we have an endowment fund large enough so that we can give Jimmy Levine—our newly appointed artistic director—a little more latitude in that direction."

"What happens to this job when you leave?" we asked.

"This house is too big to be run by one all-powerful intendant, with artistic and organizational authority," Mr. Bliss said. "The next general manager should be an administrator who is able to balance artistic needs against all the other needs of the house. What he should *not* be is a frustrated artist who will try to impose amateur policies on the professional artistic staff. I may have an idea about a certain singer or a certain opera, but I didn't go to Juilliard and I didn't ever want to be a director or a singer. Although I may drop a few hints from time to time, I would never *think* of imposing my artistic judgment on any professional that I've hired. The general manager's job, as I see it, is to make it possible for our artistic directors to realize at least some of their ideas, their hopes, and their dreams within the framework of financial reality."



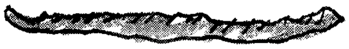
"As a matter of fact, Doris, if I had it to do again, I wouldn't marry you. I'd float down the Colorado on a raft instead."

• •

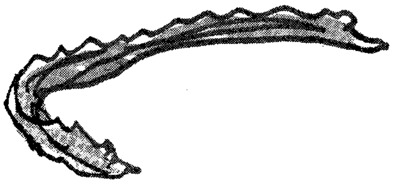
Recapitoids

A FRIEND who spends a lot of time driving on highways and turnpikes reports:

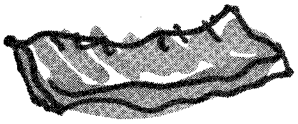
Boredom, of course, is the big problem, mile after mile. Anything that diminishes the monotony is more than welcome. (Why don't they bring back those Burma Shave signs?) Recently, I've been keeping my eye peeled for the odd black strips and chunks of rubber—tire treads—that lie scattered along the shoulders of all major highways. They come in a variety of torn and twisted shapes: anticipating fashion, they look distressed, if not downright tormented, and that's reasonable, since most of them have exploded from old tires on speeding trucks and been flung across the pavement. (Speaking of which, stopping one's car to examine these fragments is both dangerous and illegal; this report is offered to quell curiosity, not stimulate it.) As far as I know, they have no name; I call them Recapitoids. Among the simplest, most common forms are the Straight Reptile (*Illus. A*), the Curving Reptile (*Illus. B*), and the Basic Pizza Crust (*Illus. C*).



Illus. A

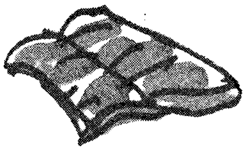


Illus. B

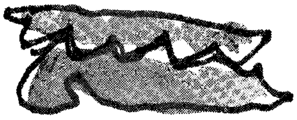


Illus. C

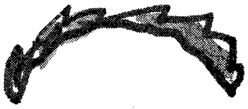
Equally plain are the Double Pizza Crust, or Open Book (*Illus. D*), the Orthodontist (*Illus. E*), and the graceful Turnpike Tiara (*Illus. F*).



Illus. D

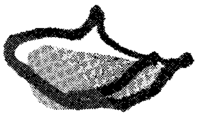


Illus. E

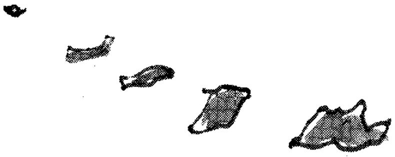


Illus. F

Some tiny Recapitoids (*Illus. G*) defy precise description—they're vaguely antediluvian—but they attain a collective identity when they're grouped together, as in the Family Cluster (*Illus. G-1*).

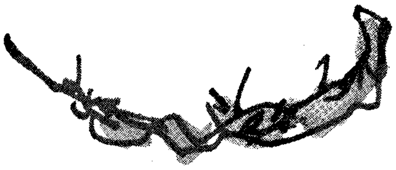


Illus. G

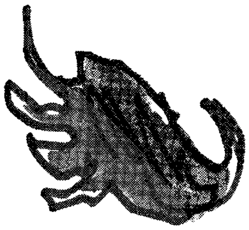


Illus. G-1

Among the more elaborate Recapitoids are the Desiccated Lizard (*Illus. H*) and the Modified Tarantula (*Illus. I*), both sighted on the Connecticut Turnpike east of Bridgeport.

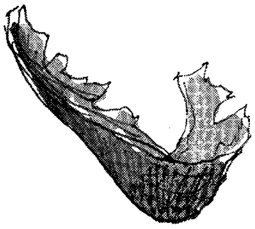


Illus. H

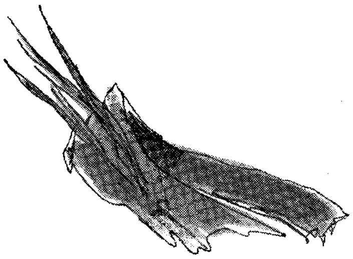


Illus. I

In the Vegetable and Floral Divisions, the Governor Thomas E. Dewey Thruway recently offered the Watermelon Rind (*Illus. J*) and the Steel-Radial Narcissus (*Illus. K*).

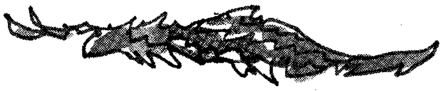


Illus. J

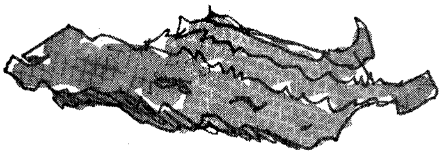


Illus. K

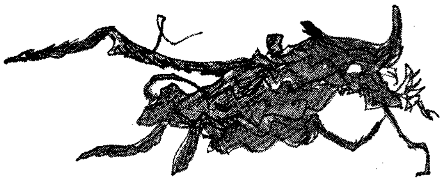
(Also observed were some minute fragments that bore a startling resemblance to the late Governor's mustache.) The Garden State Parkway, in New Jersey, displayed several examples of undersea life: a clawless Lobster (*Illus. L*), a sinister-looking Bottom Fish (*Illus. M*), and a spectacular Spiny Crustacean (*Illus. N*).



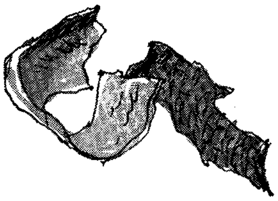
Illus. L



Illus. M

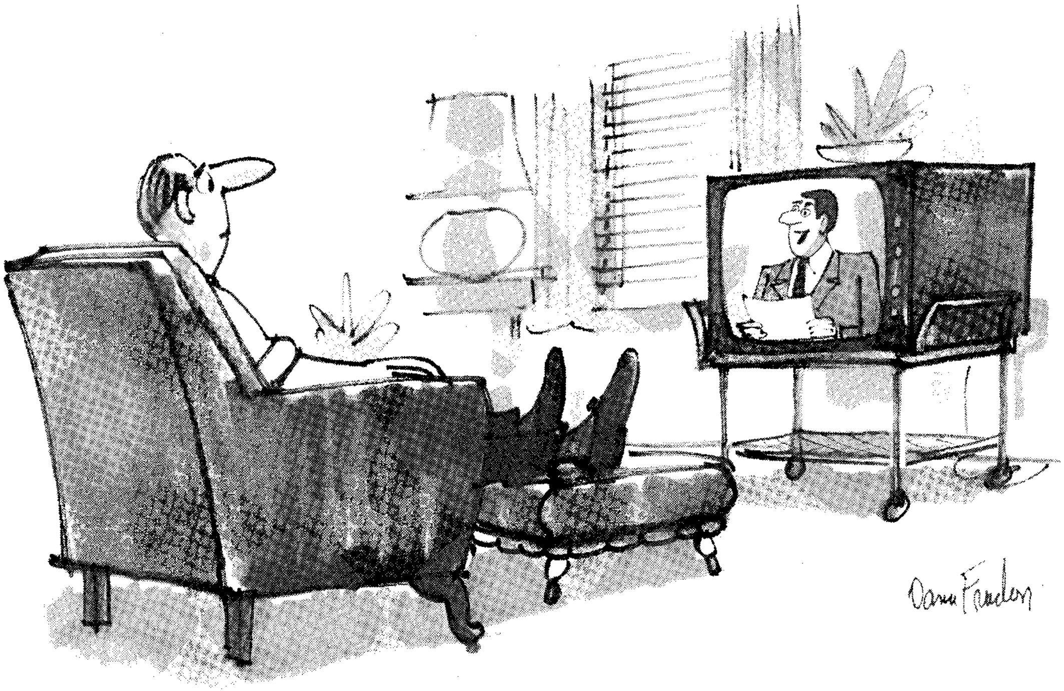


Illus. N



Illus. O

A major conceptual work appeared not long ago on a shoulder of the New Jersey Turnpike near Rahway—a sculpture (*Illus. O*) that I entitled "Tire Dreaming of De-Polymerizing, Reverting to Latex, and Going Home to the Forest and the Sweet Caoutchouc Tree."



"Good evening. I'm Walt Fendow, who, after much infighting, kicking and scratching, politicking, backbiting, and throat-cutting, has finally emerged as your anchor."

• •

Suspense

BERNHARDT J. HURWOOD, a former merchant seaman, film editor, television writer, and public-relations man (who, though a two-fingered player, once spent an evening at the piano in a Chilean bordello), has been since 1966 a writer of mysteries, and he was scheduled to speak at the Mercantile Library at a quarter past noon one day not long ago on how to devise plots for detective stories. Arriving a bit early, we settled into a comfortably stuffed chair in the back of the room, on the right, and scanned the scene. Our gaze took in the crowd (mostly older ladies) and then came to rest on the bookshelf by our chair. It was the "C" section of the mystery collection, containing twenty-six of the works of Agatha Christie (from "Crooked House" to "What Mrs. McGillicuddy Saw!")—a bloody stream interrupted only by a mis-shelved copy of Peter Dickinson's "The Lizard in the Cup." We picked up Miss Christie's "Hickory Dickory Death," and—it was a page-turner—by the time Mr. Hurwood began his talk a number of items had disappeared from 26 Hickory Road (frippery, mostly, but with some ominous overtones, like the slashed scarf that was left behind) and Hercule Poirot was on hand for consultation and supper, which began with minestrone served by the Italian manservant.

Mr. Hurwood introduced several mystery writers and editors he had brought along with him, and then he said, "People often ask us where we get a lot of our ideas from. I don't think there's anyone in this room who doesn't have enemies, people they'd like to see blown away or drowned." Thinking of those people can provide the emotional impetus for a good plot, he said. Once, a roommate of Mr. Hurwood's neglected to pay his share of the Con Ed bill, and was later fictionally shipped to the Amazon, dumped off the stern of a boat, and consumed by piranhas. "Also," he continued, "I often go from the premise of 'What if?' 'What if Edgar Allan Poe was actually a mass murderer?' From there, the characters begin to take over. You almost feel like a medium sitting back and taking dictation. I once had a woman character I was very interested in, but she was hanging out with some undesirable types, and then she went out to J.F.K. Airport and got herself murdered, and I was very upset. I couldn't really work for two or three days."

When Mr. Hurwood invited questions from the audience, the first few he got had to do with whether it is easier to write detective novels if you use a word processor. Apparently, it is. Also, one of Mr. Hurwood's writer friends said that in his opinion "most of the recent spy novelists are paranoids, and they write about what it's like to be a paranoid." Some consideration was given to the question "Is Harlan Ellison a science-fiction writer or a mystery author?" Speculation also developed about a possible trend toward physically peculiar detectives, and Mr. Hurwood noted that one of his favorite creations had, in his student days, overdosed on a hideous drug and thus acquired the ability to perform "astral projection," which skill he used to save the nation.

After the program ended, we had a chat with Mr. Hurwood and William L. DeAndrea, another author, and they both assured us that there was no plot shortage in the mystery field.

"The computer," Mr. Hurwood said with satisfaction, "has injected an element into our society that allows people to commit very, very exotic crimes."

"I just handed in a manuscript that I think is the first to use word processors as a plot element," Mr. DeAndrea said. "My fiancée has written one about a murder at a convention of romance-fiction writers." Alas, said Mr. DeAndrea, "there's a pretty limited number of motives." He counted them up. "There's greed. There's revenge—I use revenge a lot. There's mercy killing—I use that sometimes. And there's always your homicidal maniac to fall back on."

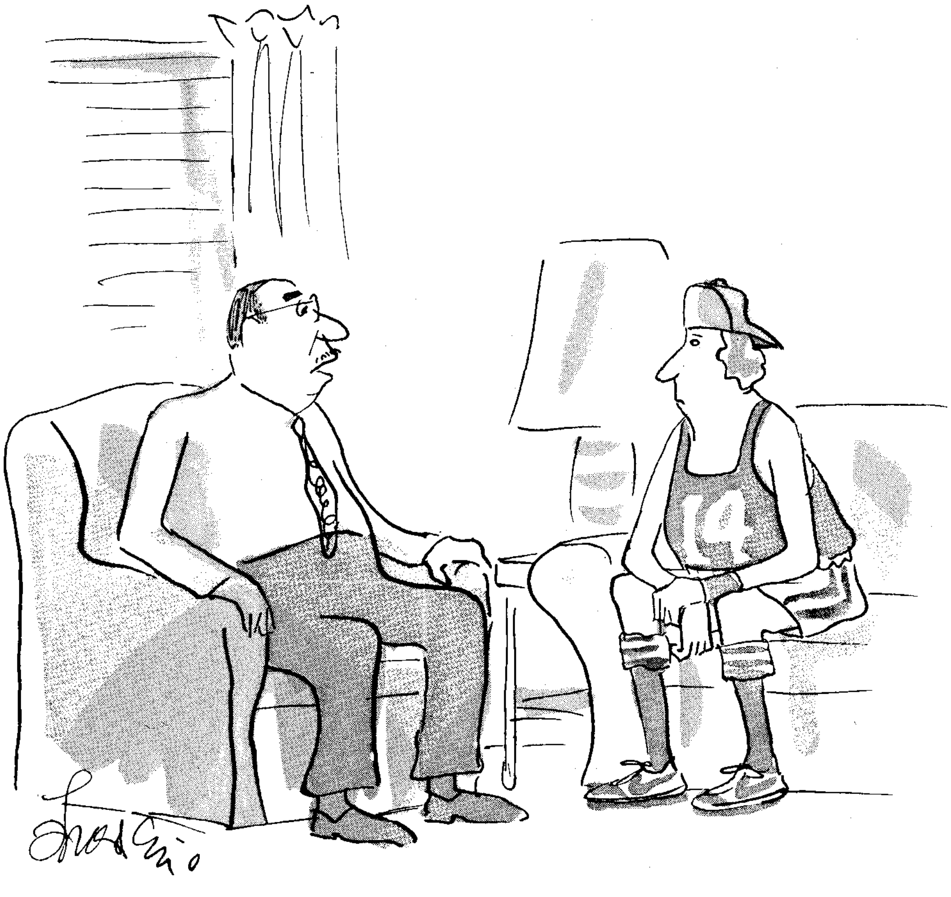
With that, we returned to our corner and our book. Nigel, it turns out, did it (three or four times, in fact), though he had a confederate. Curious thing about Nigel—with his sneering, supercilious manner, he had been the obvious villain and so we had dismissed him right at the start, only to be caught in a savvy reverse. And who would have guessed that Mrs. Nicoletis would turn out to be Valerie's mother!

SAKRETE

ON our street, fourteen garbage cans are now missing. The garbage cans from One Seventeen and One Nineteen disappeared last night. This is not a serious matter, but on the other hand we can't sit up all night watching over our garbage cans. It is probably best described as an annoyance. One Twelve, One Twenty-two, and One Thirty-one have bought new plastic garbage cans at Barney's Hardware to replace those missing. We are thus down eleven garbage cans, net. Many people are using large dark plastic garbage bags. The new construction at the hospital at the end of the block has displaced a number of rats. Rats are not much bothered by plastic garbage bags. In fact, if I were ordered to imagine what might most profitably be invented by a committee of rats, it would be the plastic garbage bag. The rats run up and down our street all night long.

If I were ordered to imagine who is stealing our garbage cans, I could not. I very much doubt that my wife is doing it. Some of the garbage cans on our street are battered metal, others are heavy green plastic. Heavy green plastic or heavy black plastic predominates. Some of the garbage cans have the numbers of the houses they belong to painted on their sides or lids, with white paint. Usually by someone with only the crudest sense of the art of lettering. One Nineteen, which has among its tenants a gifted commercial artist, is an exception. No one excessively famous lives on our street, to my knowledge, therefore the morbid attention that the garbage of the famous sometimes attracts would not be a factor. The Precinct says that no other street within the precinct has reported similar problems.

If my wife is stealing the garbage cans, in the night, while I am drunk and asleep, what is she doing with them? They are not in the cellar, I've looked (although I don't like going down to the cellar, even to replace a blown fuse, because of the rats). My wife has a yellow Pontiac convertible. No one has these anymore, but I can imagine her lifting garbage cans into the back seat of the yellow Pontiac convertible, at four o'clock in the morning, when I am dreaming of being onstage, dreaming of having to perform a drum concerto with only one drumstick. . . .



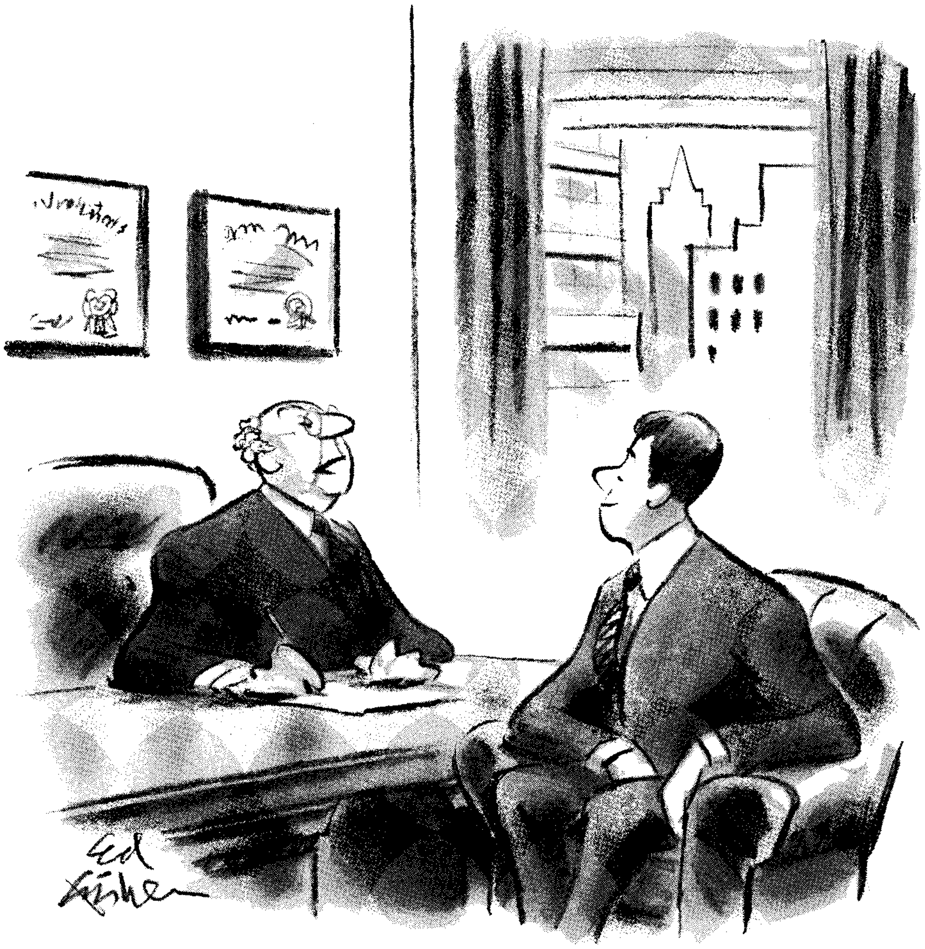
"I've nothing against physical fitness, Rosemary, but you're turning into a jock."

On our street, twenty-one garbage cans are now missing. New infamies have been announced by One Thirty-one through One Forty-three—seven in a row, and on the same side of the street. Also, depredations at One Sixteen and One Sixty-four. We have put out dozens of cans of D-Con but the rats ignore them. Why should they go for the D-Con when they can have the remnants of Helen Busse's Bœuf Rossini, for which she is known for six blocks in every direction? We eat well, on this street, there's no denying it. Except for the nursing students at One Fifty-eight, and why should they eat well—they're students, are they not? My wife cooks soft-shell crabs, in season, breaded, dusted with tasty cayenne, deep-fried. Barney's Hardware has run out of garbage cans and will not get another shipment until November. Any new garbage cans will have to be purchased at Budget Hardware, far, far away on Second Street.

Cynthia, at Custom Care Cleaners, asks why my wife has been acting so peculiar lately. "Peculiar?" I say. "In what way do you mean?" Dr. Maugham, who lives at One Forty-four where he also has his office, has formed a committee. Mr. Wilkens, from One Nineteen, Pally Wimber, from One Twenty-nine, and my wife are on the committee. The committee meets at night, while I sleep, dreaming, my turn in the batting order has come up and I stand at the plate, batless. . . .

There are sixty-two houses on our street, four-story brownstones for the most part. Fifty-two garbage cans are now missing. Rats riding upon the backs of other rats gallop up and down our street, at night. The committee is unable to decide whether to call itself the Can Committee or the Rat Committee. The City has sent an inspector who stood marvelling, at midnight, at the activity on our street. He is filing a report. He urges that the remaining garbage cans be filled with large stones. My wife has appointed me a subcommittee of the larger committee with the task of finding large stones. Is there a peculiar look on her face as she makes the appointment? Dr. Maugham has bought a shotgun—a twelve-gauge over-and-under. Mr. Wilkens has bought a Chase bow and two dozen hunting arrows. I have bought a flute and an instruction book.

If I were ordered to imagine who is



"The words 'your chattels and movables' may sound funny to you, Mr. Dangeld, but I assure you they refer to some pretty serious things."

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stealing our garbage cans, the Louis Ascher family might spring to mind, not as culprits but as proximate cause. The Louis Ascher family has a large income and a small apartment, in One Twenty-one. The Louis Ascher family is given to acquiring things, and because of the size of the Louis Ascher apartment must dispose of old things in order to accommodate new things. Sometimes the old things disposed of by the Louis Ascher family are scarcely two weeks old. Therefore, the garbage at One Twenty-one is closely followed in the neighborhood, in the way that the sales and bargains listed in the newspapers are closely followed. The committee, which feels that the garbage of the Louis Ascher family may be misrepresenting the neighborhood to the criminal community, made a partial list of the items disposed of by the Louis Ascher family during the week of September 12th: one mortar and pestle, majolicaware; one English creammaker (cream is made by mixing sweet butter and milk); one set green earthenware geranium-leaf plates; one fruit ripener designed by scientists at the University of California, Plexiglas; one nylon umbrella tent with aluminum poles; one combination fountain pen and clock with LED readout; one mini hole-puncher-and-confetti-maker; one pistol-grip spring-loaded flyswatter; one cast-iron tortilla press; one ivory bangle with elephant-hair accent; and much, much more. But while I do not doubt that the excesses of the Louis Ascher family are misrepresenting the neighborhood to the criminal community, I cannot bring myself to support even a resolution of censure, since the excesses of the Louis Ascher family have given us much to talk about and not a few sets of green earthenware geranium-leaf plates over the years.

I reported to my wife that large stones were hard to come by in the city. "Stones," she said. "*Large stones.*"

I purchased two hundred pounds of Sakrete at Barney's Hardware, to make stones with. You need only add water and stir, and you have made a stone as heavy and brutish as a stone made by God himself. I am temporarily busy, in the cellar, shaping Sakrete to resemble this, that, and the other, but mostly stones—a good-looking stone is not the easiest of achievements. Ritchie Beck, the little boy from One Ten, who is always alone on the sidewalk during the day, smiling at strangers, helps me. I once bought him a copy of *Mechanix Illustrated*, which I myself read avidly as a boy. Harold, who owns Custom Care Cleaners and also owns a Cessna, has offered to fly over our street at night and drop bombs made of lethal dry-cleaning fluid on the rats. There is a channel down the Hudson he can take (as long as he stays under eleven hundred feet), a quick left turn, the bombing run, then a dash back up the Hudson. They will pull his ticket if he's caught, he says, but at that hour of the night. . . .

I show my wife the new stones. "I don't like them," she says. "They don't look like real stones." She is not wrong, they look in fact like badly thrown pots, as if they had been done by a potter with no thumbs. The committee, which has named itself the Special Provisional Unnecessary-Rat Team (SPURT), has acquired armbands and white steel helmets and is discussing a secret grip by which its members will identify themselves to each other.

There are now no garbage cans on our street—no garbage cans left to steal. A committee of rats has joined with the Special Provisional committee in order to deal with the situation, which, the rats have made known, is attracting unwelcome rat elements from other areas of the city. Members of the two committees exchange secret grips. My wife drives groups of rats here and there in her yellow Pontiac convertible, attending important meetings. The crisis, she says, will be a long one. She has never been happier.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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Later, Weinberger was asked whether the United States would send troops to help Honduras if there should be an invasion from Nicaragua. He said: "We have to take each situation as it comes. We do as much planning as we possibly can. We get as prepared and as ready as we can for all contingencies." He said, however, that he tried to avoid dealing with hypothetical situations.—*Raleigh* (*N.C.*) *News & Observer.*

Huh?

LOVERS

IN a pancake house in Gainesville, Florida, Valerie and her mother are silently dividing up a copy of the New York *Times*. Generously, Valerie offers her mother the best section, the one with all the cultural news—the only news Marilyn cares about. In the three days they have been on the road together, Valerie hasn't had many generous impulses. She wishes she were better company. Apologies and some sort of explanation are in order, but then she would have to open her marriage to her mother, something she has never done. Her mother, though, is eager to share every small detail of her own current romance. Valerie's father died last year, and recently Marilyn has been seeing a man she met at a Carnegie Hall concert. Joseph is Hungarian; during the Revolution, he somehow managed to get to Israel, and then to New York, where he found work as a diamond cutter. Joseph is a man of great kindness and sensitivity, according to Marilyn. She met him five months ago and, like a schoolgirl in love for the first time, she cannot stop talking about him, cannot stop herself from repeating the same details a hundred times over. Her eyes shine with unexpected happiness, even at seven-thirty in the morning in a pancake house with dusty windows and sticky floors.

A middle-aged waitress approaches their table. In her short-sleeved white pants suit and white shoes, she looks like a dental technician.

"I just can't make up my mind," Marilyn says, smiling at her. "What do you recommend?"

"French toast, eggs, I don't know. It's up to you."

Very quietly, Valerie orders an ice-cream soda.

Marilyn looks to the waitress for sympathy.

"Ketchup on French toast, Cheerios soaking in a bowl of Pepsi-Cola, I've seen it all," the waitress says. "If this young lady wants ice cream for breakfast, that's just fine."

"Thank you," Valerie says, and grabs the best section of the paper back from her mother. "Would it be possible to have us out of here in ten minutes?"

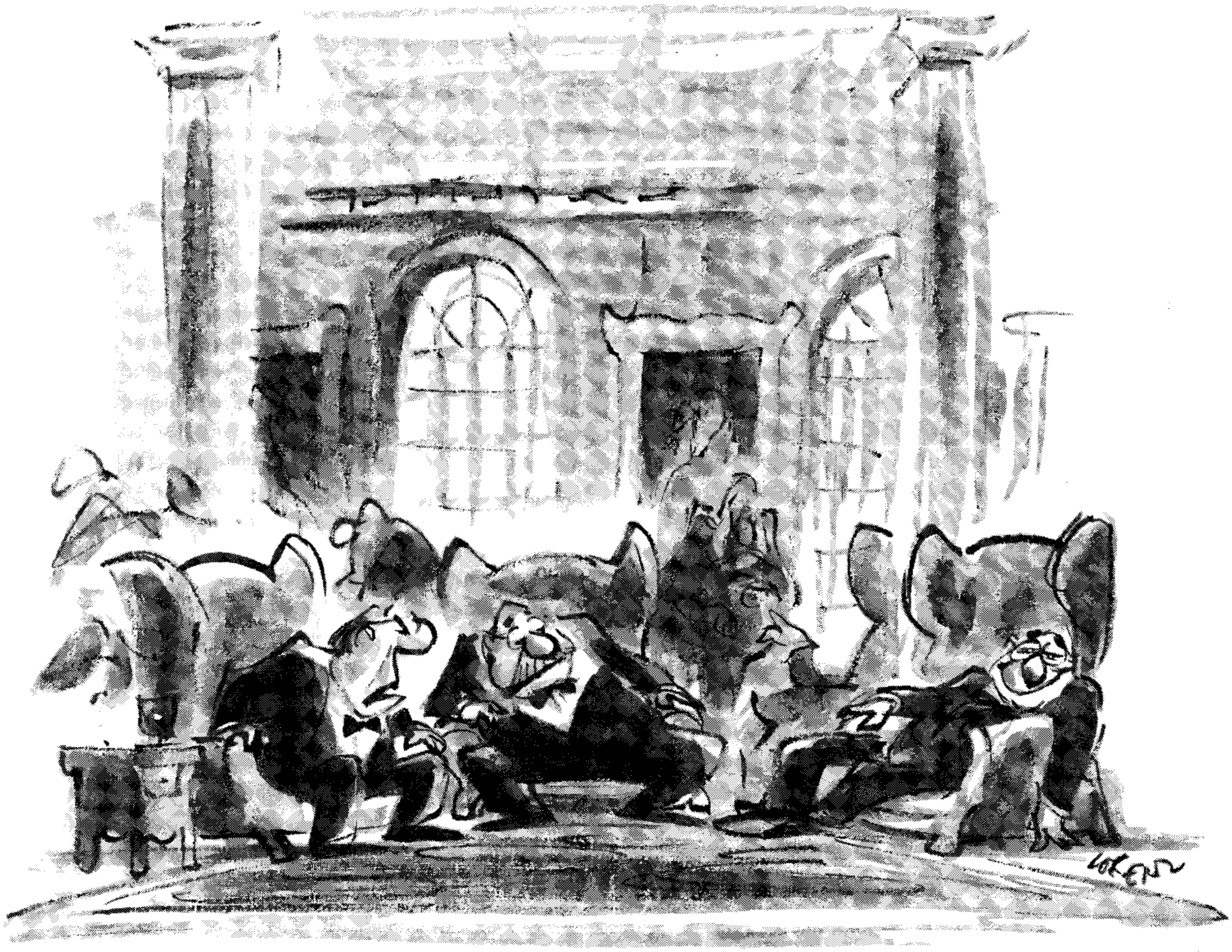
Marilyn explains to the waitress that they are from New York, where people are always in a hurry, even if they don't have anywhere special to go. In fact, the two of them are on their way down to Hollywood, where Valerie's grandfather lives in a mouse-sized house all by himself. "He's extremely independent," Marilyn says, "but lately in the middle of the night he wakes up with a sharp pain in his chest, and no matter how many times the doctors in the emergency room tell him it's only indigestion he doesn't believe them. They tell him not to eat just before going to bed, to eat a light dinner in the early evening and then nothing more until breakfast."

"Makes sense," says the waitress.

"Every now and then," Marilyn says, "a doctor will surprise you and say something that actually makes sense. I was married to one for a thousand years, and I have to admit that most of the things he said had to be taken with a grain of salt."

This is the perfect moment for Valerie to excuse herself from the table and make a phone call home. The phones are directly outside the rest rooms, and it's a struggle to hear the operator's instructions. Nick doesn't answer. After twenty-one rings, Valerie hangs up, deciding he's in the shower or on the subway headed for work. But immediately this strikes her as too uncomplicated, too unsatisfying. (The farther she travels from Nick, the more fully her pessimism blooms.) She decides he's gone to see his ex-wife, with whom he says he still feels a tenuous connection. His ex-wife is small and pretty, but not very perceptive. "I don't understand how we can be breaking up when we've just picked out new things for the bedroom," she told Nick when he said their marriage was over. They'd ordered several thousand dollars' worth of furniture—an antique armoire, a brass headboard, a chaise longue—and Nick left her anyway, even though he had to admit the bedroom would look terrific.

He and Valerie have been together for almost two years. Valerie works as a loan officer at a bank, and Nick teaches anatomy to first-year medical students. Nick is exceptionally confident, the kind of person who can make Valerie feel uneasy by the arch of his eyebrows, the slightest trace of mockery in his voice. She's vulnerable in his presence, never knowing when he's going to challenge her or prove her wrong—something he rarely attempted before their marriage. Usually it's a simple thing; she's kept the Cornish hens in the oven too long, or chosen wallpaper that clashes with the



"The economy seems back on track, but I'm not sure about Collingwood."

• •

print of their shower curtain. She makes mistakes like these nearly every day. Even more painful are the times Nick speaks to her as if she were a child who has done her homework carelessly. Where did you see *that*, he will ask after she mentions having read that in some cities in Poland waiting lists for apartments are eighteen years long, or that insurance-company reports indicate that the average M.D. dies at the age of fifty-six. He will insist that she has not read the newspaper article as thoroughly as she should have or has not thought things through properly. (Working as she does in the bank, she knows all about weighing the facts, she wants to say, but it seems too obvious to mention.) That's the scientist in Nick, she tells herself; accuracy and precision are what he's after. But often she has to remind him that school is over for the day, that in any case she's not one of his students, and that he sounds like a jackass talking to her like that. And then he apologizes and says he hadn't meant it that way at all. She can't help feeling, though, that their life together is becoming an endless round of accusations and reluctant apologies.

This seems to her intolerable. She has always been a romantic, always been after love, long-term and sustaining, something that will see her through a lifetime. But when she told this to a psychologist she went to see once or twice when things got bad with Nick, he looked at her mournfully and said, "You and a cast of millions. What else is new?"

Surprisingly, Nick, too, considers himself a romantic: he saves ticket stubs from all the movies they've seen together, and matchbooks from restaurants they've eaten at, collecting them as if they were treasures, storing them in an inlaid-rosewood box Valerie gave him for his birthday. (Is there a similar collection documenting his first marriage, she wonders.) For her thirtieth birthday this year, Nick locked himself away in the kitchen for hours, emerging at midnight with a braided loaf of sourdough bread, each braid dyed a different, brilliant color. He took snapshots of a slice of bread carefully arranged on a white linen napkin: evidence of the lengths he had gone to please her.

Now and then, Nick meets his ex-wife for lunch—just to see how she's getting along, he claims. He is very casual about these meetings. He sometimes forgets to mention them to Valerie until days later. "These lunches mean more to you than they do to me," he said to Valerie in a soothing voice the night before she left for Florida. She shook her head, reassured of nothing. "What you need," he went on quietly, "is someone without any past at all, a goddam blank piece of paper." No, she wanted to say; what she needed was someone easier, softer, more patient. When she left the next morning, they kissed for a long while. Finally, she had to pull away. "It's only a couple of weeks," she said, smiling. "I'll be back before you know it." But it hadn't felt like the truth to her; she'd blushed as soon as the words were spoken.

Sitting opposite her mother now, Valerie watches Marilyn write out a postcard to Joseph with a pink felt-tip pen. "Can I read this to you?" Marilyn asks, and begins reading before Valerie has a chance to answer. "What do you think? Is it too much to say that I miss him terribly? I said something to that effect in yesterday's card, too. This is just a rough draft anyway." Marilyn reaches into a suède handbag and shows Valerie the pile of postcards she's taken from the motel where they stayed last night. "These are some other versions—some a little more restrained than others, if you know what I mean," she says.

Valerie sips at her ice-cream soda, which is warm and slightly bitter.

"What a terrible face on you," Marilyn says. "Am I supposed to take that face personally or are you just mad at the world?"

Valerie gazes out into the parking lot, where a broad-shouldered woman is dragging a small, weeping child from the front of a van. The van has a heart-shaped rear window on one side and a tear-shaped one on the other. "We should have made more of an effort to get plane reservations," Valerie says. "It was crazy to take the car this distance."

Shuffling the stack of postcards, Marilyn says, "Too bad Grandpa couldn't have chosen a better time to fly into a panic. This time of year, everyone in the world wants to go to Florida. He sounded so pitiful on the phone last week, after he'd got back from the hospital. When I think about that conversation, I'm convinced this trip was absolutely unavoidable." She picks out a postcard, holds it up to the fluorescent lighting overhead, and smiles. "Now, here's one any man would be delighted to find in his mailbox."

"Let me see," Valerie says.

"No," says her mother. "Not this one. This one's strictly personal and confidential." She raises her arm higher and waves the postcard in the air. Valerie is out of her seat, standing on her toes, the backs of her knees painfully stretched, when her mother's arm swoops down suddenly and she tears the postcard into tiny pieces that drift to the floor. "You never listen to anything I say about Joseph," Marilyn says. "You tap your foot, you stare at the ceiling, anything to avoid paying attention. When are you going to tell me what I'm doing wrong?" When Valerie remains silent, her mother says, "You'll have to excuse me if my happiness comes at an inconvenient time for you."

"It's not anything you're doing wrong," Valerie says at last. "It's only me."

"You," her mother murmurs. "Every day, in the car, I look at you for hints of something—anything. But you're only listening to the rock and roll on the radio, pretending there's no one in the seat next to you, that you're travelling all these hours and all these miles alone."

AFTER LABOR DAY

Your son is ten years dead.
"But it seems," I said, seeing your face
buckle in mid-conversation
as over the fields came winging the trebles
of children at holiday play—
I said, "But it seems like yesterday."

"No," you said.
"Like today."

In the first of the black fall drizzles,
in a morning when world's-end seems to hover
too near, the early fallen
leaves slick on the highway as blood,
the yellow ball had spun to a halt
on the white line—
your small child scurried there like an ignorant vole . . .

It is the time of year
when hawks rush down through the pass where you live,
but the heat last weekend held them
northward. So grounded, we talked like voluble schoolkids
inside, instead. Or I did,
you lost in thought, dark brows arched
like the wings of birds at travel,
or soaring to hide, or seek.

At home, I recall your eagle visage, how now
and then it falls
just so. In the change, in the first cold autumn rain,
I play at identification.
I imagine how Redtail, Cooper's,
Roughleg, Little Blue Darter,
and the odd outsider—Swainson's, say—
now pass you by,
as at home in my study I watch
two scruffy starlings on a wire outside
fronting what it seems they have
no choice but to front
till one peels off, is sucked it seems into woods, and through
the glass I yet can hear him.
His croaks come this way, as if the other
were the one who had vanished, not he.

Just so lost children imagine
their parents are lost, not they.
"Where did you go?" they chirp, as if we hadn't been

• •

VALERIE's grandfather, Willy, lives in a house of peach-colored stucco, set on a tiny lawn of yellowish grass. The rooms are furnished with aluminum-and-plastic beach furniture, and there's a fine, powdery dust everywhere, even across the TV screen. Assessing the hours of housecleaning

shrieking, searching,
or as if our terror had been a game.
It's the season of the mushroom all of a sudden.

Closed though my window is,
over the vapors and trees I also hear
the doubled scream of a kestrel.

You heard, these ten long years have heard, the swish
of tandem tires through puddles,
the last gasps
of air brakes, screams.
And loud as unthinkable detonation
—or so at least in dreams it seems—
the impact:

every outside sound raced clear to you.
But walls and panes cut short your shouts
from inside the house,
as if *you* were the small boy
to whom the remote roar
of the world was suddenly apparent,
yet whose voice was, as in dreams,
unheard. Or worse: irrelevant.

In the lulls, by way of compensation,
I talked the holiday away.
Talked and talked and
talked and talked
and catalogued the game:
I called attention
to early Goldeneyes out on the saltmarsh;
to the way in later light
—like cheap raincoats—the feathers' colors
on the backs of seaducks would change and change;
and, higher, to the cloud that would mean this greater change,
swooping against the yellow ball of the sun.

As if through a shield of thin glass,
there was the further drone of the bomber whereby,
you said, "One day the world will be lost,"

and the bitter joke, I understood,
be on those of us who all these seasons
have played at discourse.

"Where did you go?"
So the world will ask.

—Sydney Lea

• •

before her, Marilyn perks up immediately.

"You can't believe what the bathroom looks like," she confides to Valerie. "You just want to run right out the minute you get in there."

"Sad," says Valerie, who assumes her grandfather can't see very well anymore.

"Sad?" Marilyn is in the utility room off the kitchen, looking for a broom. "Your grandfather was never much of a housekeeper, if you really want to know. He always liked everything neat—magazines in a nice even pile, beds made with perfect hospital corners—but he never went in much for sweeping and dusting."

"True to form," Willy says, joining Valerie at the kitchen table. "She's in my house five minutes and already she's passing judgment."

"Why should I be surprised that a man who doesn't believe in sweeping wouldn't have a broom?" Marilyn says. "How about a sponge?"

Valerie touches her grandfather's smooth, narrow wrist. "Tell me how you've been. Have you been eating?" she asks. At the end of last summer, Willy's brother, Norman, who'd shared the house with him, struck up a conversation with a woman on a bench in a shopping mall. A few weeks later, he married her. Willy refused to attend the wedding, and hasn't spoken to Norman since. According to Willy, his new sister-in-law isn't "a high-quality person." He can't understand how Norman could have married a woman who has dyed red hair and wears perfume so strong it lingers in the house hours after she's gone.

"I eat, I sleep; I'm surviving," Willy says.

"You miss the company, I bet."

"Never," Willy says. "I've got plenty of company. In fact, I'm surprised my pals haven't been over yet today."

Marilyn is squatting on the floor, sponging down the linoleum with Mr. Clean. Through an open window, a neighbor's television can be heard perfectly.

"So how's your new boyfriend?" Willy says, frowning at the top of Marilyn's curly gray head. "Is he going to marry you?"

"What? When did I ever say one word about marriage? Not that I don't fantasize about it occasionally." Marilyn has eased her way under the table and is crouched there, dreamily moving a sponge across the speckled linoleum.

"That's my foot, in case you're interested," says Valerie. "Need any help down there?"

"Marriage," Willy says mournfully. "It comes when you least expect it. You walk over to the mall intending to do a little bit of shopping, and there it is, waiting for you right outside Drug World." From his seat, he kicks a cabinet door closed with one foot. "That weasel. She was sitting there reading 'Crime and Punishment,' trying to pass herself off as an intellectual. 'Tolstoy,' my brother says, and smiles at her with those big white false teeth."

"Dostoyevski," Marilyn calls from under the table.

"Apparently, the weasel was too lovesick to correct him. In two seconds, she and Norman were across the mall at Baskin-Robbins, enjoying an ice-cream cone. And there I was, sitting on that bench like a big dope, waiting for the two of them to come back. I read twenty pages of 'Crime and Punishment' before I realized they'd forgotten all about me."

"It must have been awful," Valerie

says, and puts her arms around her grandfather's neck.

"I stole the weasel's book. I took it home with me and read every last page. Then I mailed it back. They were already married by then, living in that dark little apartment of hers that you have to travel across a catwalk to get to. Sometimes," Willy says, his voice a whisper, "I imagine them in the wind and the rain, crossing the catwalk, huddled against each other."

"Kind of romantic, if you think about it," says Marilyn, and crawls out from under the table. Her face is flushed and sweaty, her pinkish eyeshadow smudged over the bridge of her nose. "The wind and the rain, the two of them—"

"Soaking wet," Willy says. "Soaked to the skin. Their clothes have to be dry-cleaned. It costs them a fortune."

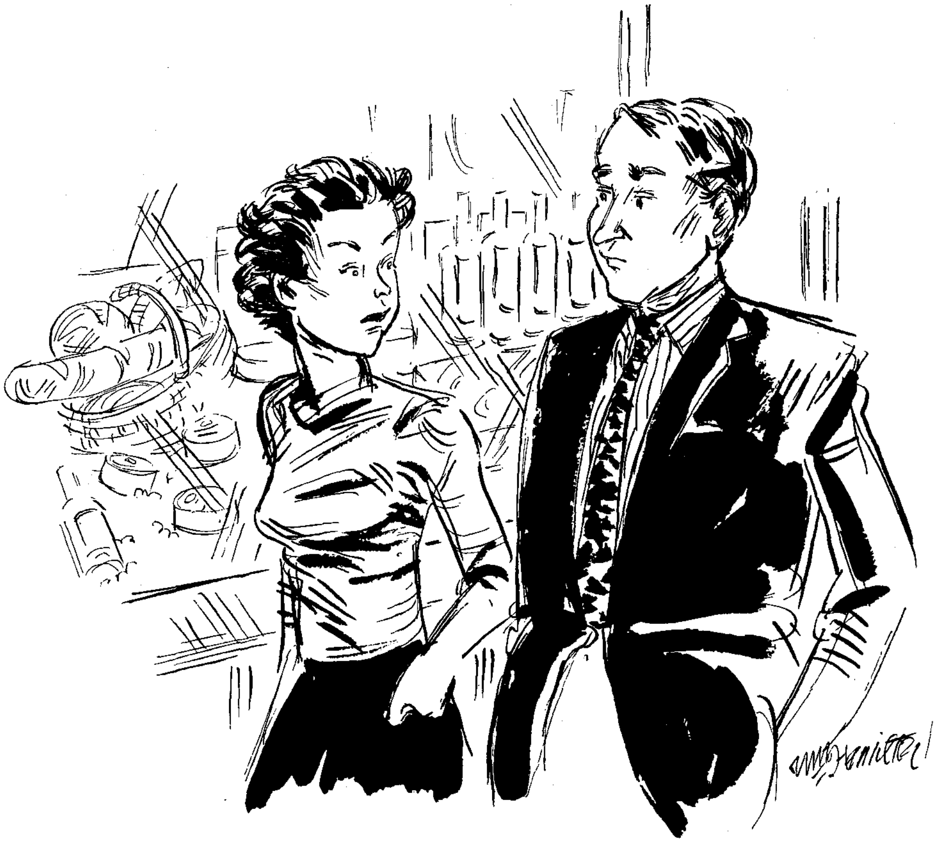
Valerie laughs, and shakes her head. Her grandfather is unforgiving and unyielding in ways she almost admires. Forty-five years ago, he divorced his wife after she admitted she had a habit of being unfaithful to him. He never married again, and raised their three children on his own. Not a happy life, or an easy one, but simply the best he could manage. Valerie is thinking of Nick and wondering why she had to fall for someone who makes her feel so unsure of herself, so helpless. Over the years, friends have confided in her, come to her for advice and gone away satisfied. She has always seen through other people's lives with a clarity that eludes her when she examines her own. Eyes open, she imagines Nick's soft-skinned, boyish hands kneading dough, remembers the velvety dust of flour that settled across his dark brow, the look of pleasure about his eyes and mouth as he sliced into the neon colors of her birthday bread.

She tells her grandfather she'd like to use the phone.

"Not today," Willy says. "I haven't had a dial tone all day. Someone from the phone company was supposed to come by this afternoon, but don't hold your breath."

"I should call Joseph," Marilyn says. "Or maybe I shouldn't."

The doorbell rings—a startling electronic buzz. "Come in, come in," Willy yells, and a young Indian woman in a sari and her little boy walk through the side door into the kitchen, a Teddy bear between them, each of them holding one of its paws. Willy smiles as he introduces the visitors. "This is Meera, my newest granddaughter, and this is Shahed, my one and only great-grandson."



"Lucky for you you can't hear my interior monologue."

"Your what?" Marilyn says. She's standing on a wrought-iron chair with a feather duster in her hand, swiping at cobwebs in a corner of the ceiling.

"I have no one in America to talk to except Grandpa," says Meera. "No one." She's a beautiful woman, with a diamond chip decorating the curve of one nostril. Her bare feet are beautiful, too: dark, slender feet, the nails polished bright red.

"Grandpa," Shahed says. There's a thin silver bracelet around each of his wrists. He's wearing a T-shirt with Sesame Street characters on it; across the front is printed "Lunch Is My Favorite Subject."

"My Florida family," Willy says, looking pleased with himself. "And this is my New York family."

"Aren't you lucky," Marilyn says coolly.

"Meera and Shahed are Muslims," Willy says. "They're very religious people. Meera's husband is a psychologist."

"No, no," Meera says. "Psychiatrist."

"Whatever. They moved in next door a few months ago, just before Norman went off with the weasel."

"The weasel has orange hair like a carrot," Meera says, as if this were a line she had memorized. Then she laughs and covers her mouth with her hand. Valerie shoots her a sympathetic look. She wants to make up for Marilyn's coldness, to signal to Meera that her mother's disapproval should not be taken to heart. Willy likes to collect honorary families he can rave about long-distance to Marilyn; mostly, Valerie thinks, because he knows just how much it hurts her to hear it. Marilyn, who is the only daughter among his three children, is the child who worries most about him. But she has never been able to please him; face to face or long-distance, the air between them bristles with discontent. Once, she told Valerie, "If he were a lover whose attention I was dying for, I'd flirt like crazy, say something provocative, spray perfume over my hair. But, of course, he's only my father." She shrugged her shoulders and gave Valerie a sad half smile. And yet here was her mother battling cobwebs as if it mattered, as if there was always the possibility that something she did or said might turn out to be the right thing after all.

Valerie gazes straight into Willy's bleached-looking blue eyes. Who is Willy that he can afford to turn down love when it is offered him? He appears to be nothing more than a fragile old man, small and thin as a boy. Valerie would like to shake him hard and see the confusion in his startled face.

She climbs up next to her mother on the chair and takes the duster from her hand. "Stop trying so hard," Valerie whispers.

Tears shimmer in her mother's eyes. "What could be easier?" Marilyn says.

Willy has taken Shahed onto his lap, and he strokes the little boy's cheek with two fingers. "Sweet boy," he says. "But why can't you ever wear shoes? Your feet will be hard like an old man's."

Giggling, Meera says, "Sometimes I take your advice, sometimes not."

Willy says, "I told you to keep your car in the garage—begged you, practically. I knew they would steal it." To Valerie and her mother he explains, "It was brand-new—a perfect, shined-up Volkswagen something or other. The one week she had it, Meera and I drove to some new malls, and every day to the beach. We sat in the sand on a bedspread with Shahed and watched the seagulls. I don't mind telling you the beach usually makes me feel lonely, but this particular week was perfect—day after day of unclouded skies and water the color of turquoise stones."

"Perfect," Meera says, her head bowed. Everyone is silent, contemplating the word. "My husband is never home," Meera says, and then in a loud voice, "It's not a life. Who can live this life? I want him to be sorry, to apologize—something."

"There are some people," says Willy, "who can't apologize for anything. Can't or won't or don't know how."

"Are you talking to me?" Marilyn says. "Was that an apology drifting in my direction?"

"That was probably just a statement about people in general. And anyway, what would I be apologizing for?" Willy says. He kisses the side of Shahed's neck, and Shahed starts to slide from his lap. Willy pulls him back at first, then, sighing, lets him go.

JUST as the eleven-o'clock news ends, there's a rustling at the back of the house, behind the screened-in porch, where they are slouched in lawn chairs, watching television. Valerie stands up and presses her face against the screen. A figure dressed in light-colored clothes waves to her.

"Is that Valerie?" the figure says. "Don't you recognize me?"

Willy comes up next to the screen beside Valerie. "Ah," he says. "The bridegroom returns."

"May I come in?" Norman says.

"What for?"

"I tried calling, but your phone was out of order."

"And?" says Willy. "Go on."

"It's kind of nippy out here. I forgot to bring a jacket. Are you going to let me in?"

"I like having this screen between us," Willy says. "It's as if you're in some kind of prison and I'm here on the other side. But of course we can always pass messages back and forth."

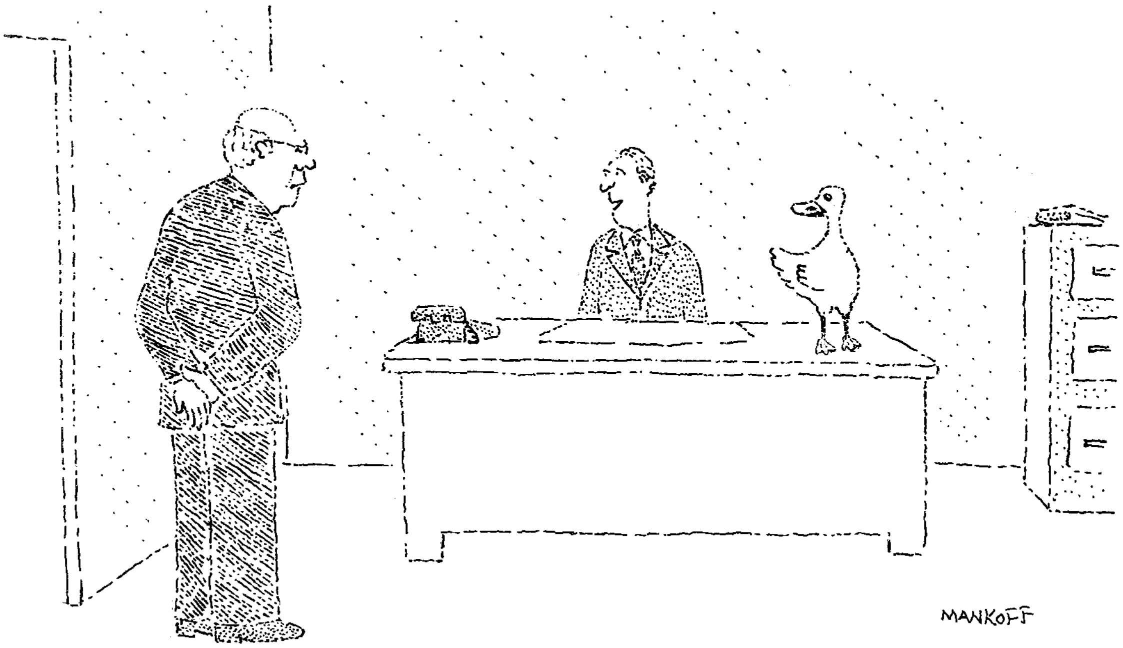
Norman knocks on the screen with his fist. "She kicked me out, Willy. I have no place to sleep tonight."

"The weasel?" Willy says. "The phony-baloney intellectual who swept you off your feet right in the middle of the mall?"

Marilyn jumps up and grabs Willy's arm. "Will you stop torturing him, please?"

"Hi, Marilyn," says Norman. "Nice to see you again, even under circumstances as unpleasant as these."

Valerie, at a signal from her mother, darts into the kitchen. "The door's unlocked now," she calls to Norman, and leans out into the darkness. It's cool outside, just as Norman said, but also very humid. At her feet, a slug drags itself along the concrete stoop, then disappears into the glistening ragged grass of Willy's yard. There's a light on in Meera's kitchen, next door, and laughter from her television set drifts over the unpainted picket fence that separates the two houses. If Valerie were home now, she and Nick would be sitting side by side in bed, books on their laps, their bare feet occasionally touching. She could slip down along the mattress, rest her head on Nick's chest, and press her ear against his heart, listening for secrets. Funny that you could live with someone for months, even years, and still be astonished at what he was really



"Got him up at the stadium, Chief. It was Yankee Duck Day."

• •

"Don't pounce."

• •

thinking. Like Nick's first wife, when she found out she'd mistaken a roomful of new furniture for proof that the love between them was secure. And Nick himself, who has no idea that what continues to draw Valerie to him is the faint, ordinary perfume of his hair, his smooth, long-fingered hands, and the slope of his shoulders when he's tired. If she were never to see him again, those are the things that would haunt her most. She would miss him for all the wrong reasons, ones that should not matter at all.

"Valerie, my savior," she hears Norman say. He throws his arm across her shoulders, and together they walk into the house. Norman is all in white, very dapper, with a full head of hair and a thin, perfectly groomed mustache. He carries a paper sack that says "Nathan's Famous" on it. "For you," he says, offering her the bag. "For you, who gave me sanctuary." Then he winks at her, just to let her know he's only half serious.

Valerie opens the bag and empties the contents onto the table: two ears of corn, two eggrolls, and two slices of partially eaten pizza wrapped in grease-stained wax paper.

"A romantic dinner for two, as you can see," Norman says. "Unfortunately, the romance has gone from my marriage."

Marilyn and Willy have joined them in the kitchen, and they study the food on the table, their hands behind their backs.

"Jesus," says Willy. "You're breaking my heart."

"You just ignore your baby brother," Marilyn tells Norman. "He's exceptionally cranky today."

"What do you know? You don't know anything about it," Willy says.

"I'm here to pick up the pieces of my shattered life," says Norman. He picks up an eggroll and holds it at arm's length. He frowns, as if examining it for flaws, then drops it back onto the table.

"So she's through with you," Willy says. "People discard each other every day of the week."

"That may be," Norman says, "but this is something new—a marriage down the drain because of a sharp little noise. Did you know my teeth click when I eat? We were in Nathan's, having our dinner, when all of a sudden she looked at me in a very unfriendly way and said, 'I'm going to scream; my patience is gone. I can't live with that noise anymore. I can't live with *you* anymore.'

"Life is full of surprises, even at this late date," Norman says. Pressing two fingers against each temple, he closes his eyes. It is as if he were listening for ghosts or reading minds, attempting miracles of one sort or another. They all watch him, waiting to hear what he's discovered. "Love," he says finally. And then, the next moment, "Damn it all to hell."

VALERIE and her mother are preparing for bed in what used to be Norman's room; Willy and Norman are in the master bedroom, across the hall. Marilyn is already in her bed, wiggling around under the sheet as Valerie undresses and shuts off the lamp on the night table between them.

"Joseph," Marilyn says, and sighs out loud. "I feel so privileged sometimes." Valerie has to smile.

"Sweetie pie?" her mother says.

"Me? I'm here."

"When I first met him, that night of the concert, we ducked into a little coffee shop—just to escape the rain, really. He told me all about his life, how hard it had been to start over, how afraid he'd been. He trusted me, for who knows what reason. It was wonderful to be regarded that way, to be the kind of person someone would tell his whole life to."

Valerie is on her stomach, her head tucked into the curve of her arm. Her mother's quiet, careful voice is putting her to sleep, as if she were a child again, listening to some beloved, comforting story about imaginary people.

"Sometimes it's easier to talk in the dark," her mother says.

This is the last thing Valerie hears before she falls asleep. In her grandfather's house, in a narrow, unfamiliar bed, she dreams pleasantly of Nick. Their arms linked, they're floating above a city street together, drifting like balloons high above the pavement; people smile up at them. "Lovers," a man says knowingly. Nick is a calmer, sweeter version of himself, just the way Valerie remembers him from the early months of their marriage. In the dream, even his voice is softer; it's a voice she could listen to forever, even though his words are indistinct and impossible to follow as she and Nick begin to drift slowly to earth.

"Valerie," someone is saying close to her ear. "I need your help."

"So you want to know when he stopped making me happy," Valerie says to herself, or maybe aloud; she can't tell which.

"Are you awake?" her mother says. The light from the lamp on the night table is unbearably bright.

"Why are we up so early?" Valerie asks.

"Those two nuts heated up the egg-rolls and the rest of that junk."

"For breakfast?"

"I'm talking about a midnight snack. They sneaked out of bed, ate everything up, and went back to sleep. Now Grandpa insists he's dying."

"And you want me to drive him to the hospital."

Marilyn tips her head back and yawns. She straightens her shoulders. "He's not going anywhere. All he needs is some Di-Gel and he'll be all set."

"That's what you're going to say to a man who thinks he's dying?"

On the other side of the hall, Willy moans. Valerie hurries into her grandfather's room, her mother behind her. Norman greets them from a lawn chair, dressed only in his white pants. "I was too hungry to sleep," he explains, "and Willy was kind enough to keep me company."

Willy is in bed, flat on his back, his eyes closed. "It's all true," he says. "Even at the moment you know your life is lost, there's time to travel through it again." Abruptly, he sits up very straight. "There I am! I'm in knickers and Argyle socks on the stoop in front of the building we lived in on Lexington Avenue. It was a lovely neighborhood then, though I guess it's been Spanish Harlem for years and years now. Anyway, there I am, shooting the breeze with my buddies—"

"It was never what anyone would call lovely," Norman says. "Shame on you. I thought all dying men told the truth."

Willy massages his chest, and moves his hand down to his middle. "Get out of my room," he says. "Get out of my house. Go home to your wife."

Rising slowly from his chair, Norman says, "Take the medication Marilyn has for you. Don't be so stubborn."

Marilyn approaches her father and sits at the edge of his bed. In her palm are two cellophane-wrapped tablets. "You don't even need water," she says. "You just put them in your mouth and chew them right up."

"Get off my deathbed, please."

Marilyn is already off the bed. "I'm going back to sleep now. Wake me up if you need me."

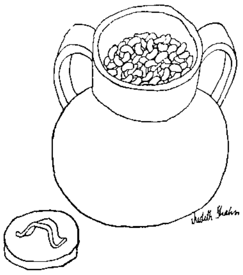
"I need you *now*. Don't leave."

"There's always me," Valerie says. "I'm not going anywhere." Her hand closes over the little cellophane package her mother passes to her on her way to the door.

Valerie sits in the webbed green-and-yellow chair at the foot of her grandfather's bed and rubs her eyes.

"Come closer," Willy says.

She's at his side, slipping the medicine into his mouth. "Chew," she says, and Willy obeys.



Gradually the room lightens; a garbage truck groans outside, the telephone rings in a neighbor's house. From a straw mat on the floor, Valerie keeps watch as her grandfather sleeps, propped up against the carved wooden headboard that had been a wedding gift from Norman nearly sixty years ago. Then suddenly Willy's eyes open wide. He pulls the sheet over his head until he has disappeared beneath it, a motionless figure shrouded in white, a child's idea of a ghost.

"In truth," he says, "the weasel, Doris Feldmann, was very beautiful. Tall and thin, graceful even in the way she sat, the way she held a book in her hands. I sat down next to her on the bench almost as soon as I saw her, but my tongue felt fuzzy in my mouth, and I couldn't say a word. Nothing. And even if I could have, what would have happened? Sooner or later, she would have noticed that my teeth click as bad as Norman's."

Valerie nods her head, but she's no longer listening. She and Nick are at a crowded party in a loft in SoHo, about to meet for the first time. Nick is stretched out on the floor reading a magazine, oblivious of everyone above him. Valerie hasn't noticed him yet, and at first, when he cries out in pain, she does nothing at all. She's standing on his fingers, crushing them, he yells up from the floor. Together, they rush to the kitchen, and neither of them says a word as Nick holds his hand under a stream of cold water. When finally he pulls away from the faucet, Valerie bends forward and kisses this stranger's hand without hesitation, utterly amazed, only a moment later, at what she has done.

—MARIAN THURM

•

NEW HAMPSHIRE

1
When the loons cry,
The night seems blacker,
The water deeper.

Across the shore:
An eyelash-charcoal
Fringe of pine trees.

2
The lake reflects
Indefinite pewter,

And intermittent thunder
Lets us know

The gods are arriving
One valley over.

3
After the long
Melancholy of the fall,
One longs for the crisp
Brass shout of winter—

The blaze of firewood,
The window's spill
Of parlor lamplight
Across the snow.

4
Flaring like a match
Dropped in a dry patch,
One sunset tells
The spectrum's story.
See the last hunter's
Flashlight dim
As he hurries home
To his lighted window.

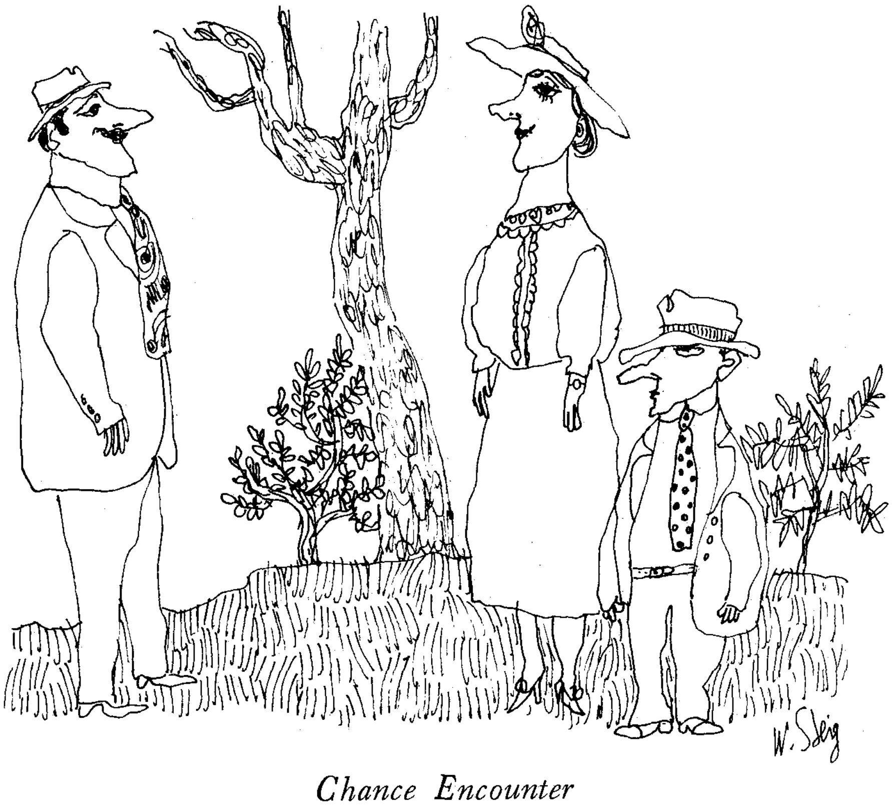
—HOWARD MOSS

REFLECTIONS

BREAKING THE SPELL

Soviet-American relations, in consequence of a process of deterioration that has been going on for several years, are today in what can only be called a dreadful and dangerous condition. Civility and privacy of communication between the two governments seem to have largely broken down. Reactions on each side to statements and actions of the other side have been allowed to become permeated with antagonism, suspicion, and cynicism. Public discussion of the relations between the two countries has become almost totally militarized, at least in this country: militarized to a point where the casual reader or listener is compelled to conclude that some sort of military showdown is the only conceivable dénouement of their various differences—*the only one* worth considering and discussing. Can anyone mistake, or doubt, the ominous meaning of such a state of affairs? The phenomena just described, occurring in the relations between two highly armed great powers, *are* the familiar characteristics, the unfailing characteristics, of a march toward war—that, and nothing else. The danger would be intolerable even if the two countries were armed only with what are called conventional weapons. The history of the past century has shown that the damage produced by armed conflict between highly industrialized great powers in the modern age, even without the use of nuclear armaments, is so appalling that it is doubtful whether Western civilization could survive another such catastrophe. But this danger is now increased many times over by the nature of the weapons that the two countries hold in their hands. Either of these two factors—the nature of the weaponry, the state of the political relations—would be a danger in itself. The two in combination present a shadow greater than any that has ever before darkened the face of Western civilization.

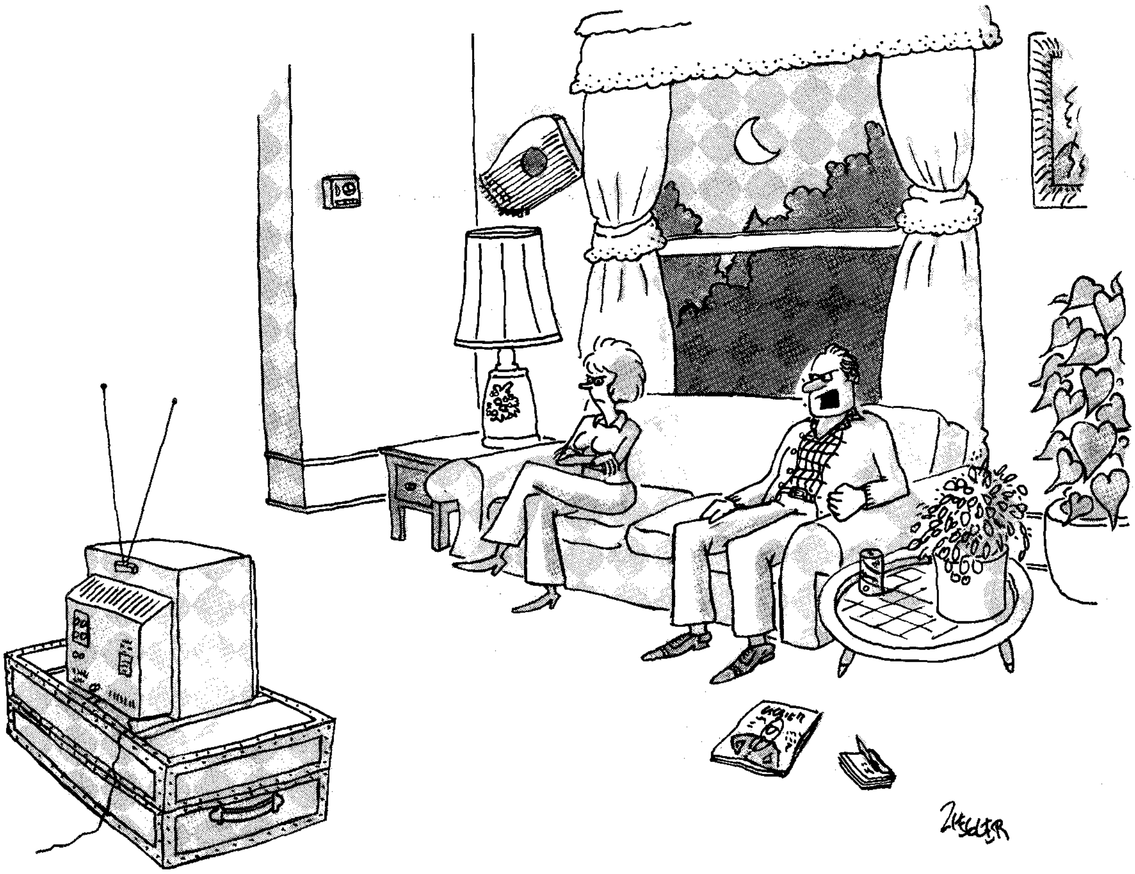
Is this state of affairs really necessary? Is it unavoidable from the standpoint of the American policymaker? Is there *no* way we could hope to cope with it other than by a continuing and intensified weapons race of indefinite duration? The casual reader or listener is led to believe that there is not. If, however, there is something that could be done, *what is it*? There are those in Washington who would argue that the present situation flows automatically from the nature of the regime that confronts us in Moscow, and is therefore unavoidable. To support their view, they would point to a given image of that regime. Goethe's Mephistopheles observes cynically, in the second part of "Faust," that "in the end we are all dependent on monsters of our own creation." And so it is with the image of the Soviet regime which has come to inform American policy. It is an image of unmitigated darkness, with which we are all familiar: that of a group of men already dominating and misruling a large part of the world and motivated only by a relentless determination to bring still more peoples under their domination. By those who cultivate this image, no rational motivation is suggested for so savage and unquenchable a thirst for power. The men who suffer this thirst, one is allowed to conclude, were simply born with it—the products, presumably, of some sort of negative genetic miracle. In any case, since they were born with it and are unable to help themselves, there is no way—or so we are told—that they could be reasoned with; no basis on which they could usefully be approached; no language they could be expected to understand other than that of intimidation by superior military force. Only by the spectre of such a force—an overwhelmingly superior nuclear force, in particular—could these men be "deterred" from committing all sorts of acts of aggression or intimidation with a view to subjugating other peoples and eventually to conquering the world. There are alleged to be no other inhibitions, no other considerations, no other interests that could be expected to restrain them from such behavior.



Chance Encounter

Well, if this image had been applied thirty or forty years ago to the regime of Joseph Stalin it might have been nearer to reality (although even then it would have been in some respects wide of the mark). Applied to the Soviet leadership of the year 1983, it is seriously overdrawn: a caricature rather than a reflection of what really exists, and misleading and pernicious as a foundation for national policy. Beyond that, it is deeply and needlessly offensive to the people in question. But how much truth, if any, is there in it?

The Soviet regime has always been marked by a whole series of characteristics that complicated, and were bound to complicate, its relations with the West. Some of these were inherited. Many-sided estrangement from the West was nothing new in Russian



"During the next commercial, I'm going to belt you one!"

• •

history. It was an outstanding feature of the old Grand Duchy of Moscow—pious, xenophobic, eternally suspicious of the heretical foreigner. Two hundred years of Petersburg rule broke down this estrangement only in part, and primarily among the educated classes: the nobility, the gentry, commercial circles, and the liberal intelligentsia. And then the Russian Revolution, occurring in all the agony of the First World War, and marked, as it was, by the return of the capital to Moscow and the political destruction or elimination of precisely the more cosmopolitan elements of the population, intensified the estrangement enormously, substituting a militant ideological antagonism for the onetime religious abhorrence of the West, and discovering a new form of dangerous heresy in the Marxist vision of capitalism. This militancy, to be sure, soon began to fade under the impact with reality; but the rhetoric, in itself an impediment to normal relations, remained. And the years of Stalinist horror were no help. This fearsome Stalinist despotism, a grotesque anomaly in the modern world, could no more stand free association with the Western countries than could the court of old Muscovy in the days of Ivan the Terrible. And the traces of Stalinism, while today much faded and partly obliterated, are still not wholly absent from the Soviet scene.

All in all, then, the Soviet regime never was, and is not today, one with which the United States could expect to have anything other than a complex and often difficult relationship. It is a regime marked by a relatively high sense of insecurity. It has a tendency to overdo in the cultivation of military strength. It is unduly sensitive to the slightest influence or involvement of outside powers in regions just beyond its lengthy borders. It has a neurotic passion for secrecy and, as a product of that passion, a positive obsession with espionage, both offensive and defensive—an obsession that has interfered with its relations with the West, and has even damaged the regime's own interests, more often and more seriously, than the regime has until lately brought itself to recognize. The penetration by a Soviet submarine into sensitive Swedish waters and the recent shooting down of the Korean airliner are striking examples of the overindulgence in this obsession; and one hopes that the Soviet leaders will learn from the world reaction to these events what harm they do themselves when they let military considerations ride roughshod over wider interests.

To continue with this listing of the negative factors: Soviet negotiating techniques often appear, particularly to those not familiar with them, to be stiff, awkward, secretive, and unpredictable. Above all, they are lacking in the useful lubrication that comes from informal personal association and exchanges among negotiators. And there are, too, specific Soviet policies that grate severely on Western sensibilities. The Soviet leaders do indeed make efforts to gain influence and authority among the regimes and peoples of the Third World. While the methods they employ do not seem to differ greatly from those of other major powers, including us, and while their efforts in this direction have not met, generally speaking, with any very alarming measure of success, these practices naturally arouse concern and resentment in large sections of our official community. And then, of course, there is the fact that the Soviet leaders insist on maintaining a monopoly of political power in their own country and proceed harshly against those who appear to challenge or threaten that monopoly; and, beyond that, they unquestionably use their military hegemony to support and to maintain in power in Eastern Europe, insofar as it is possible, regimes similarly inspired and similarly resistant to liberalizing tendencies. All this is obviously a constant thorn in the flesh of much Western opinion.

And, finally, there is the phenomenon, familiar to all foreign representatives and observers in Russia, of the curious dual personality that the Soviet regime presents to the resident foreigner: the façade that is composed of people—often amiable and charming people—authorized to associate and communicate with the outside world; and, behind that façade, never visible

"We were right about here, two days' sail out of Kota Kinabalu, when Arthur developed an uncontrollable aversion to the Willard Kimballs."

but always perceptible, the inner, conspiratorial personality, of whose inscrutable attitudes and intentions the foreigner is never quite sure, and which for that reason probably incurs more suspicion than it deserves.

NOW, these, and others that could be named, are formidable difficulties. Of course they limit the relationship. And of course they have to be taken into consideration by Western policymakers. But there are certain aspects of them that deserve to be kept in mind. First, most of them are not new. Some have been there since the outset of the Soviet-American relationship. All of us who have served in Moscow have had to contend with them. We were taught, in fact, to regard them as the more intractable parts of the problem. General George Marshall, I recall, used to say to us, "Don't fight the problem," by which he meant, I believe, "Don't fight against the problem as a whole, for it includes elements that you cannot hope to change; find out which elements, if any, are susceptible to your influence, and concentrate on them." Second, many of these difficulties are actually less acute today than they were many years ago. This shows that they are not theoretically unsusceptible to change. Perhaps, if they are approached with patience and understanding, they can become even less pronounced in future years. Third, the negative factors are counterbalanced by a number of encouraging ones in both the psychology and the situation of the Soviet leadership.

Of these, the most important consists of the many persuasive indications that that leadership, however complicated its relations with the West may be, does not want a major war—that it has a serious interest in avoiding such a war, and will, given a chance, go quite far together with us to avoid it. The term "interest" does not mean, in this case, an abstract devotion to the principle of peace as a moral ideal. It means a consciousness on the part of these men that certain of the things they most deeply care about would not be served by Russia's involvement in another great war. Anyone who tries to put himself in the position of the Soviet leaders will at once recognize the force of this point. Even if they should be as evilly motivated as they are sometimes seen to be, these men are not free agents, wholly detached from the manifold complexities and contradictions that invariably go with the exercise of vast power. They constitute the government of a great country. They have a direct responsibility for the shaping of its society and its economic life. It is from the successful development of this society and this economy that they derive their strength. They cannot play fast and loose with either. Beyond that, they live and operate in a highly complex international environment. There is no single consideration that would serve to persuade these men that their interests would not be served by opening the Pandora's box of another world war; rather, there are dozens of considerations—and these quite aside from any so-called "military deterrence"—that would dissuade them from such a venture. The view that sees them as supremely independent, wholly on top of all their other problems, and madly riveted to dreams of world conquest to the point where it is exclusively by the interposition of overwhelming opposing military force that they could be dissuaded from striking out in all directions with acts of aggression or intimidation—this view is, if one will forgive my language, simply childish, inexcusably childish, unworthy of people charged with the responsibility of conducting the affairs of a great power in an endangered world. Surely American

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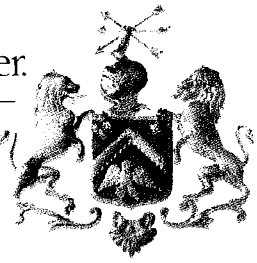
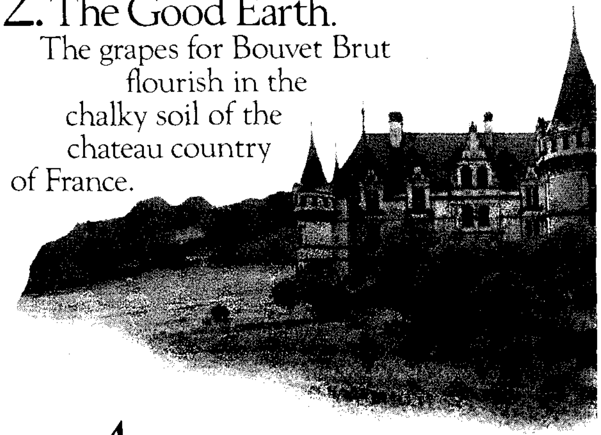


2. The Good Earth.

The grapes for Bouvet Brut
flourish in the
chalky soil of the
chateau country
of France.



3. The Grapes.

Bouvet Brut is
made exclusively
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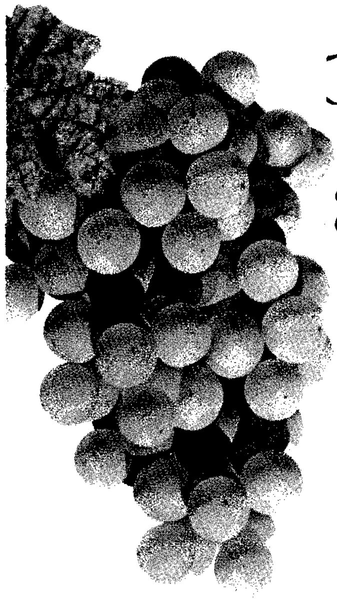
Chenin Blanc grape.



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Bouvet Brut is made by
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5. The Taste.

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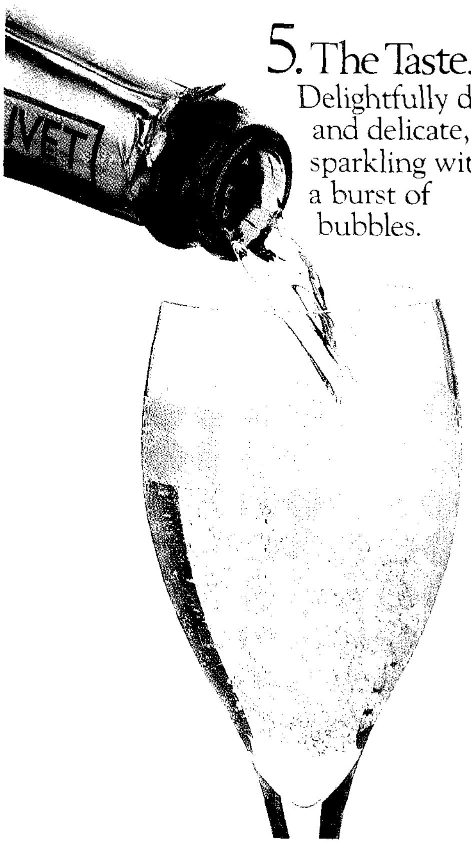

6. The Honors.

Bouvet Brut has won awards
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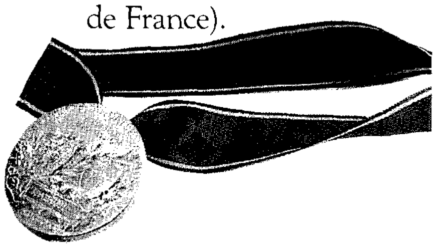
Concours de Grands Vins
de France).



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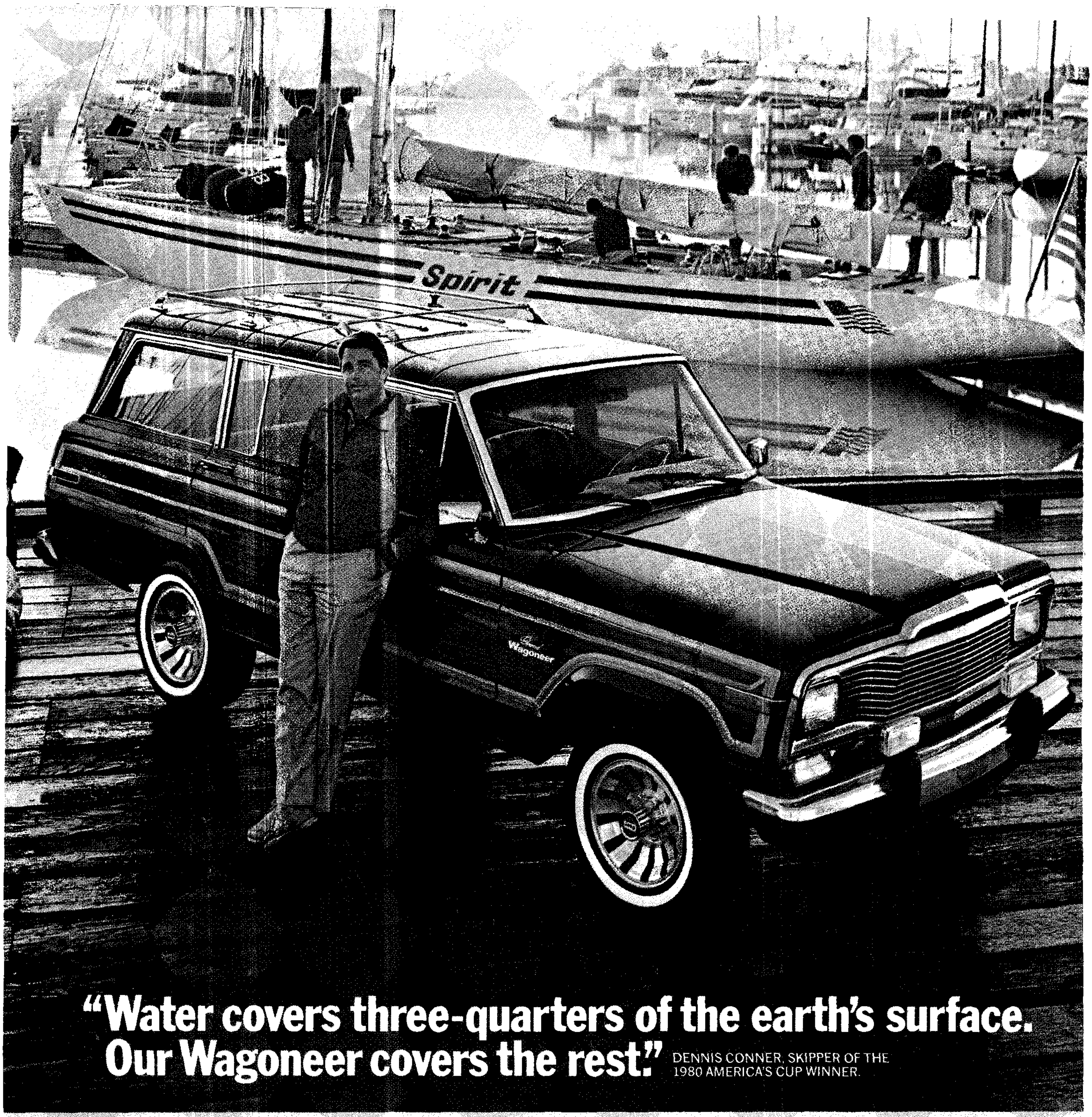
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statesmen can do better than this in penetrating, with their imaginations and their powers of analysis, the true complexity of the forces that come to bear on the decisions of another great government, and in forming a realistic idea of the motivation of that government's conduct. And surely if they were to make this effort what they would then see would be more reassuring than what, in the absence of it, they are led by their fears to assume.

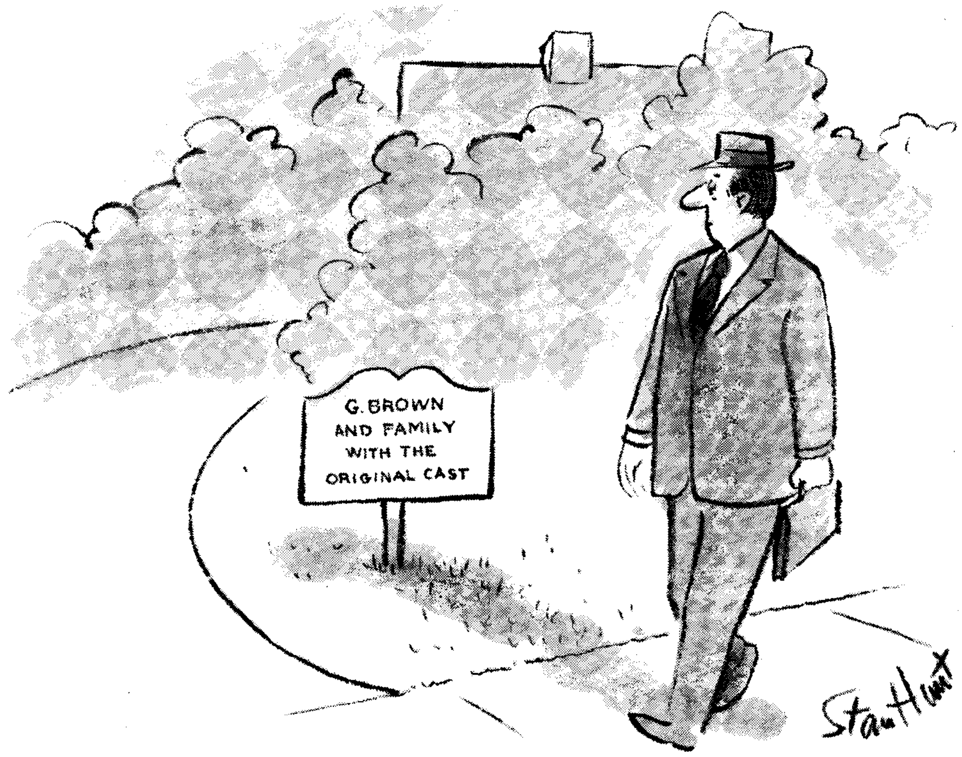
Nor is the area of common interest between the Soviet Union and the United States limited to the need of both countries to see world peace preserved. Both are great industrial powers. As such, they have a growing number of common problems. Prominent among these are the environmental ones. Both countries occupy major portions of the environmentally endangered Northern Hemisphere. The Soviet leaders are no less aware than we are of the extent to which this hemisphere, if it escapes nuclear disaster, will still be threatened in the most serious way by environmental pollution and deterioration. They know that these problems will not be mastered just by measures taken within any single country—that the solution will require international collaboration, particularly between the two greatest industrial powers of the hemisphere.

And the environmental questions are only examples of the many problems and challenges that all the great industrial societies of this age, including the United States and the Soviet Union, are coming to have in common. There are the truly revolutionary effects, in some ways promising and in some ways terrifying, of the present revolution in communications on education, on the organization of life, on the human spirit and the human fibre. The Soviet Union is no less affected by this revolution than we are. It is such problems that unite—they are the ones on which we and the Soviet Union *can* collaborate. And they are the problems of the future. The others—the ones flowing from the ideological conflicts of the turn of the century which produced the Russian Revolution—are the problems of the past.

THOSE are some of the pros and cons of the Soviet-American relationship; and if these pros and cons are stacked up against each other what one gets is, naturally, a mixed pattern, embracing serious differences of outlook and interest but also embracing positive possibilities that are not negligible. It is a pattern that, of course, leaves no room for exaggerated hopes, or for fulsome and hypocritical pretenses to a friendship that does not, and cannot, fully exist. The pattern embraces problems that will not be solved by just any summit meeting. But it also affords no justification for some of the extremes of pessimism we see around us today: no justification for the conclusion that it is only by some ultimate military showdown that the various Soviet-American differences can be resolved; and no justification for the overdrawn image of the Soviet leadership to which reference has here been made. Americans lived for more than a century at peace with the empire of the czars. Despite the addition of several seriously complicating factors during the present century, they have lived for some six and a half decades at peace with the Soviet Union. In the mixed pattern we have just had occasion to note, there is nothing to suggest that these two countries should not be able to continue to live at peace with each other for an indefinite number of decades into the future.

This cannot, of course, be assured by the state of relations we have before us today. The prospects for a peaceful development of Soviet-American relations are not theoretically hopeless, but they could easily become just that if we are unable to rise above some of the morbid nuclear preoccupations that now seem to possess us—if we are unable to see the positive possibilities behind the negative, military ones, and are unable to give to those positive ones a chance to take shape and to realize themselves. No one questions the fundamental importance of the outstanding questions of arms control. These represent the greatest and most urgent single problem we have before us in our relations with the Soviet Union. Without progress in this respect, there can, of course, be little hope of a peaceful future. But it is vitally important to remember that there are other dimensions to the Soviet-American relationship than the military one; and that not only are these other dimensions of sufficient importance to warrant attention in their own right but unless they, too, can be recognized, and cultivated, and their favorable possibilities taken advantage of, the arms talks themselves are unlikely to have any adequate and enduring success. The two aspects of the relationship are complementary. Progress in the one is indispensable to progress in the other.

What could be done, then, to place this relationship on a sounder, less frightening, and more hopeful basis than it rests on today? One starts, of course, from the recognition that as of this moment things are royally fouled up. Any effort to straighten them out would unavoidably take time. There are some who believe that nothing that could be undertaken from the American side in the period before the next



election could restore the atmosphere necessary to provide prospects for success. Possibly. In any case, to remove all those sources of tension which are theoretically susceptible of removal would certainly be a task of years, not months. But it is never too early to make a beginning; and nothing prevents us from considering what sort of agenda might be necessary if one wanted to embark on that course.

Some of this flows, by implication, from what has already been said. We could try, first of all, to restore the full confidentiality and the civility of communication between the two governments. And we could cease treating the Soviet Union as though we were, out of one pocket, at peace with it and, out of the other, at war. We could lift the heavy dead hand from Soviet-American trade and proceed, with the usual, minimal security precautions, to permit that normal and useful branch of human activity to develop in response to its own economic requirements. We have no need to be trying to set back the economy or depress the living standards of any other great people; nor is such an effort in keeping with the American tradition.

We could take a much bolder, more hopeful, and more promising position in matters of arms control. This does not mean embracing in any way the principle of unilateral disarmament. We could acknowledge (and it is high time we did) that the nuclear weapon is a useless one: that it could not conceivably be used without bringing catastrophe upon whatever country initiated its use, along with untold millions of people elsewhere. Acknowledging this, we could reject all dreams of nuclear superiority and see what we could do about reducing existing nuclear arsenals, with a view to their eventual elimination. A number of approaches have been suggested: a freeze, deep cuts, the so-called "build-down," a comprehensive test-ban treaty, others as well. These are not alternatives. They are complementary. Any or all of them would be useful. But to get on with any of them we would have to learn to treat the problem as a whole in our negotiations with the Russians, not cut it up into a series of fragmentized technical talks; to treat it at the senior political level, where it belongs, not in periodic encounters between politically helpless experts; and to treat it—initially, at least—in an atmosphere of complete confidentiality, not in a series of public posturings before various domestic political constituencies.

And then, while we were working on the more positive and hopeful possibilities, we could set out to take advantage of those areas where the peaceful interests of the two powers do coincide and where possibilities for collaboration do exist. What have we to lose? If my memory is correct, we once had thirteen separate agreements for collaboration and personal exchanges in a whole series of cultural and scientific fields. A number of them proved fruitful; some, we are told, did not. I hold no brief for the retention of the ones that did not. But many of the thirteen, including certain of the useful ones, have been allowed to lapse. These could be restored, and others could be added. There are many possibilities in the scientific field, some of which exist in rudimentary form and all of which could be extended: possibilities for collaboration on environmental problems, on the study of the Arctic and the Antarctic, on oceanographic research, on public health, on nuclear fusion. The entire great area of the uses of outer space—this vast umbrella that protects every man, woman, and child on our planet—ought to be not only demilitarized but genuinely internationalized; and these two great countries could well be taking a major collaborative part in that internationalization, rather than each speculating how it might exploit this medium to the detriment of the other party, and perhaps to the detriment of humanity as a whole.

There are those who will say, "Yes, we once had such agreements, but we did not get as much information out of them as the Russians did." The answer to this objection is clear. If the acquisition of military intelligence is the only reason one can see for entering into such agreements with another country, then they had better be omitted. But if one is prepared to place one's hopes on their long-term effects—their effects in bringing people together in a collaborative relationship and helping them

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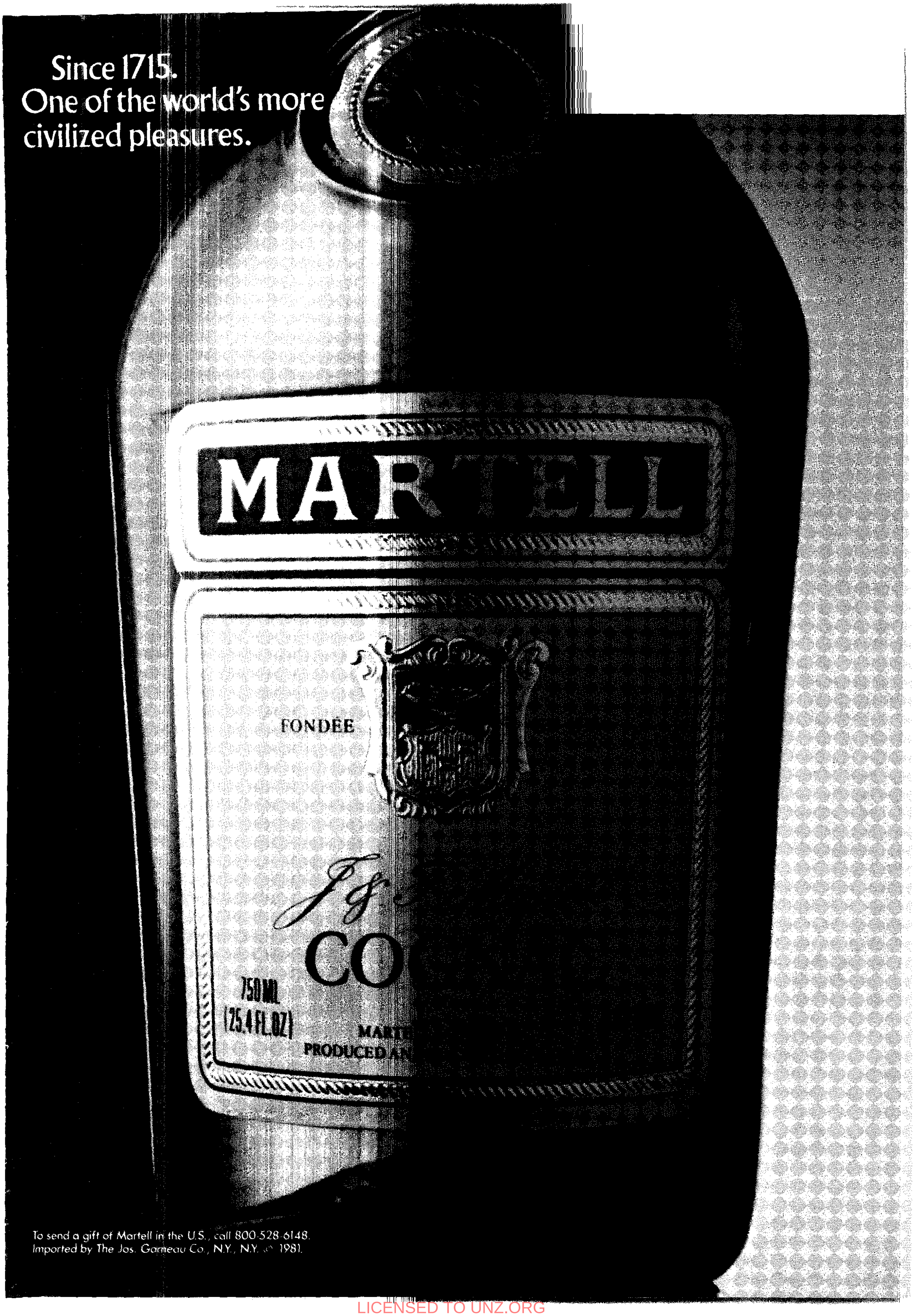
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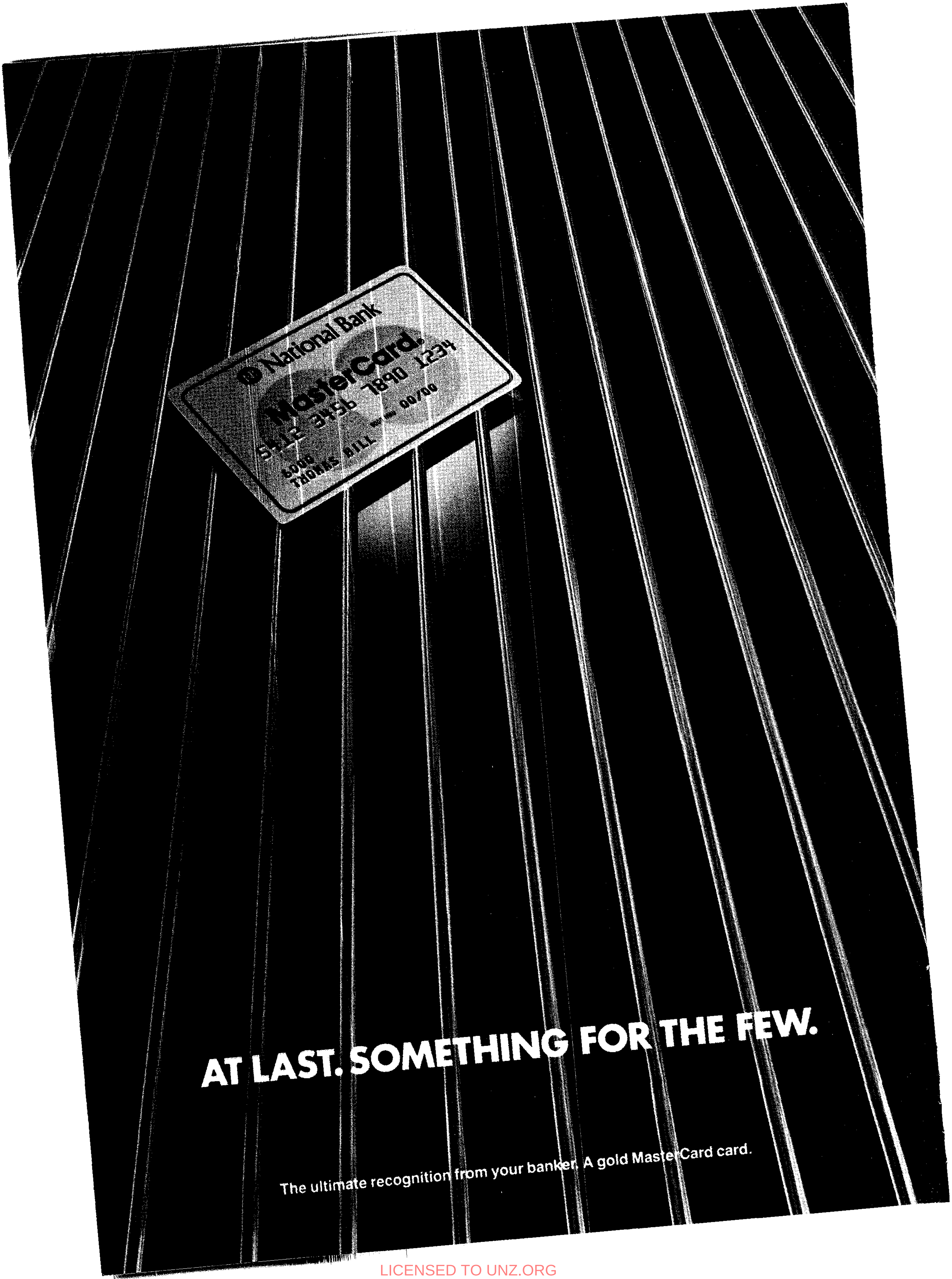
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to see one another as human beings, not as some species of demon, then many of these arrangements will provide a more hopeful perspective than the most ambitious of our efforts to learn how to destroy each other.

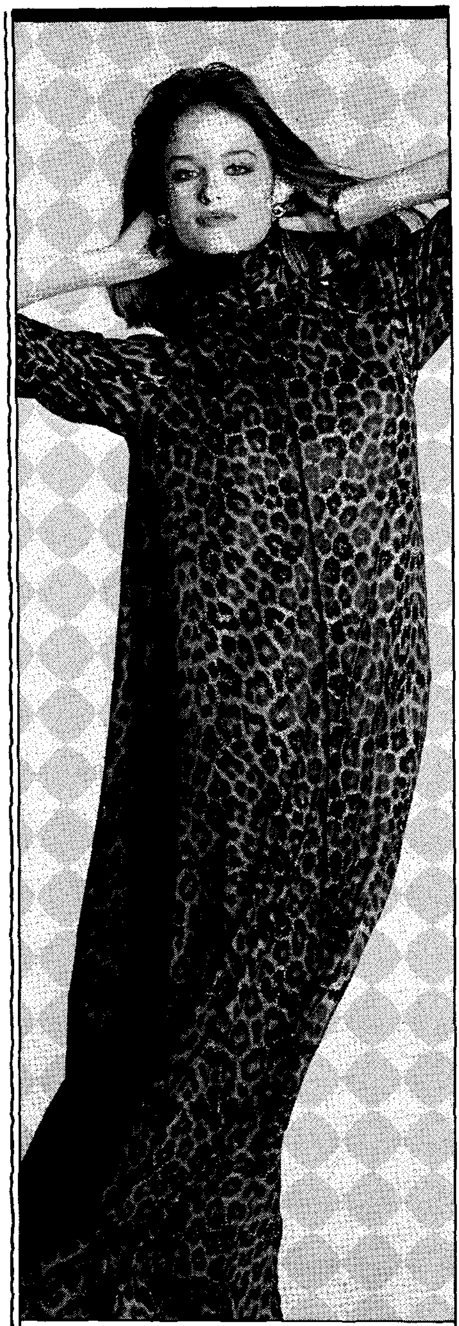
Such collaborative arrangements require, as a rule, formalized agreements. There are some who question whether we can trust the Soviet government to live up to such agreements when it makes them. When I hear this question asked, I am surprised. We now have six and a half decades of experience to go on, and the answer provided by this experience is reasonably clear. You *can* conclude useful agreements with the Soviet side, and they *will* respect them—on condition, however, that the terms be clear and specific, not general; that as little as possible be left to interpretation; that questions of motivation, and particularly professions of noble principle, be left aside; and that the other contracting party show a serious and continued interest in their observance.

Finally, there is the question of "human rights." American sympathies are, of course, engaged in behalf of people who fall afoul of any great political police system. This neither requires nor deserves any concealment. But if what we are talking about is the official interrelationship of great governments a choice must be made between the interests of democratization in Russia and the interests of world peace. In the face of this choice, there can be only one answer. Democracy is a matter of tradition, of custom, of what people are used to, of what they understand and expect. It is not something that can be suddenly grafted onto an unprepared people—particularly not from outside, and particularly not by precept, preaching, and pressure rather than by example. It is not a concept familiar to the mass of the Russian people; and whoever subordinates the interests of world peace to the chimera of an early democratization of the Soviet Union will assuredly sacrifice the first of those values without promoting the second. By the nature of things, democratization not only can but must wait; world peace cannot. If what we want to achieve is a liberalization of the political regime prevailing in the Soviet Union, then it is to example rather than to precept that we must look; and we could start by tackling, with far greater resolution and courage than we have shown to date, some of the glaring deficiencies in our own society.

THESE, then, are the directions in which we could move, if we wanted to ease the situation. We have, I reiterate, so little to lose. At the end of our present path of unlimited military confrontation lies no visible destination but failure and horror. There are no alternatives to this path which would not be preferable to it. What is needed here is only the will—the courage, the boldness, the affirmation of life—to break the evil spell that the severed atom has cast upon us all; to declare our independence of the nightmares of nuclear danger; to turn our minds and hearts to better things.

The foregoing observations flow from an involvement with Soviet-American relations on this writer's part which goes back over a longer span of years than that of anyone else now in public life on either side, except for that of Averell Harriman. In the course of these years—there are fifty-five of them—I have seen this relationship in some of its better times: particularly at the time of the establishment of diplomatic relations, just a half century ago; and again during our association with the Soviet Union in the waging of the Second World War. I have also seen it in some of the most bitter and disheartening moments it has known—have not only seen it in such moments but felt some of its more painful effects upon my own person. Precisely for this reason, I think I know as much as anyone about the difficulties that the relationship involves. Yet at no time in the course of these fifty-five years have I lost my confidence in its constructive possibilities. For all their historical and ideological differences, these two peoples—the Russians and the Americans—complement each other: they need each other; they can enrich each other; together, granted the requisite insight and restraint, they can do more than any other two powers to assure world peace. The rest of the world needs their forbearance with each other and their peaceful collaboration. Their allies need it. They themselves need it. They can have it if they want it. If only this could be recognized, we could perfectly well go forward to face the challenges that the true situation presents, and to shoulder, soberly but cheerfully, and without all the melodramatics of offended virtue, the burdens it imposes.

—George Kennan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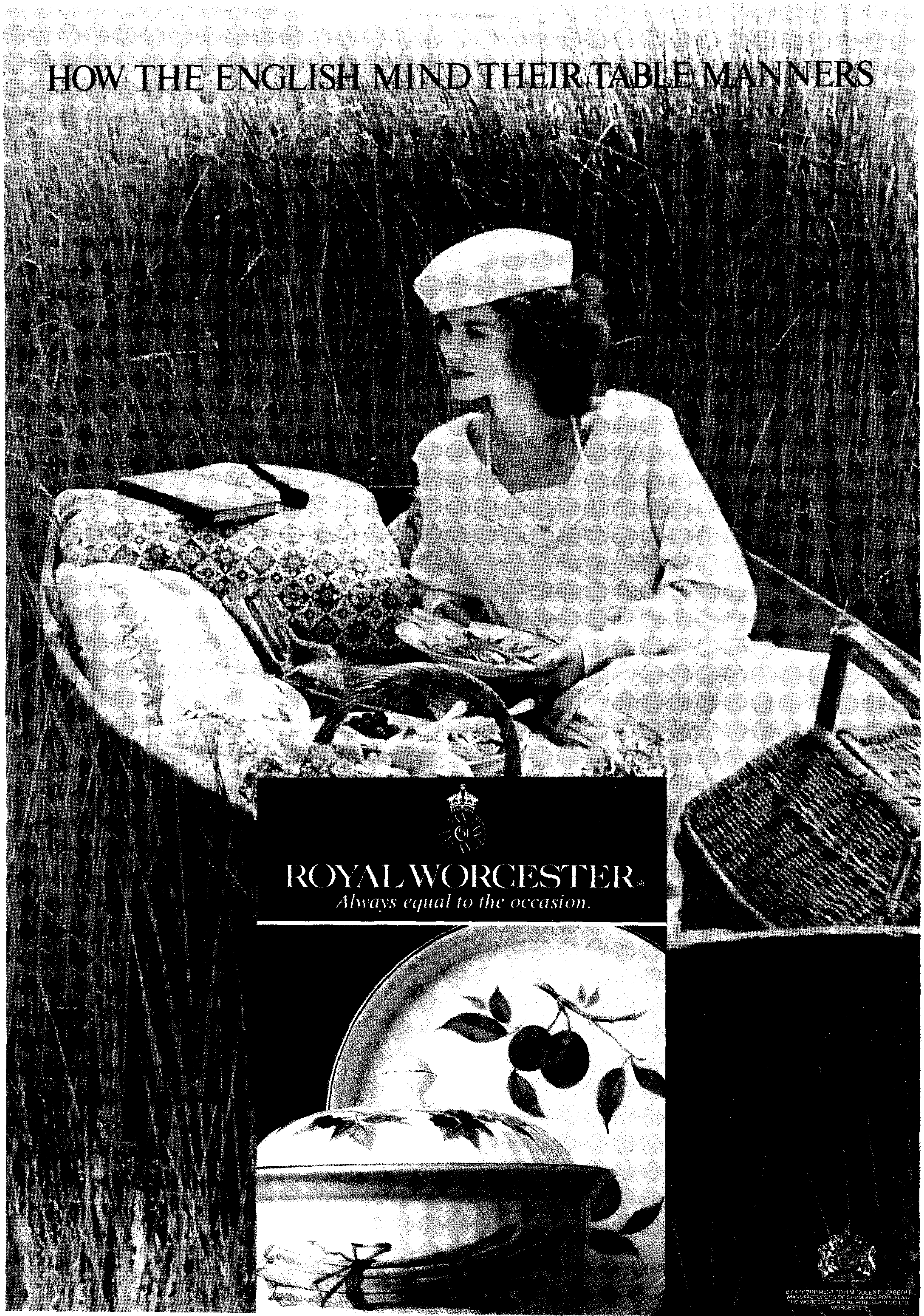
LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

NOW that the space shuttle has become operational, its missions, taken one by one, seem random—a communications satellite launched on one flight and a space walk conducted on another, with no apparent connection between them. Though there is something to be said for this impression—the astronauts themselves refer to the shuttle fleet as the Ace Moving Company, signifying that it will carry into orbit anything any time—both the astronauts and the engineers who work with them at the Johnson Space Center, outside Houston, where I've been spending some time recently, all know that there is a definite order and progression to the first dozen or so flights, and to those that will follow. On the fifth mission, last November—officially, the first operational one, since the earlier missions were considered test flights—the shuttle carried a pair of communications satellites (one, called S.B.S., belongs to Satellite Business Systems, an American corporation, and the other, Anik, belongs to Telesat Canada), which were fired with small rockets from the shuttle's low orbit, some hundred and eighty-five miles above the earth, up into geosynchronous orbit, twenty-two thousand three hundred miles above the earth. Similar tasks provide a common thread through many of the missions, and luckily so, for they bring in income while the more experimental tasks are under way. On the seventh mission, two more small communications satellites went up—another Anik and an Indonesian satellite called Palapa—and on the eighth mission there was an Indian satellite, Insat. On the sixth mission, last April, the shuttle carried a single large communications satellite, the first of several Tracking and Data Relay Satellites, or TDRS—astronauts and engineers pronounce this Teeders—on top of the satellite's own large rocket. This satellite is itself an element in a larger scheme, for several of the TDRS will provide near-constant communication for the shuttle telemetry and crew (on current flights, the crew is in intermittent communication with Mission Control through ground stations) and also for the Spacelab, the laboratory (not to be confused with Skylab, the experimental space station of the early nineteen-seventies) that will be carried into space on the ninth mission, later this month. Owing to a failure with its rocket, however, the first of the satellites did not immediately achieve geosynchronous orbit. (It did so a couple of months later, by means of its own thrusters.) Because the apparently random shuttle missions are in fact quite tightly linked, the failure has had an impact on several future flights. For one thing, a second TDRS, which was scheduled to go into orbit on the eighth mission, has been postponed to the twelfth, in the hope that the problem with its rocket will have been identified and corrected by then. For another, the Spacelab, which many NASA people regard as a milestone, will have to make do temporarily with partial communications, for at least two satellites are required to provide round-the-world coverage. And a secret military mission that had been scheduled for the tenth flight, and would presumably have carried a big satellite, has been postponed until next July.

Besides launching the TDRS, the astronauts aboard last April's mission conducted a space walk that, while rehearsing a number of basic procedures for getting about outside the shuttle as well as practicing some safety measures, also looked forward to another milestone: the capture and repair, on the thirteenth mission, of a satellite called the Solar Max, whose task is to view the sun during its current period of intense activity. The Solar Max needs servicing. And in the middle of June the astronauts of the seventh mission (who included the first American woman in space) used the remote-manipulator arm in the cargo bay to place in orbit a special satellite made for shuttle use, moved away from the satellite, returned to it, grappled it with the arm, and (after repeating this several times) eventually returned it to the cargo bay; this was a rehearsal for the Solar Max mission. The eighth mission, launched on August 30th, which was originally scheduled to carry the second TDRS, carried instead a larger object, which was originally scheduled for the twelfth mission, and which gave the manipulator arm further practice in muscling bulky packages about. The ninth mission is to carry Spacelab and is scheduled for October 28th, and the tenth mission is the postponed military one, once scheduled for December 1st. The elev-

"Excuse me, Senator, but each of your last three press releases has begun with 'It strains credulity.'"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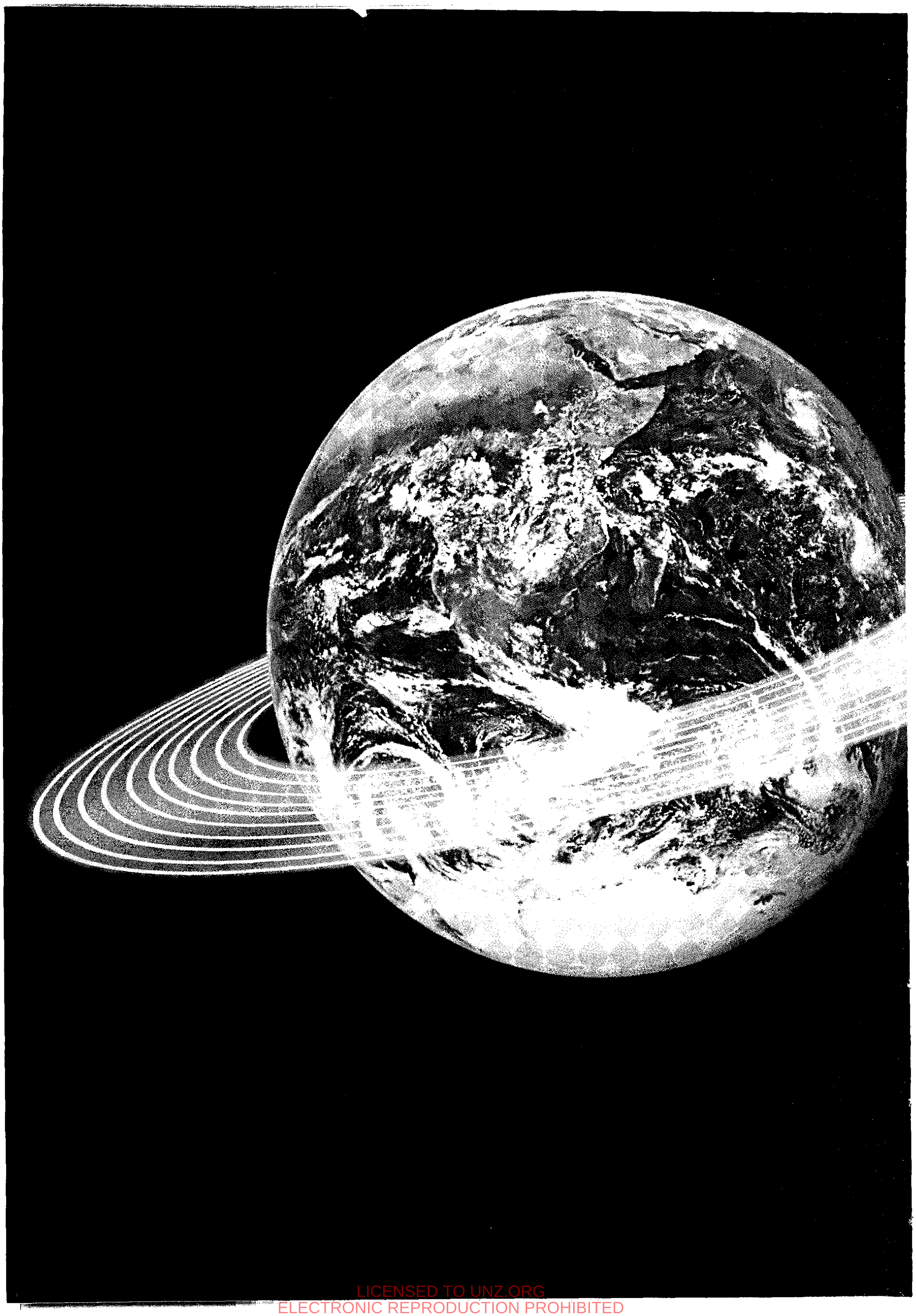

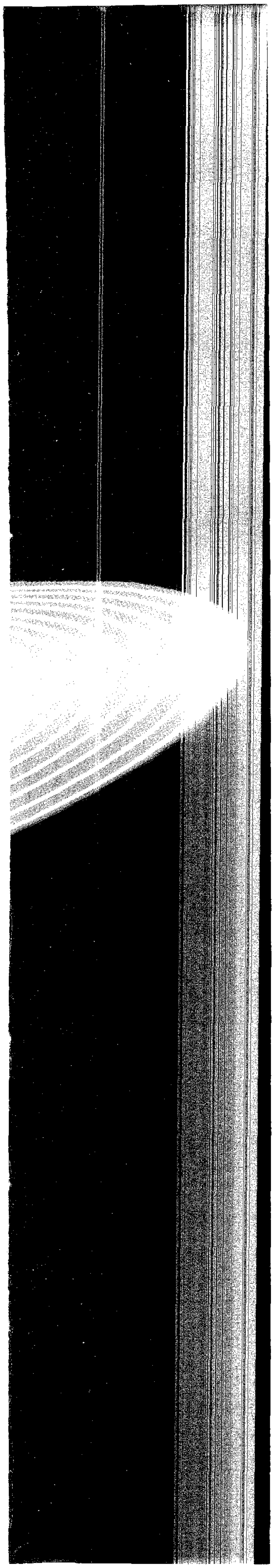

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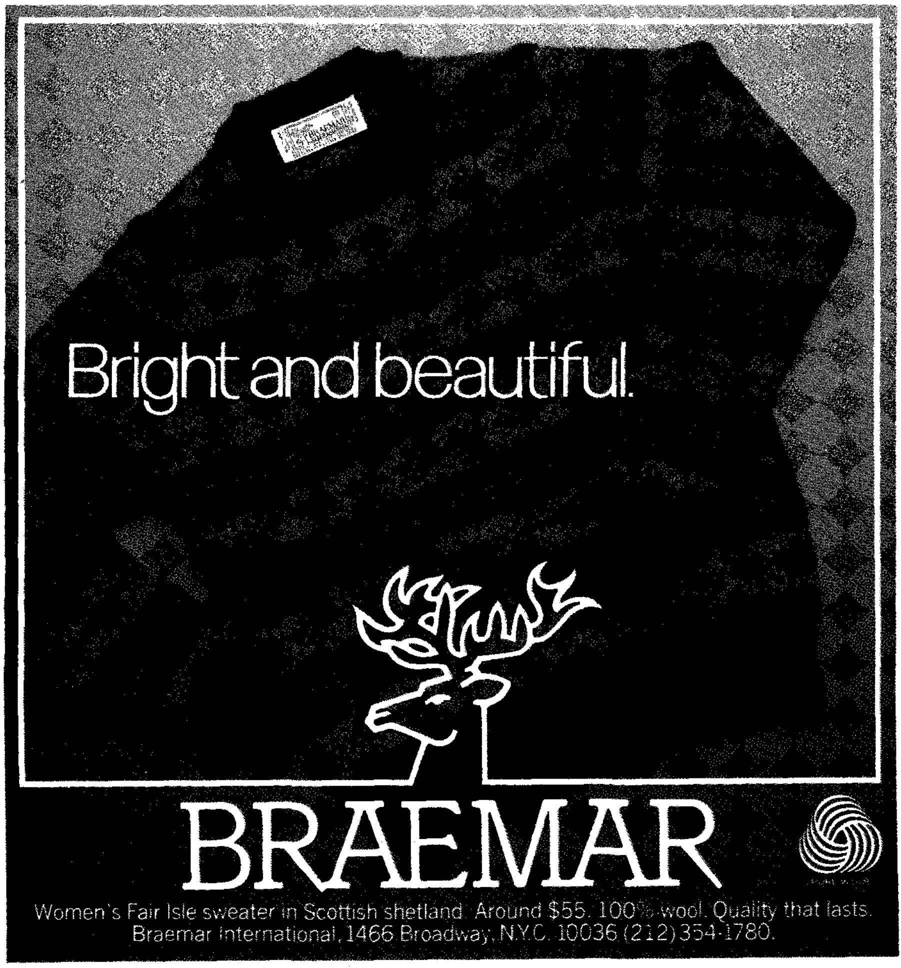

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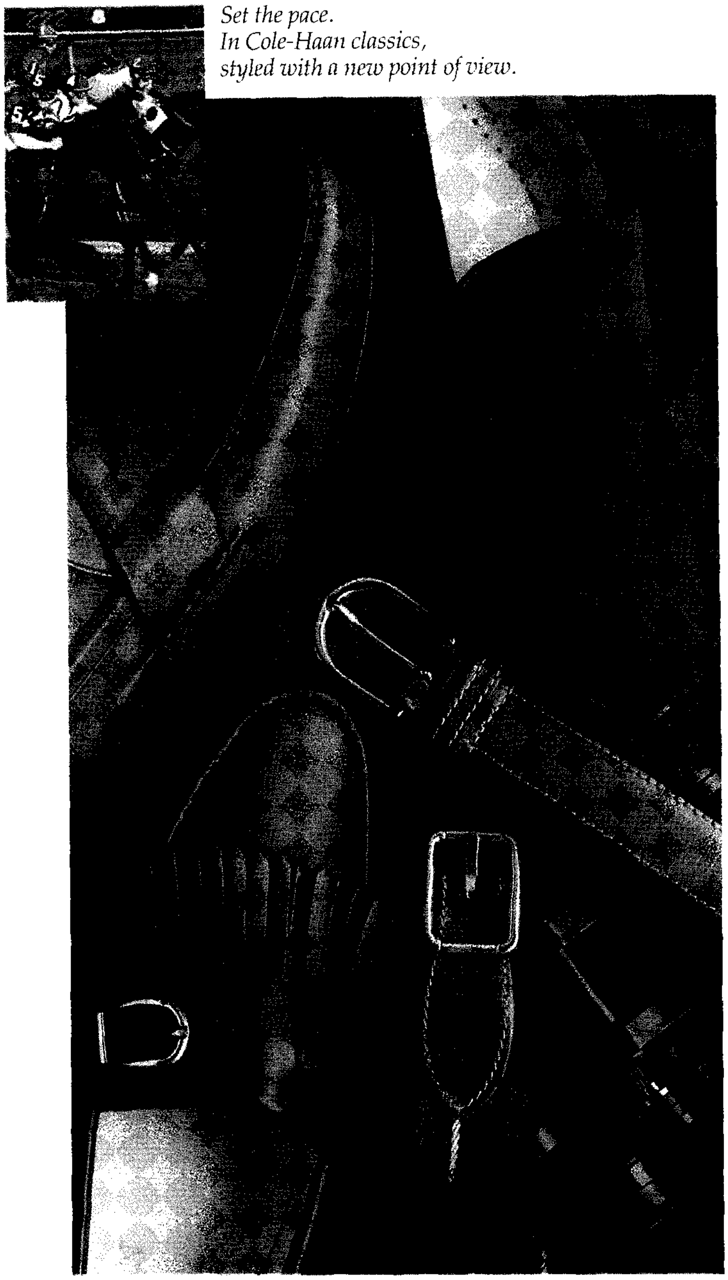
enth, supposed to go up January 29, 1984, will conduct an even more elaborate rehearsal for the Solar Max retrieval: on a space walk, one of the astronauts will test out the Manned Maneuvering Unit, a sort of one-man rocket, which he can strap on his back, and which will be used later, in conjunction with the manipulator arm, to round up the Solar Max. While outside, those astronauts will also rehearse the actual repair job to be done on the Solar Max. What is designated the twelfth mission, scheduled for May 7, 1984, is, of course, the one now scheduled to deliver the second TDRS, and what is designated the thirteenth mission, scheduled for April 4, 1984, is the Solar Max mission itself. (The so-called thirteenth mission will come before the so-called twelfth in order to allow more time to iron out the bugs in the TDRS rocket.) So the individual missions really do form parts of a larger pattern—something that is hard to see when one concentrates on one flight at a time. "It's starting to come together, folks," Paul Weitz, the commander of the sixth mission, said after his return from space early in April. It is.

THE fifth mission, which took off from Cape Canaveral on November 11, 1982, and landed at Edwards Air Force Base, in California, on November 16th, was the last mission of the first orbiter, Columbia, before it was removed from active duty for servicing and refitting, so that it can carry the Spacelab, and a crew of six astronauts, on the ninth mission. The sixth mission, which lasted from April 4th to April 9th, was the first flight of the new orbiter, the Challenger. Its maiden voyage had been delayed for two and a half months, because of leaks in all three of its main engines; however, once it got off the ground it performed very well, for the most nearly trouble-free mission of any shuttle flight up to then: the astronauts reported a total of only twenty-two anomalies after they got back, a minimal number (on some flights there had been as many as eighty), and almost all of them minor ones. The Challenger's second and third flights—its second was the seventh mission, from June 18th to June 24th, and its third was the eighth mission, from August 30th to September 5th—went, if possible, even more smoothly; indeed, one NASA executive, continuing the trend of superlatives that has led from one flight to the next, has called the eighth mission the smoothest of all.

On the launchpad, the Challenger looks very much like the Columbia, the chief difference being that the huge external tank for liquid fuel, to which the black-and-white orbiter and its two white solid-rocket boosters are attached, is not black or white but the tawny orange-brown color of its outer insulation; not painting the Challenger's external tank saves six hundred pounds. Indeed, the Challenger, with its external tank and boosters, is more than twenty-one thousand pounds lighter than the Columbia, with its tank and its boosters. The Columbia's tank and boosters weighed about two hundred and eighty-one thousand pounds, but the Challenger's were made with thinner metals, so that they weigh eighteen thousand pounds less than Columbia's. "In the early days, when we built the Columbia, we knew that it would be subject to complex loads and stresses, but we didn't understand completely what they would be, so we designed it conservatively," Glynn Lunney, the manager of the space-shuttle program, told me when I talked with him in his office, high in the Space Center's headquarters building. "As we get a better handle on the loads, we can remove some material." The new orbiter itself is twenty-five hundred pounds lighter than the Columbia, partly because it does not have the bulky ejection seats required in Columbia for the initial test flights. In addition to being lighter, the Challenger has engines that are four per cent more powerful than the Columbia's, and this means that the Challenger can carry heavier payloads.

Though the problems that the Columbia had with the thermal-protection system, which shields the orbiter from the heat of entry, have continued with the Challenger, they appear to be diminishing. On earlier flights, a number of the Columbia's tiles were damaged, either because they were hit by ice falling from supercooled pipes and tanks during launch or because water that got into them on the ground froze in space and fractured them. Accordingly, some changes were made in the Challenger's thermal protection. All the Challenger's tiles—the white ones, on the top and sides, as well as the black ones, underneath—are densified; that is, their undersides are coated in such a way that they adhere better. The tiles are also given a better waterproofing treatment between missions



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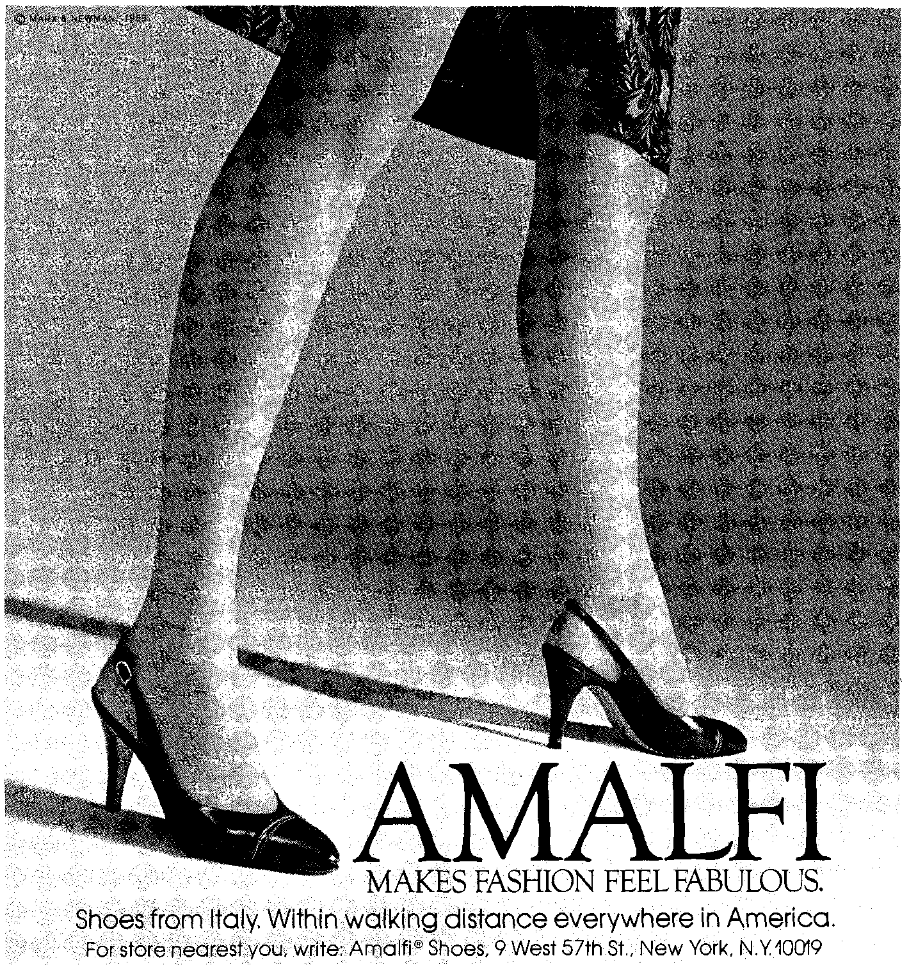

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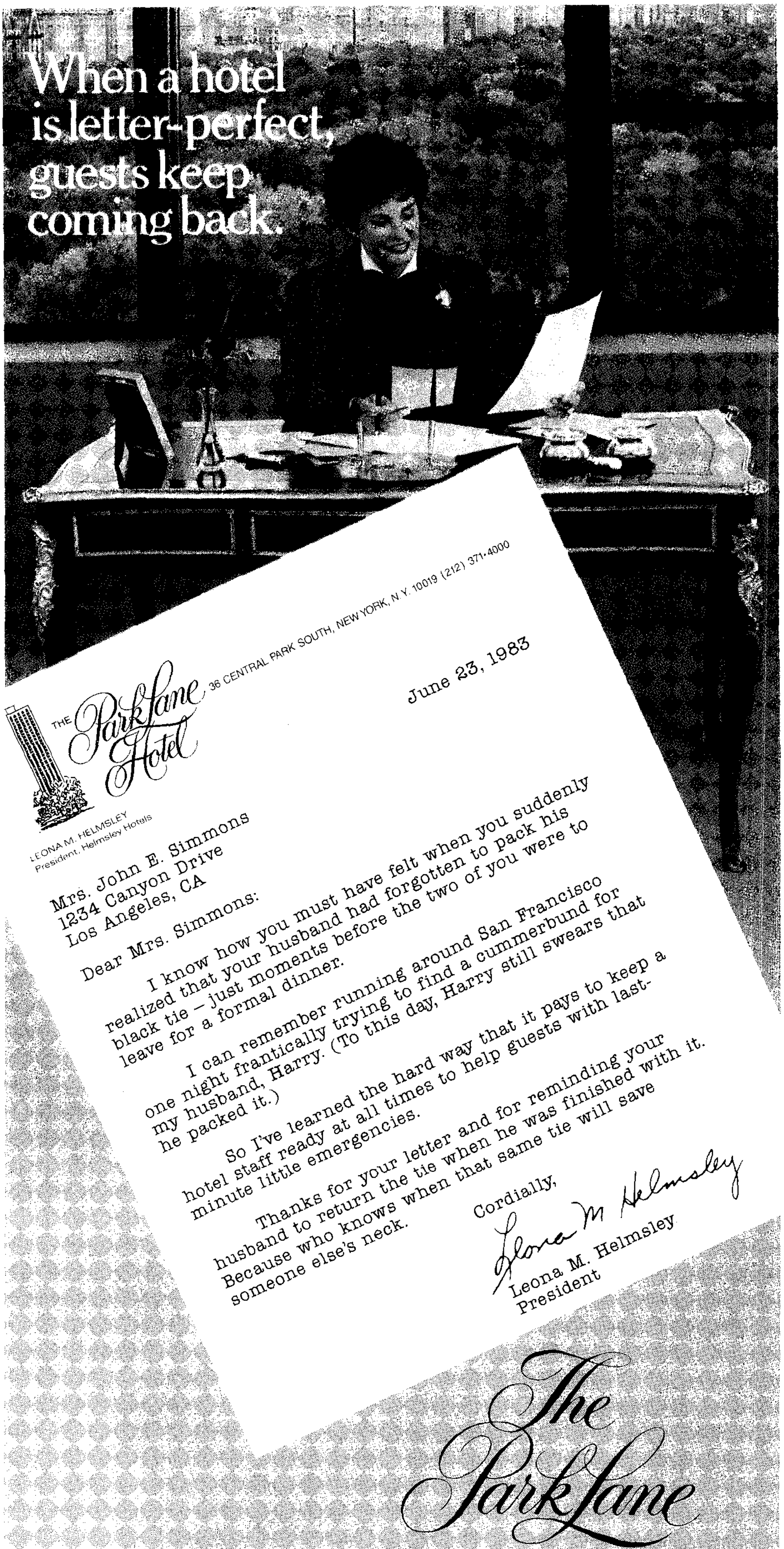
than the Columbia's got: instead of spraying them with Scotchgard, which vaporized easily during entry, allowed water in through cracks, and even tended to loosen some tiles itself, NASA has switched to a new kind of waterproofing, called DC-Z-6079, which is injected into each of the Challenger's tiles with a sort of syringe—the fluid turns to vapor and, because the tiles are porous, spreads evenly throughout.

Another part of the thermal-protection system on the Challenger is entirely new. Blankets of woven silica, which withstand heat up to 1200 degrees Fahrenheit, have replaced the tiles on those areas of the Challenger which are subjected to medium amounts of heat—in particular, the pods for the Orbital Maneuvering System (OMS) rockets on either side of the tail. The tiles on Columbia's pods were especially susceptible to damage. Unfortunately, after the sixth mission large chunks of the blankets were found to have been eroded away, probably by air pressure during the orbiter's descent through the atmosphere. Before the seventh mission, many blankets in those areas were replaced with tiles. There were more problems with the blankets, for during that mission a water-boiler vent malfunctioned, dumping a hundred pounds of water that irreparably damaged seventy-five per cent of the blankets that remained on the starboard pod. There was damage on the port-side pod, too. For the eighth mission, the injured blankets were replaced with a thin, vinyl-like white material that had been used all along on the top of the cargo-bay doors and in other places where the heat does not get above 700 degrees. That worked better.

From the inside, an astronaut would know instantly whether he or she was aboard the Columbia or the Challenger, because the Challenger does not have several bulky items that were necessary for the test flights—not only the big ejection seats in the cockpit but the Development Flight Instrumentation console, which filled most of the floor in the crew quarters, down on the middeck. Also, the Columbia's walls were mostly perforated, like pegboard; its middeck floors had gratings; and there was a big air passage between the forward part of the middeck and the cockpit above—all necessary in case the astronauts had to eject, so that the outward rush of air wouldn't rip the cabin apart, surrounding them with a cloud of shrapnel. The Challenger has solid walls, floors, and ceilings, and—because passageways for escaping air are not needed—more storage space. The doors on the Challenger's cabinets, though, often proved harder to close than the ones aboard the Columbia. The Challenger, being structurally lighter, was more apt to expand and change shape slightly in flight, because of the pressurized atmosphere inside; as a result of this slight ballooning, doorways were pulled out of shape. Another difference from the Columbia is that the Challenger has a curtain near the toilet in the mid-deck, in anticipation of women astronauts.

THE fifth and sixth missions were the first to have four astronauts aboard; in addition to the commander and the pilot, there were two mission specialists, whose duties do not include flying the spacecraft but do include carrying out most of the duties in space, such as running experiments, launching satellites, and operating the manipulator arm. On the fifth and sixth flights, the mission specialists were not themselves new astronauts; that is, they were not among the sixty-odd men and women who had been selected over the last few years to fly aboard the shuttle but, rather, were from the older group, selected in the mid-nineteen-sixties. None of them had flown in space before. Joseph P. Allen, a physicist with a 1965 doctorate from Yale, and William B. Lenoir, an electrical engineer who got his doctorate from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the same year, were the mission specialists aboard the fifth mission; the ones aboard the sixth were F. Story Musgrave, a physician who graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University in 1964, and Donald H. Peterson, a retired Air Force colonel with a 1962 master's degree in nuclear engineering from the Air Force Institute of Technology. The first three have been astronauts since August, 1967, and Peterson since September, 1969. "It's really fun for me at this point actually to fly a mission," Peterson, a dark-haired man with a serious expression, told me before his flight. But when I asked him if he planned to stick around for another flight, he said, "I'm almost fifty. We have a tough schedule. Many days, I'll fly for six hours, and jog a couple of miles. Other days, I'll spend two and a half hours in a pressure suit in a water tank, and then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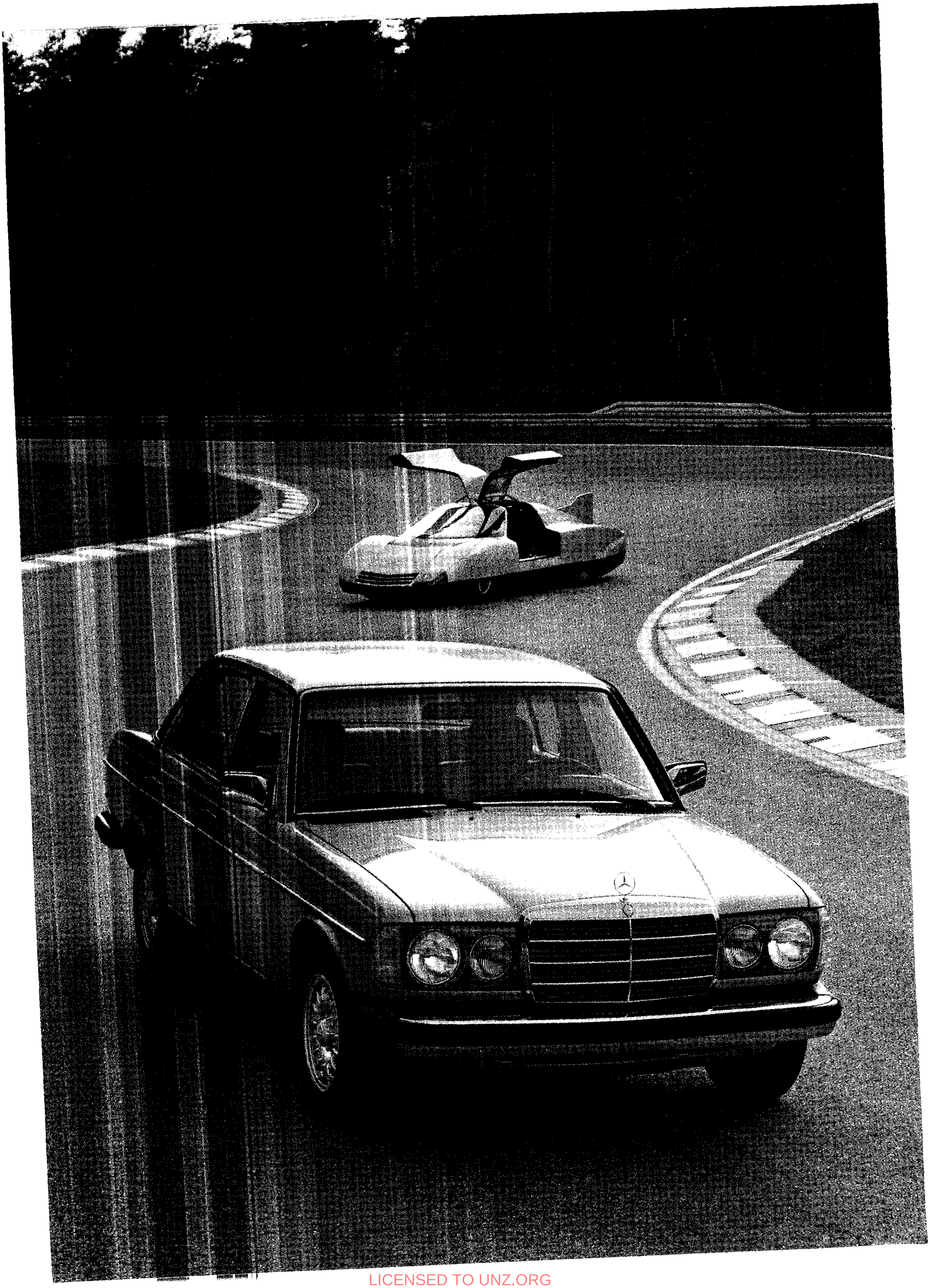

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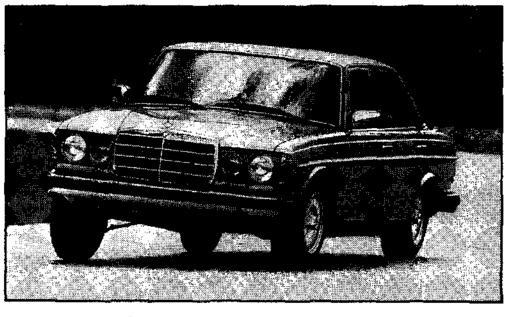

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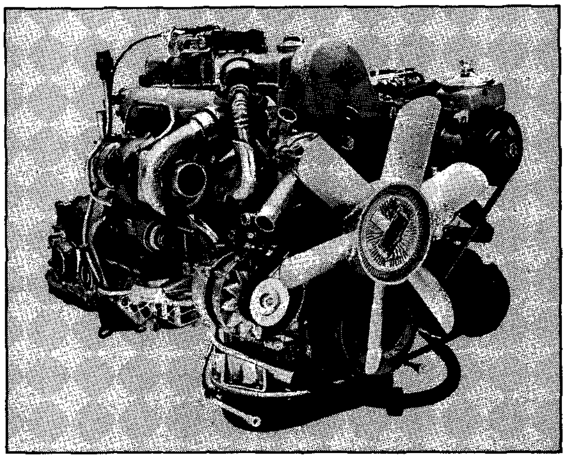

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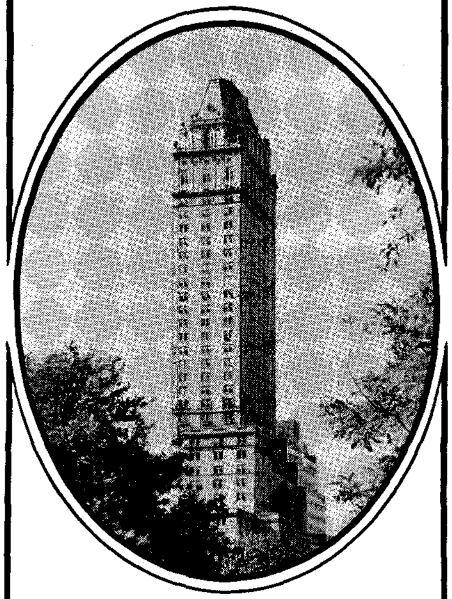

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perhaps spend some time in a simulator. I'd hate to have to wait four more years for another flight." Not all the old hands who were going into space for the first time were as impatient as Peterson. "I've been associated with NASA for sixteen years, and in that time I've had many assignments, none of which involved a wait," Allen said to me. "A flight is the frosting, not the cake. I'm very much looking forward to something I've heard others talk about for a long time."

Allen and his fellow mission specialist, Lenoir—a thin man whose shock of black hair makes him resemble a wiry Li'l Abner, and who has a Southern drawl—are arguably the liveliest pair of astronauts to have yet gone into space. They complemented each other nicely: while Lenoir was very quick on the uptake when it came to conversation in orbit or with reporters afterward on the ground, Allen—more serious but still with a puckish sense of humor—was extremely thoughtful when it came to putting his experiences into words. The two men enjoyed themselves immensely and had no trouble conveying their excitement. Perhaps as much as any previous shuttle astronauts, they had thought about how to get by in space. Lenoir, who had grown up in Florida and spent much of his youth barefoot, went barefoot in space, while his crewmates wore socks or a kind of Eskimo sock-and-slipper combination called mukluks. He radioed ecstatically from space that it was like having "four hands," and explained to me later, "If I dropped a washrag or a handkerchief, I could pick it up with my toes. I could get my feet under a lot of things that the other guys in their thick mukluks couldn't. That's why so many of our pictures show me upside down; there were a lot of items on the ceiling—bungee cords, that sort of thing—that I could use as foot restraints. You don't need shoes or socks in space—they're a one G invention." Furthermore, the fifth crew put an end to the suction-cup shoes that the crew-quarters engineers at the Space Center had been trying to sell the shuttle astronauts all along, as a means of anchoring themselves. Lenoir and Allen didn't try them, but Vance D. Brand, the commander of the mission, and Robert F. Overmyer, the pilot, did. "They reminded me of a toy I had as a boy—a frog with suction-cup feet," Allen, who had kept a nervous eye on Brand and Overmyer, told me later. "The suction cup would let go

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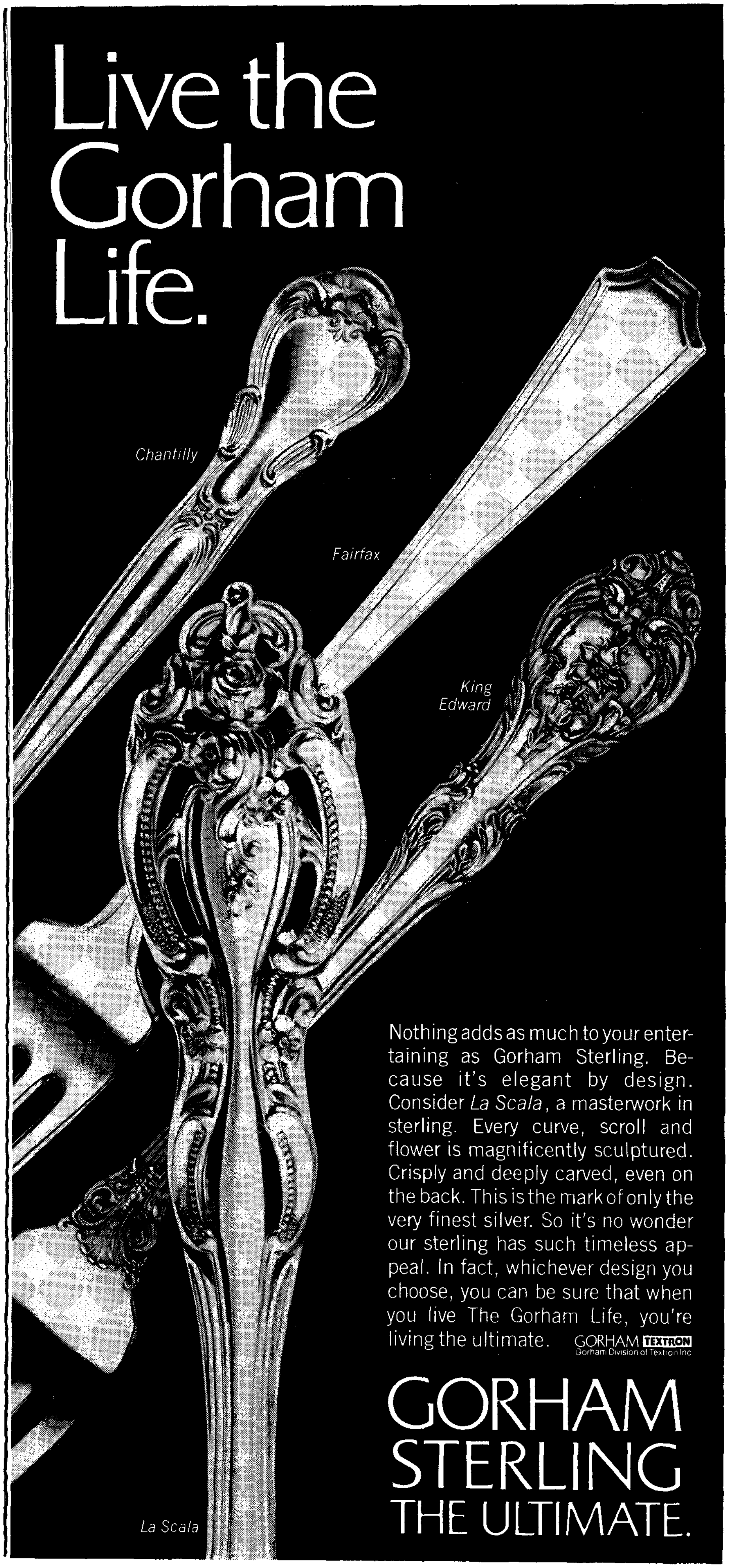
and the frog would jump up. You never knew when. I used to put it behind doors, to scare people. That's what those guys did to us in orbit." The suction shoes have been phased out, and future astronauts will rely on loops of tape stuck in strategic places about the floor—a method that the astronauts evolved themselves, beginning with the third mission. The fourth crew added a couple more adhesive loops, but the fifth crew really went to town, using up two rolls of tape in the process. The crew-quarters engineers have accepted this solution; they are replacing with better ones the loops put down by previous crews, and providing new crews with prefabricated loops—that is, ready-made ones attached to sticky pads that can be stuck anywhere easily, allowing the foot-restraint system to evolve as needed. The later crews, though—particularly the seventh—have been using the loops less and less, preferring to float free even while working.

Eating was something else that the fifth crew did in its own spirited fashion. Allen, in particular, enjoyed playing with his food. He was filmed flipping a spoon with fruit cocktail in it into the air, letting the spoon tumble end over end three times, and then catching it perfectly in his mouth; the fruit cocktail stuck to the spoon, though some foods didn't. "Any food that got away from us didn't go splat—it just drifted slowly on, and we chased it and caught it in our mouths, or blew it back to where it started," Lenoir told me. Spilled liquids were even easier to clean up, according to Lenoir, who admitted to spilling his share. A liquid formed a perfect sphere under the force of its own surface tension, he explained, and all he had to do was to touch it with a towel and watch the sphere, as it was absorbed, just shrink away. On one occasion, Allen caused a liquid sphere of orange juice to disappear—and, incidentally, invented a new way of drinking, not possible on earth—by sticking a straw into the levitating orange orb and sipping until it vanished. There is a series of photographs of Allen, taken of him by Brand, that shows him doing this, the ball of juice diminishing from one picture to the next; in the last, when it's gone, Allen looks joyfully incredulous at the apparent miracle.

Every crew that goes into orbit, it seems, finds some new kick in being weightless—an indication not only of



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human ingenuity but of the infinite variety of experiences possible in space. Allen seemed to have a special talent for enjoying space; another picture taken by Brand shows him, camera floating nearby, staring out the overhead window at something that was clearly riveting his attention, a look of intense amazement on his face. Apparently, Brand believed that Allen was particularly sensitive to the wonders of being in space, for he put him in charge of mission photography. Allen himself took a spectacular shot, out the rear cockpit window, at the moment of firing the big OMS rockets on either side of the tail: the picture caught a luminous spray of ice particles radiating outward just in the first instant after ignition. He also got an excellent photograph of the pink glow that surrounds the spacecraft, suffusing the cabin, during entry; he said that it made him feel as if he were inside a neon light, and this sensation is conveyed by the picture.

OVER the last several missions, astronauts have increasingly taken to eating in a very freewheeling manner, with respect both to what they eat and to when they eat it. "Even though meals were prepackaged, we never ate a straight meal," Lenoir said after he got back. "Instead, we just scrounged around in the food lockers. If I felt like hot dogs today, I'd dig around until I found them—maybe in tomorrow's lunch." Story Musgrave, who in the course of the sixth mission never appeared to stop moving, never had a complete meal, either. "When I was hungry, I just grabbed something and ate it," he told me. "I didn't want to waste time eating a meal while I was in space—I wanted to do the things you could do only in space." For a long time, many astronauts have been plumping for what they call a pantry. "We have wanted a pantry system as long as there have been astronauts," Musgrave said. "We've *never* wanted meals. We've just wanted drawers full of food." When I was at the Space Center, I asked Rita Rapp, a gray-haired, soft-spoken woman who is the astronauts' dietician, what she thought of the pantry idea. She was against it. "My feeling is that it doesn't lead to good nutrition, in that they won't eat the right things," she said. She is, however, slowly coming around to it. "It's important that they get what they want, too," she said indulgently. "So we are working on the pantry." As a result, on the sixth mission the

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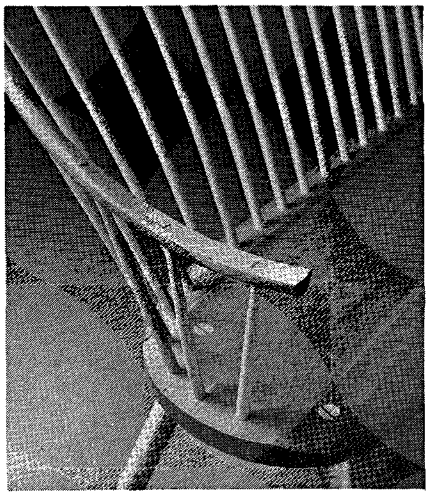

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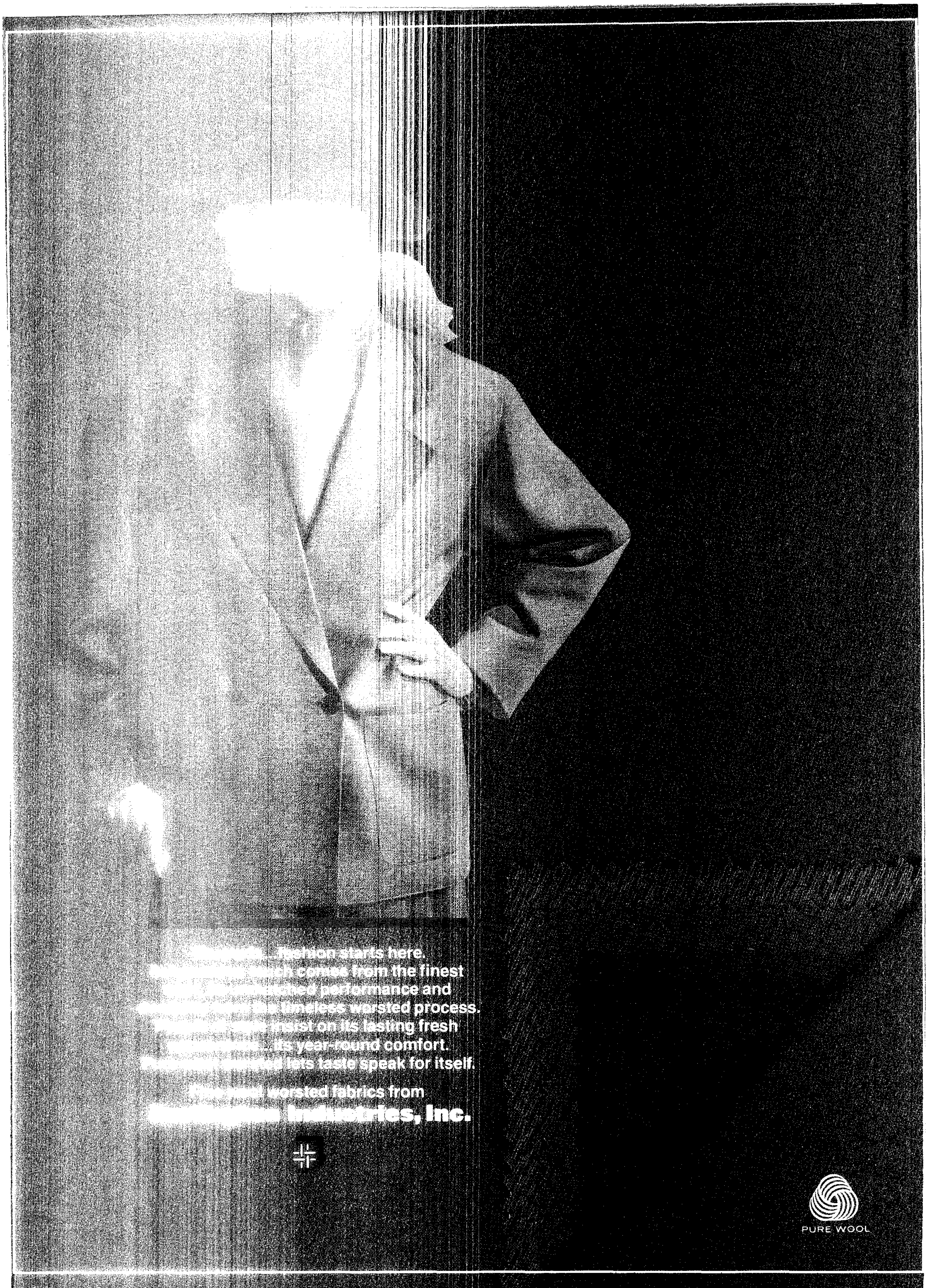

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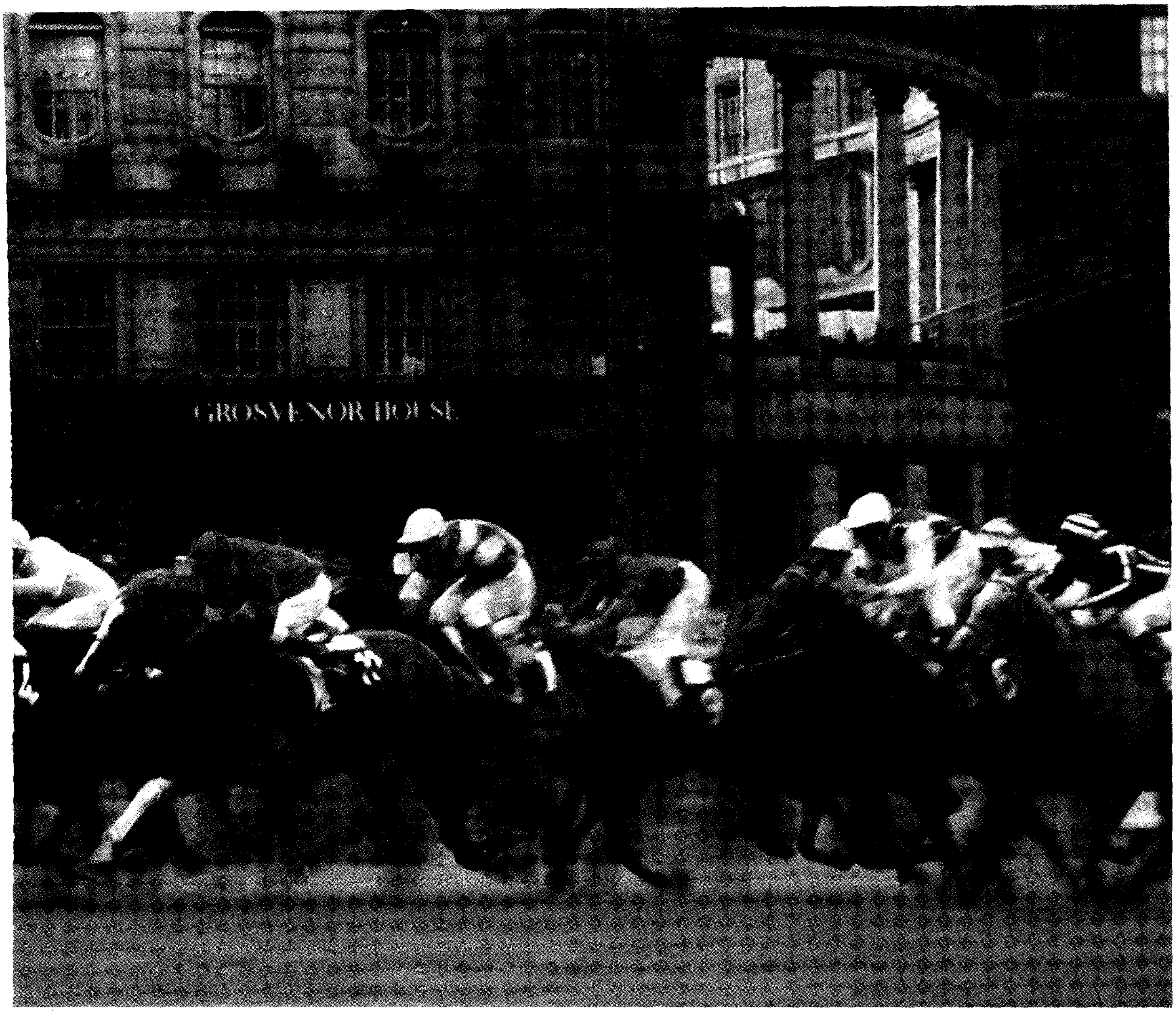

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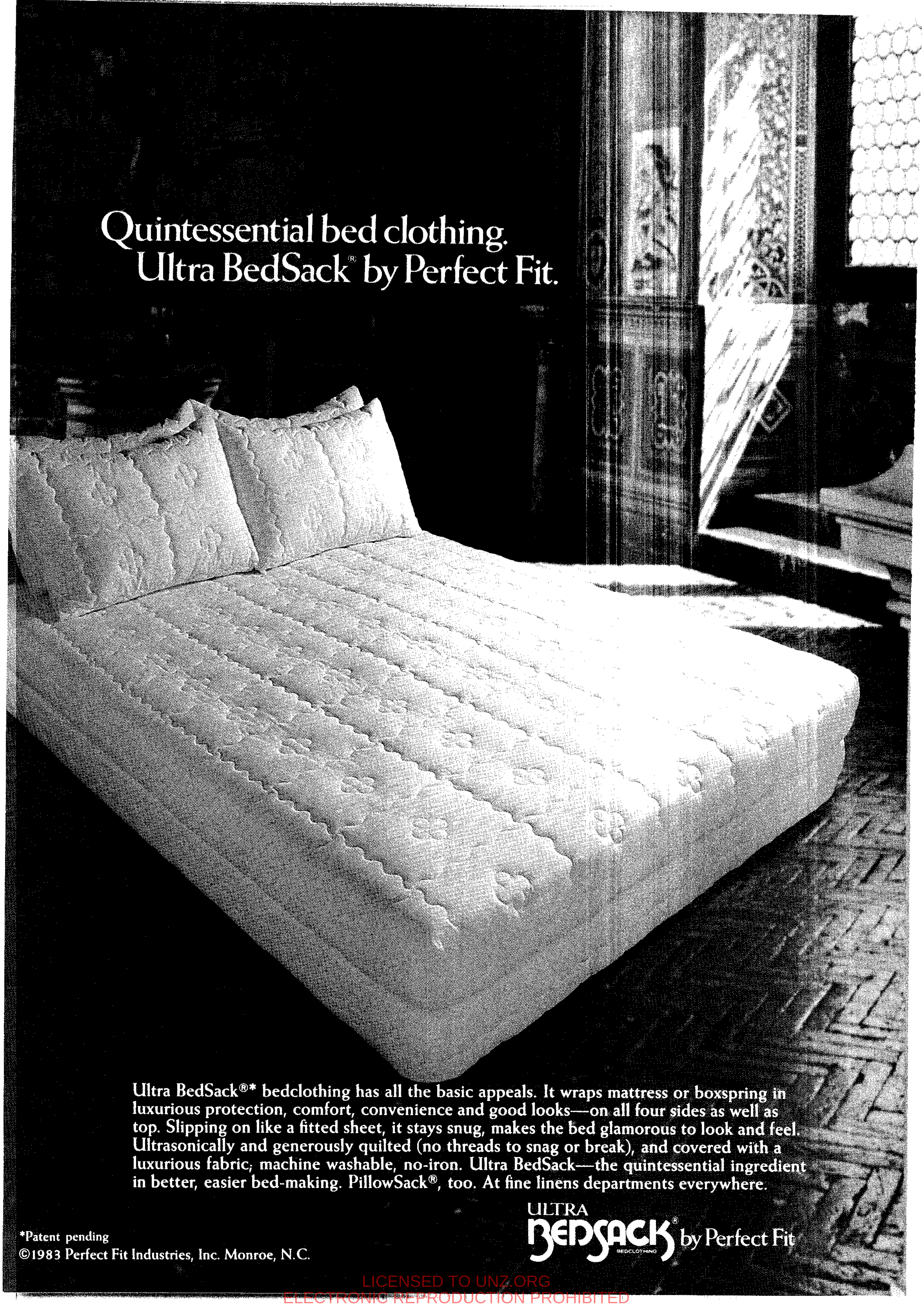Quintessential bed clothing.
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astronauts had meals for the first half of the trip and bins full of food, marked "Breakfast," "Lunch," and "Dinner," for the second half. There was also another innovation on the sixth mission, suggested by the fifth crew, who had wondered why they couldn't have more fresh food along—and who, in fact, had taken along some sandwiches and a bag of apples. (The bag was not a brown one but a white one, made of Beta cloth, like the astronauts' space suits.) Overmyer took some celery, too, and Lenoir some fresh jalapeño peppers, which he regards as one of the necessities of life. They recommended that the sixth crew be supplied with even more fresh food, including some fresh bread to make their own sandwiches. "Space bread is yeasty and packed in nitrogen and preserved in God knows what, God knows how," Lenoir explained. Accordingly, about fourteen hours before the launch of the sixth mission Rita Rapp went to a local market near the Kennedy Space Center and bought the groceries that the astronauts had asked for.

After meals, and at other times, the astronauts had to do their own cleaning up. During a visit to Cape Canaveral last winter, I talked with a flight-crew-equipment engineer, one of whose jobs is to oversee the cleaning of the cockpit and the crew quarters after each flight. He could be regarded as the astronauts' housekeeper. "Some crews leave everything organized, and other crews don't leave the trash where it's supposed to be," he said. "Take the fifth crew. They taped down their garbage—old food containers, dirty clothes, used towels—all over the flight deck. We found a walnut inside a panel. And some other food. And they scribbled on the walls. We found some numbers on the wall by the radio to the ground—evidently one of them jotted down some information when he couldn't find paper. There was a little sketch, too. We had to repaint." (Allen claimed later that he and his crewmates had been misrepresented. "I thought we were very neat," he protested.)

When it came to sleeping, the fifth crew did as the first three crews had done: instead of using the white sleeping bags provided, they tended to tether or tape themselves to such places as the top of the console at the rear of the cockpit. Allen, though, slept free—that is, untethered. Overmyer, the pilot, did sleep in a bag once, but that, he said, was strictly for warmth. Le-

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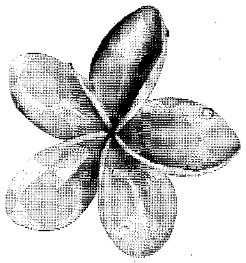

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noir referred to him on that occasion as "the burial at sea." In the continuing kaleidoscope of people who go to space, all four members of the sixth crew, seemingly out of contrariness, preferred to sleep securely fastened down in the bags. "It's so easy to use the bag—it's there," Musgrave said afterward. "It's easier than snapping yourself to a panel with a tether." The sixth crew, in fact, may be the wave of the future, for as the crews get larger the astronauts will want more privacy. The seventh-mission astronauts—there were five of them—generally slept in bags, too. Moreover, Sally Ride, the first woman astronaut, slept three nights inside the air lock at the back of the crew quarters—doubtless the most private place aboard. (The eighth-mission astronauts, however, retrogressed—they mostly slept unbagged.) On the ninth mission, a few weeks from now—the one with the Spacelab aboard—there will be six crewmen (seven is the maximum number), and they will have to work in two shifts; obviously, somnolent bodies cannot be littering the consoles while the other shift is hard at work. Accordingly, the renovated Columbia now has three bunks, stacked one above another, on the port side of the middeck. The bunks have a further advantage in that they can be closed (like the air lock), shutting out noise and light. Many of the astronauts have complained about being kept awake at night by cracklings from the radio, and those astronauts who have slept in the cockpit, with all its windows, have complained of the sunlight; there are sixteen sunrises and sunsets in a twenty-four-hour period, and each one comes with the abruptness of a light switch being flicked. In addition, the sun, when it comes in a window, is far more dazzling than it is on earth—an incandescent white. Many astronauts sleep with masks over their eyes.

THREE of the astronauts on the sixth, seventh, and eighth missions—Musgrave, Norman E. Thagard, and William E. Thornton, all of them doctors—gave special attention to a problem that, in one form or another, has bothered most astronauts who have gone into space: a related group of symptoms, known collectively as space-adaptation syndrome, or S.A.S., which includes headaches, fatigue, and difficulty in orienting oneself to one's surroundings as well as the nausea that many

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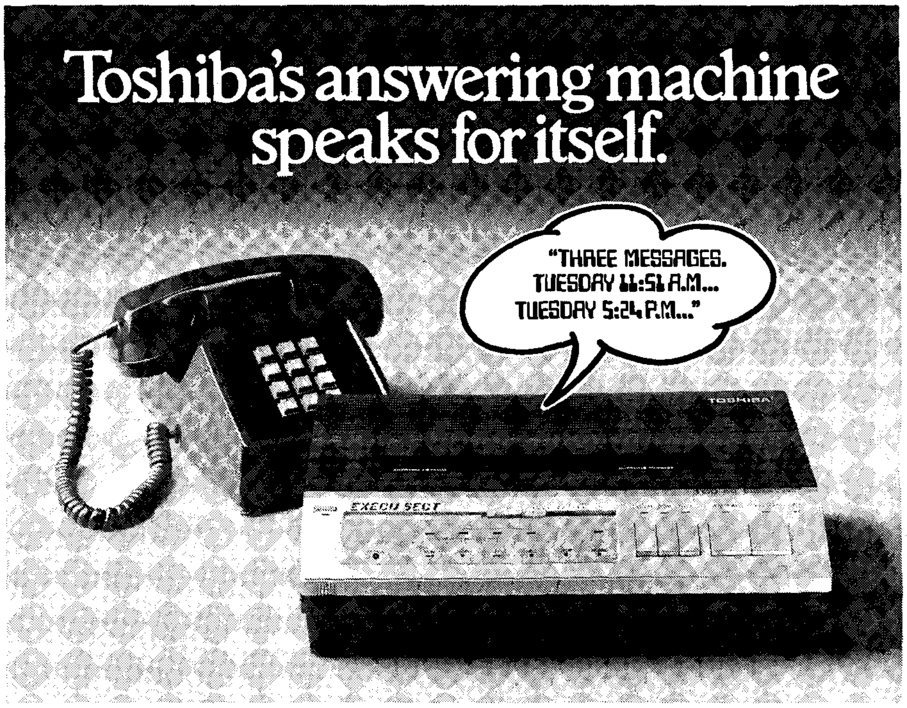
astronauts on the shuttle flights have suffered for anything from a few hours to a few days. One theory is that S.A.S. may be the result of a conflict between what the sense of balance in the inner ear—the vestibular sense—tells an astronaut is "up" and what his eyes tell him, which can be quite different. The other theory is that in weightlessness fluids in the body, migrating from the lower to the upper parts, get into the semicircular canals of the inner ear, where the vestibular sense is situated, and increase the pressure of the fluids already there. On earth, too, of course, disturbance of these fluids can cause many S.A.S. symptoms.

In the past, reporters who questioned astronauts about any nausea they suffered have usually received quite candid replies, in part because the astronauts recognize the legitimacy of the concern, and in part because NASA is bound by the National Aeronautics and Space Act of 1958, its charter, to disseminate freely most information about its activities—including scientific ones—in space. Some astronauts, however, have been reluctant to discuss the subject, partly because they believe that any public discussion of their space sickness may jeopardize their chances of being selected for another flight—a groundless fear, perhaps, since these decisions are based not on information the NASA managers glean from the newspapers but on information already in their possession, as such medical information is. Furthermore, the problem is so pervasive and so relatively transitory that it wouldn't be a factor in selection except in the most serious cases, where it affected an astronaut's performance for a long period. And it is seldom very serious. "I think a lot of people got the idea that you turn green and have open sores, and that sort of thing, but that's not really what happens," Peterson said at the press conference following the sixth mission. "At its very worst, it's not as bad as being seasick." Lenoir, who suffered from the complaint on the fifth mission, played the issue down by saying, "We weren't really feeling all that bad—certainly no worse than some of the days [on earth] when I felt like sleeping through a meeting. . . . I think it's a nothing that we ought not to spend a lot of time worrying about." Apparently, though, as one reporter was quick to point out, it was enough of a something to justify delaying their planned space walk by one day. (The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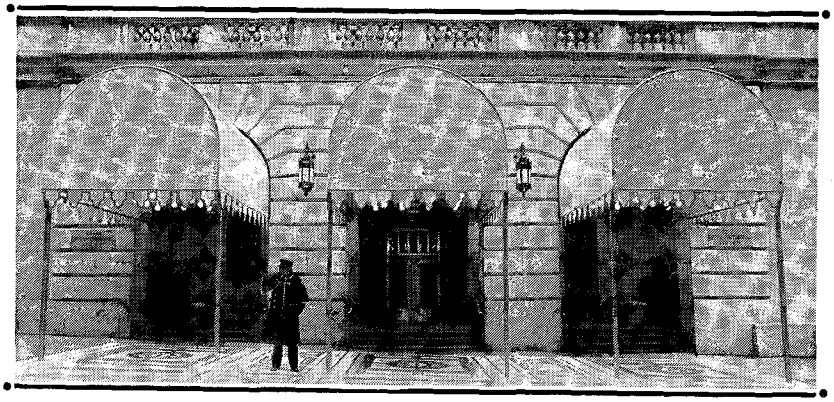

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space walk was later cancelled anyway, *for unrelated reasons.*)

During the winter, NASA had set up new guidelines about discussing such matters, stipulating that the astronauts did not have to answer any questions about their nausea but that periodically NASA's flight surgeons would release statistical information on the question, consolidating the results of several flights. Though the fifth crew was relatively candid, the sixth and seventh crews chose to abide by the new guidelines, evading questions about nausea; at their post-flight press conference, the seventh-mission astronauts declined point blank at least three times. This was all the more jarring because, a few months before the seventh mission, a doctor astronaut had been added to the crew especially to study the space-adaptation syndrome—thereby promoting the question from a purely personal matter (if indeed it could ever be described that way) to the status of an official NASA experiment, and thus apparently bringing the refusal policy into something of a collision with the National Space Act. At a time when the military, and also private industry, are increasingly impinging on NASA's customary—indeed, statutory—candor, many reporters are dismayed to find NASA itself curtailing such information. The astronauts, of course, feel strongly about their right to privacy. Whatever the rights or wrongs of the situation, it is difficult to discuss a matter of public interest while leaving out one of its central elements.

When I talked with Musgrave after the sixth mission, he deftly skirted the troublesome subject of nausea and led the way to the more placid one of orienting oneself in the absence of gravity—which, of course, is also related to S.A.S. (Though Musgrave and the other doctor astronauts stuck faithfully to NASA's new guidelines—they would probably have been given a hard time by their shipmates if they hadn't—they were extremely forthcoming about all other aspects of S.A.S. and of being in space.) Musgrave explained that because the fluids in the semicircular canals don't contribute to the sense of balance in weightlessness astronauts in space tend to orient themselves with the eyes, instead. During the Skylab missions, it was found that some astronauts used what they called the "local vertical" of the spacecraft itself; that is, their "up" was toward the ceiling and their "down" was toward the floor. They

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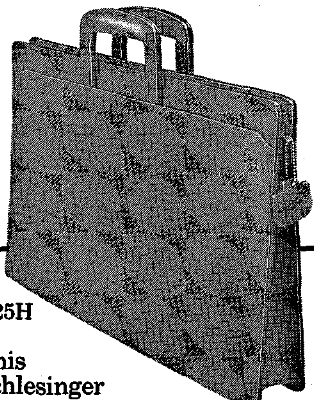

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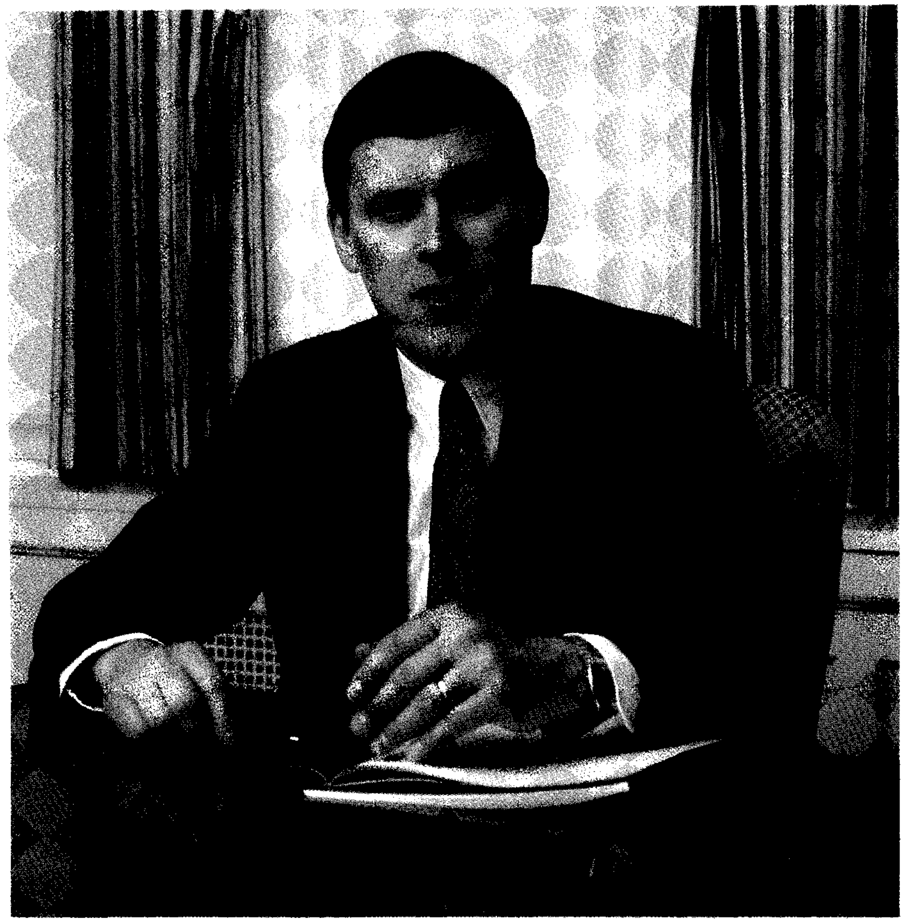

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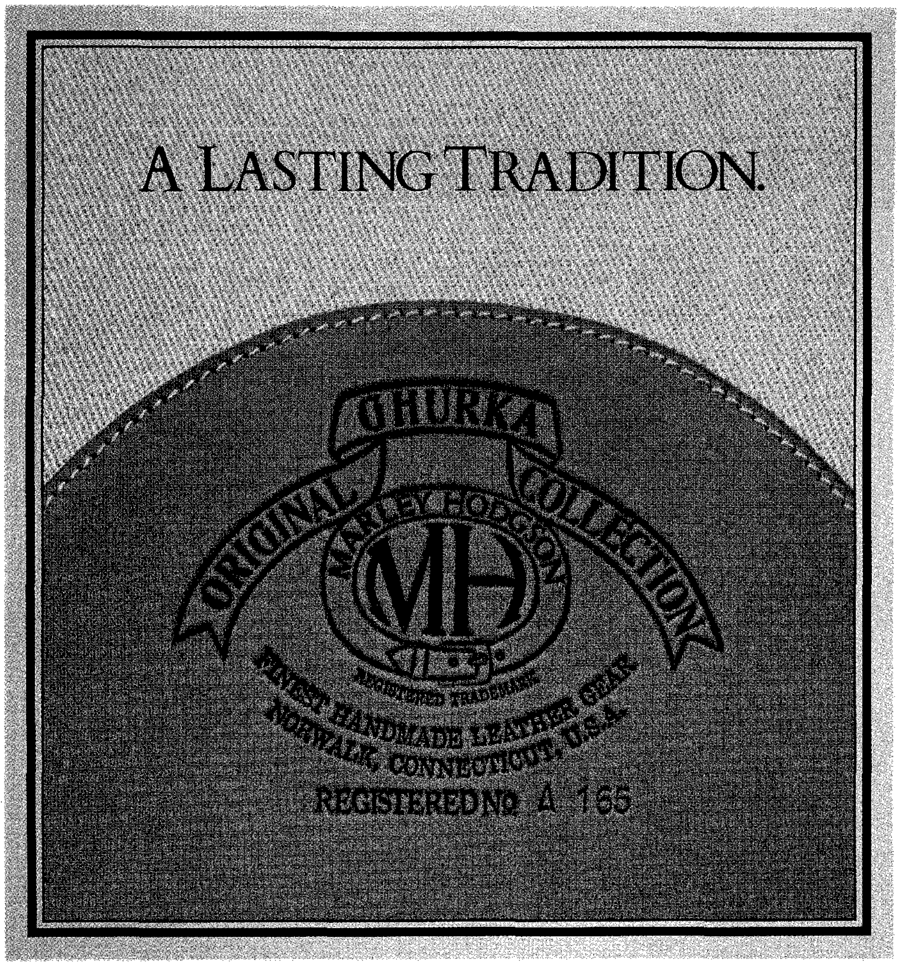
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had problems, though, if they happened to glance out the window and see that the earth, which ought to be "down," was in fact "up." Other astronauts used their own bodies to establish a local vertical; for them "up" was over their heads and "down" was below their feet. Although these relatively egocentric astronauts fared rather better, they still became confused if they found themselves standing on the ceiling, with the floor over their heads, so that their own vertical did not coincide with that of the room.

Aboard the third Skylab mission, back in 1973-74, the astronaut Edward Gibson had the least difficulty orienting himself; he had the least sense of conflict between verticals. He also seemed to have the least difficulty with other aspects of S.A.S. If NASA could find out what it was that made Gibson different it might well be onto something. Both Musgrave and Peterson turned out to have fewer difficulties with orientation, too. "I never felt an up or a down," Musgrave said. "I expected to have a strong sense of a vertical; to the extent that I did, it was based on my own body—but I was not aware of any *strong* vertical sense, and I never felt a need for one." The strong individual vertical sense may, in fact, be more of a hindrance than a help, because it makes it more difficult to accept the situation in space, where no vertical exists. Musgrave believes that when, in space, an astronaut finally did adapt, it was because inside his head he managed to align his own vertical sense with that of the room—a forcible torquing of one vertical until it aligned with the other. According to this theory, when the two coincided, he was rid of both, and suddenly the feelings of confusion disappeared. So, apparently, would the other aspects of S.A.S.

Musgrave explained that he did not have to adapt in space, because he had already adapted on the ground. He remembers when it happened—while he was training inside the orbiter, when it was vertical on the launching pad. "I had done so much training horizontally in simulators that at first it was actually painful for me to go into the orbiter when it was vertical—it hurt inside my head," he said. "I couldn't find things. But then I put in so much vertical time at the Cape that one day I brought the horizontal and the vertical together. They came together with a snap. And I never had any trouble again. I think that when an astronaut arrives at that point he won't have any more trouble with S.A.S." Now when Musgrave is in the orbiter and recognizes any particular item in it, he is automatically oriented, regardless of his own position; his own local vertical is entirely overridden. He thinks he learned to achieve this so early because he had spent more time than any other astronaut trying out space suits in one of NASA's big water tanks for simulating weightlessness, and had spent a good deal of that time upside down. Peterson, too, had done a lot of underwater work. And so, it happens, had Ed Gibson; he attributed his adaptation aboard Skylab to the fact that he swam a great deal in his own pool and did a lot of tumbling about underwater with scuba gear.

Musgrave did not have any special equipment for studying S.A.S., but the doctors on the seventh and eighth missions, Thagard and Thornton, did have some. Thagard tested both theories explaining S.A.S.—known professionally as the Sensory Conflict Hypothesis and the Fluid Shift Hypothesis—most often using himself as the subject. To explore the conflict between the senses, he set up an array of lights, focussed his eyes on one, and moved his head from side to side while his eye movements were recorded. He did the same thing with his eyes shut; that is, while he moved his head he kept looking at the spot where he thought the light was. The eye movements (they could be recorded through his closed eyelids) were the same each time, and Thagard later told me that he took this as evidence that there was no conflict between the eyes and the sense of balance. Then he tested for fluid inside the head. It was a well-established fact that fluids in weightlessness migrate from the lower extremities to spread throughout the body; the question was to what extent they get inside the cranium to affect the sense of balance. They certainly get to the face, which is puffier in space. Although Thagard was unable to measure directly the pressure of fluids inside the semicircular canals, he did have a variety of instruments for determining pressure inside the eyes and ears; he found no evidence of increased pressure there. This was the more surprising in his own case because during the two weeks prior to liftoff he had slept with his head lower than the rest of his body, to give the fluids a better chance to get into his cranium. The other crewmen, who had not slept head down for two

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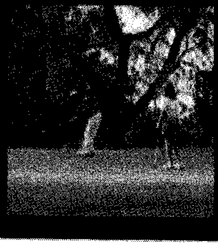
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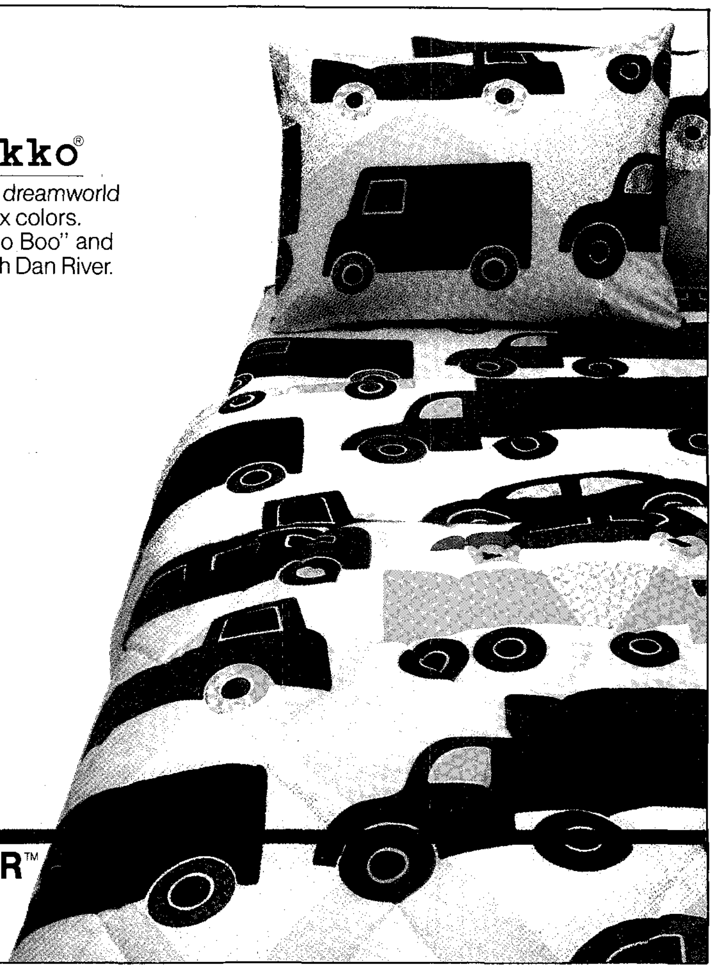
weeks, did not show signs of increased pressure, either.

When I asked Thagard where this left the matter, now that he had found no evidence to support either theory, he said that it was still too early to tell. In the absence of more information, Thagard felt that the answer would turn out to lie in the conflict between the vestibular sense and the visual sense. He had been interested in Musgrave's reactions, which involved that conflict but which may also have involved something more fundamental, Thagard thought—what he called the cerebral level of a person's understanding of what his senses tell him.

At the time of my talk with Thagard, Thornton, whose results Thagard was eagerly awaiting, was still in orbit, where he was repeating Thagard's experiments and conducting some new ones of his own. Thornton, who has been studying S.A.S. for a decade, is generally regarded as the expert on the subject among astronauts; in fact, Thagard had been sent on the seventh mission to provide data before Thornton went up. The indications were that Thornton was indeed getting somewhere with the problem, for during a press conference that the eighth-mission astronauts conducted by radio while they were still in space he said that he had learned more in the first hour and a half than he had in all his previous years of study, and that he thought the matter was capable of being solved. It would, however, take him some time after the mission to work up his data.

THE most novel thing that the fifth and sixth missions did in space, of course, was to launch satellites, for this had never been done before either by the shuttle or by any other manned spacecraft. In both flights, the satellites were to be released as soon as possible, in case the orbiter might for some reason have to abort its mission and return to earth suddenly. About eight hours after liftoff on the fifth flight, last November, Allen and Lenoir fired the first of their two communications satellites—the S.B.S., belonging to Satellite Business Systems. The second, Anik, belonging to Telesat Canada, was fired the next day. Each satellite had been attached to its own small rocket, called a PAM-D; and each satellite-and-rocket combination—a missile, I'll call it—was to be shot out of the cargo bay by a spring-loaded launcher; then, forty-five minutes later and halfway around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the world, the rockets would fire them up to geosynchronous orbit, twenty-two thousand three hundred miles above the earth. However, because the PAM-Ds did not have their own inertial-guidance system for navigation and so after their release from the cargo bay could not orient themselves for their subsequent launch to geosynchronous orbit, the shuttle had to aim them perfectly before they were let go, and they also had to be set spinning for stabilization, so that they would keep their orientation. At the moment each was ejected, the shuttle would be flying with its cargo bay facing backward along the line of trajectory; that way, the missile—its attitude unchanging in relation to the stars—would be aiming forward when, halfway around the world, the time came for it to fire. (The release would be over the equator, and the rocket firing would be over the equator, too, at the missile's next crossing; this was necessary because geosynchronous orbits are equatorial.) Because so much had to be done for the PAM-Ds and the two communications satellites before the release, almost all the work, including the release itself, would be done by computer.

The two satellites—seven feet in diameter and compressed to a height of nine feet on top of six-foot PAM-Ds—were ranged one behind the other in the bay, the S.B.S. forward of the Anik. Each combination rested atop a turntable, like a phonograph's, and each was enclosed inside a quilted white sun shield, which, seen end on from the astronauts' rear windows, was circular. When the shield opened, early in the sequence, it would do so by folding down from the top—it was hinged at the center of the circle—like a pair of jaws, revealing the round satellite as if it were inside a giant mouth; Lenoir called them PAMmen.

The two astronauts stood at the port side of the rear console, overlooking the cargo bay. Allen, who released the S.B.S. satellite, told me later, "It's not *like* the launch of a spacecraft—it *is* the launch of a spacecraft. Eight hours before, we were in the hands of a very capable launch crew at the Cape. Now the shoe was on the other foot, and a lot of the things the launch crew had to watch and guard against with us, we had to do with the S.B.S." Like the flight controllers in charge of the shuttle's launch, Allen, assisted by Lenoir, mainly had to monitor dials in order to make sure that the automatic checkout and countdown were going

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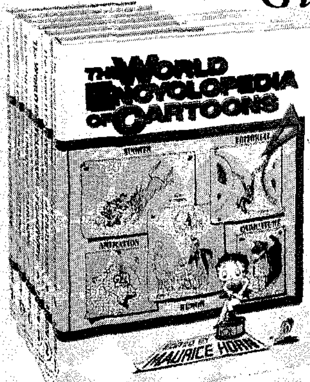

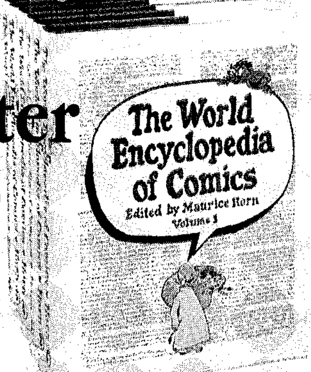

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on schedule. Much of the information was being monitored by the S.B.S.'s own ground controllers, in Washington. The procedure started about forty minutes before launch, and at twenty minutes before launch the computer started the S.B.S.'s turntable spinning. "In simulations on the earth, it sounds like a subway train," Allen said, "but in space it was totally silent." Allen, who was looking out the window, had to ask Lenoir, who was reading dials, whether the turntable had started. "It was surrealistic," Allen said. "I felt I was looking into a sound-isolation booth against the black of space." Allen and others had wondered whether the orbiter itself, in reaction, would rotate the other way (if it did the slight force would be counteracted automatically by its thrusters), but this didn't happen. Over the next twenty minutes, as the S.B.S. churned around at fifty-two revolutions per minute, the sun glinted and reflected off its top, pulsing in time with the rotation. At one minute before release, Allen threw the switches to arm the pyrotechnic devices that would sever explosively the bolts that held the rocket down to its spring-loaded launcher. Allen was now a little nervous. "At Kennedy, the flight controllers are three miles away from the explosives, but here we were only twenty feet away," he told me. If there was any danger, they could disarm the system. When the pyrotechnic bolts fired, there was a *whup* sound, like a cannon going off, and the vibrations travelled through the orbiter's structure, scaring the daylights out of both Allen and Lenoir, for that had not happened in the simulations. (The seventh and eighth crews, who also launched PAM-Ds, heard the same thud.) Allen found it even more startling than the earlier silence. At first, because of the noise, Allen feared that something had gone wrong, and he felt no recoil to tell him that the missile was on its way. But then he saw the missile spinning out of the PAMman's jaws, as if it were twisting itself off into space—it was moving at three feet per second—and he knew that everything was all right. From below, as it separated from the orbiter, he could see its rounded fuel tank and rocket bell. "We deliver," he reported to the ground, on behalf of the Ace Moving Company.

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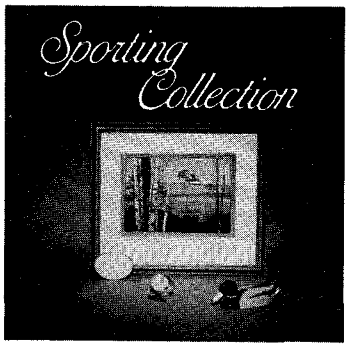

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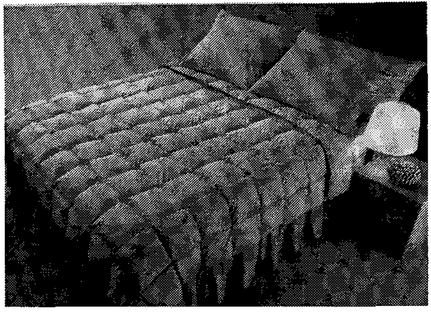
was more dramatic, because this missile—far larger than the combination of the PAM-Ds and either the S.B.S. or Anik satellite—weighed eighteen and a half tons and, lying on its side, almost filled the orbiter's cargo bay. Because the I.U.S. had its own navigation system, the astronauts didn't have to release it with such perfect precision; hence the release was less automated, and Musgrave and Peterson had more to do. Because the rocket had to orient itself before firing, it was released fifty-five minutes ahead of time. After checking out the satellite's and rocket's systems, Musgrave, standing at the rear console, pushed some switches that released the latches holding the forward end of the missile onto its cradle—a U-shaped metal strut wrapped in golden Mylar. Then he caused a big gold-wrapped ring that encircled the aft part of the rocket to tilt upward so that the rocket and satellite—together, fifty-seven feet long—were aimed at a twenty-nine-degree angle out of the bay, over their heads. Its golden antennas, folded like a pair of umbrellas, sparkled in the floodlights against the black of space; Musgrave and Peterson could see the bottom of the cargo bay reflected in the black sheen of the solar cells lining the satellite's exterior. After some further tests, Musgrave put the missile on its own internal power, switched off and released the umbilicals that had been bringing power from the orbiter, and then tilted the ring and the missile to fifty-nine degrees, the release attitude. When all was ready, Musgrave "hit," as he said later, three switches in succession, the first to arm the explosive bolts that would release the missile, the second to inactivate a safety mechanism, and the third to fire off the bolts. Unlike the noisy departure of the PAM-Ds, there was no sound; nor was there any recoil as six springs shoved the huge missile on its way at a sedate four inches per second. The first they knew it had left was by watching a television monitor from a camera at the rear of the payload bay, which showed the rocket bell moving slowly forward out of the tilted ring. As the missile continued on its slow, stately path, it rounded to the light side of the earth ahead of the orbiter; when the sunlight hit it, Peterson thought it lit up like a magnesium flare—"so bright that you could hardly look at it."

When the rocket fired over the equator fifty-five minutes later, the missile went into an elliptical trajec-



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tory. A second firing, several hours later, should have carried the satellite up to geosynchronous orbit. However, some eighty seconds into the second burn, the rocket misfired in such a way that the missile made a sharp change of direction; most likely, it was determined several months later, there had been a leak in a rubber ring full of oil that cushioned the motor against the rocket motor casing. The TDRS was left in an elliptical orbit that was much too low; it took almost three months, and thirty-nine firings of the TDRS' own thrusters, to circularize its orbit at the geosynchronous height. In early September, when the eighth-mission astronauts tested its ability for communicating with the ground, the TDRS worked perfectly.

TWO days after firing the TDRS, Musgrave and Peterson were to go for a space walk—called an E.V.A., for extra-vehicular activity. Originally, the E.V.A. had been scheduled for the fifth mission, and one objective had been to practice repairing the Solar Max satellite, but there had not been time to transfer the necessary tools from the Columbia to the Challenger. Still, many of the procedures that Musgrave and Peterson would follow would be useful practice for other aspects of the Solar Max mission. Without the TDRS, the cargo bay, where they would spend four hours, had become a giant rectangular pool, sixty feet long and fifteen feet wide. It was the first American E.V.A. in almost a decade—since the final Skylab one, in 1974. But it would also be the best-documented E.V.A. in the history of space flight, because Musgrave and Peterson would always be within range of four cameras at the corners of the bay and, in addition, in full view of Weitz, the commander, and Karol Bobko, the pilot, who would spend the whole time watching them from the two rear cockpit windows.

The reason that Allen and Lenoir had been unable to do their E.V.A. was that both their space suits' life-support systems had broken down. When Allen was putting on his suit, he discovered that the motor that ran his fan—and also circulated water through his suit—wasn't working properly. "I knew something was wrong the instant I turned the motor on," he told me later. "It didn't sound right. And on my suit's control panel the 'Power Restart' light went on, signifying a malfunction. But what the computer said didn't bother me as much as the sound. It should have come up to a sort of whine, like a fan in a house. But the pitch wavered. And then it stopped." He started it again, and the same thing happened. A while later, Lenoir, who had suggested that he might go out alone, found that his suit had a problem, too: the pressure controls were not working properly. There wasn't much that the ground controllers could do: because the suits were highly automated, with their own computers, the people on the ground had no more information than the astronauts did. The suit technicians were devastated: one malfunction they could understand (though a suit had never malfunctioned before in space); two made them feel they were having a nightmare. Later, the flaw in Allen's suit was traced to an inadequate seal on the fan motor, which let moisture in, and the one in Lenoir's to two small clips that should have locked one of the pressure-control adjustment rings but had never been installed.

Because of the experience of Allen and Lenoir, Musgrave and Peterson checked the suits the day before the E.V.A. This time, the suits worked flawlessly. Though Apollo astronauts took half an hour to suit up, shuttle astronauts can get dressed in ten minutes on the ground. Musgrave and Peterson took longer than that, though, because the air lock, where the suits were, was cramped, and the more so since Bobko was in there, too, helping them. The Apollo suits were one-piece affairs that required a good deal of wriggling to get into, but the shuttle suits are two-piece, with pants that snap to a ring above the waist of the upper section—a hard shell with the life-support system bolted to it, so that the astronauts don't have to wrestle with a separate back-pack, as the Apollo astronauts did, or worry about a lot of external hoses. Even so, the upper sections are bulky, and for this reason they were kept hanging on the air-lock wall. To stay out of each other's way, Musgrave and Peterson left them there while they got into them; consequently, when the men were suited up they were hanging on the wall, too. They remained there for the next three and a half hours for what is called "pre-breathing"—the pressure inside the air lock was slowly reduced from 14.7 pounds per square inch (the pressure inside the cabin, the same as at sea level) to zero, while the pressure in the suits was set at 4.3 P.S.I.; at the same time, the nitrogen

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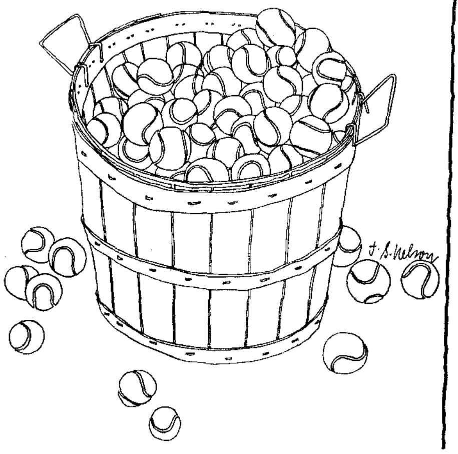
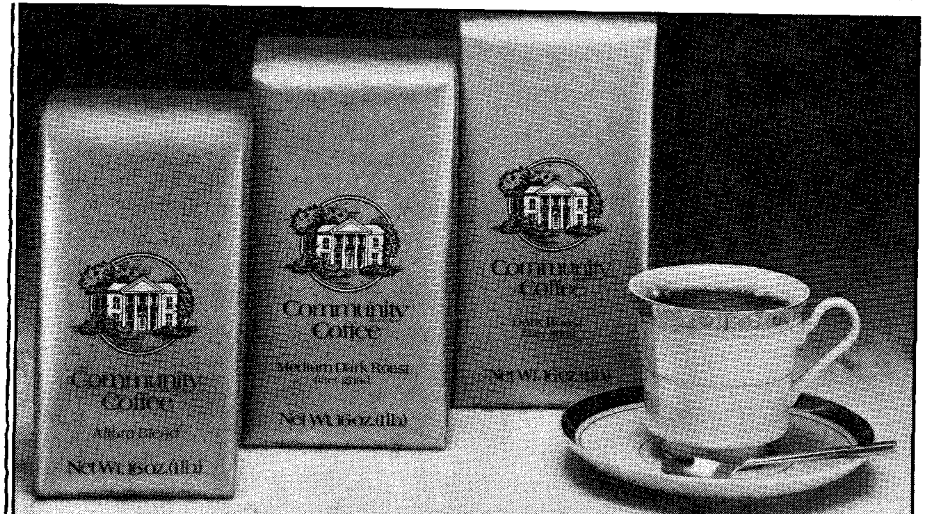
they were breathing was eliminated, lest nitrogen bubbles form in the blood, giving them the bends. While Musgrave and Peterson were hanging on the wall, they talked by radio with President Reagan. They also went to sleep.

When the time came, Musgrave was the first to go out. For the first few minutes, he told me later, he was too busy to have any impressions: he was moving equipment out through the hatch and was tethering himself and Peterson (who was still inside) so that they wouldn't float away. He didn't feel any different, because by the time the pre-breathing was over the pressure inside the air lock had been reduced to zero; hence, in going outside he had simply gone from one vacuum to another. Then, when he began to look around a little, he was somewhat disappointed. "I was looking for something romantic and memorable, but my reference frame was simply the payload bay," he said. "Where are the cameras? Where is the toolbox, and the winches we'll be using? *That* was my world—it didn't matter where the sky or the earth was." But after a few minutes he did manage to broaden his horizon beyond the payload bay, and when he did he reacted with all the surprise of astronauts who had preceded him. The view was panoramic compared with the one from inside the spacecraft. What impressed him most was the sense of speed, as entire continents slid away beneath him. "The earth was going by very fast—much faster than in an airliner," he said. "If you lined up part of the spacecraft on a country, like Mexico, we crossed it in a matter of seconds."

The main purposes of the E.V.A., according to a NASA engineer I talked with who had worked on planning it, Robert Terry Neal, were to test the suits and also the astronauts' ability to move about and work in the cargo bay;





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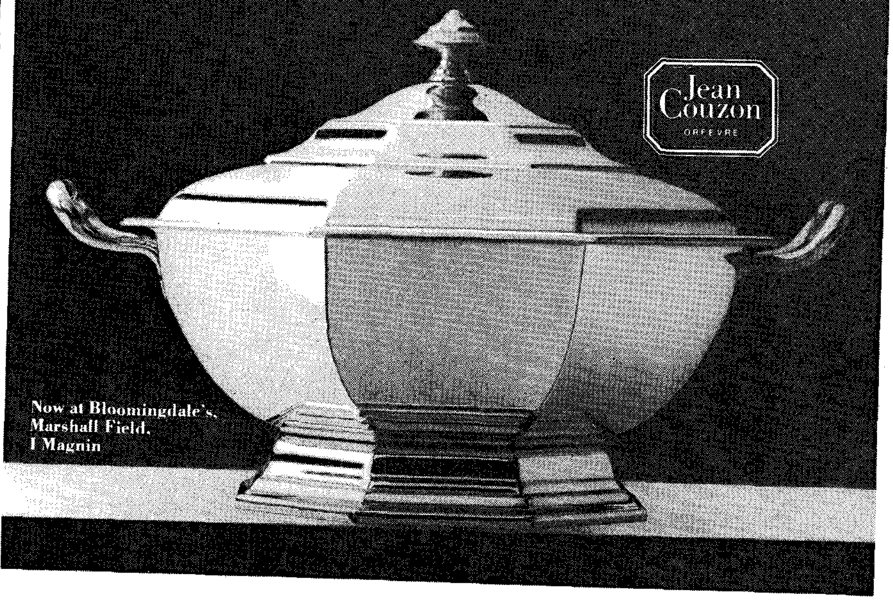

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4.

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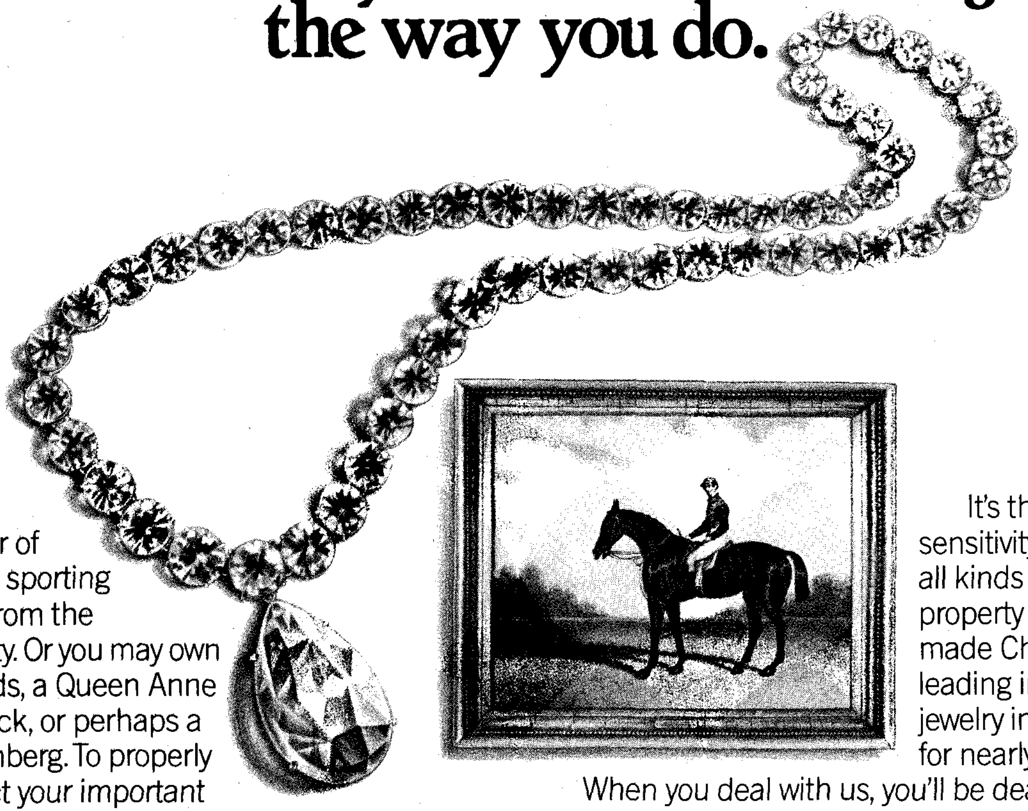

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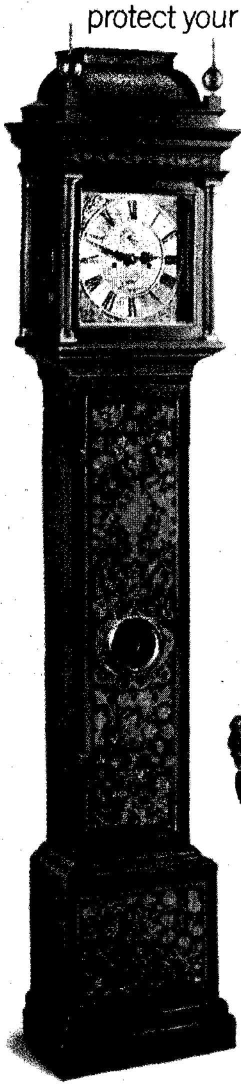

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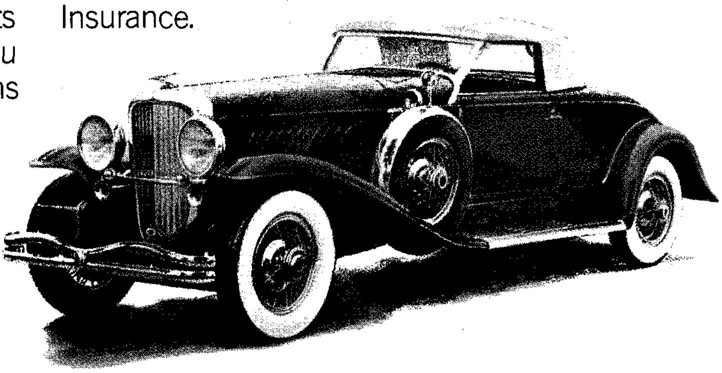

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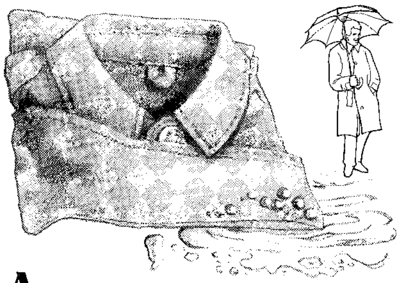

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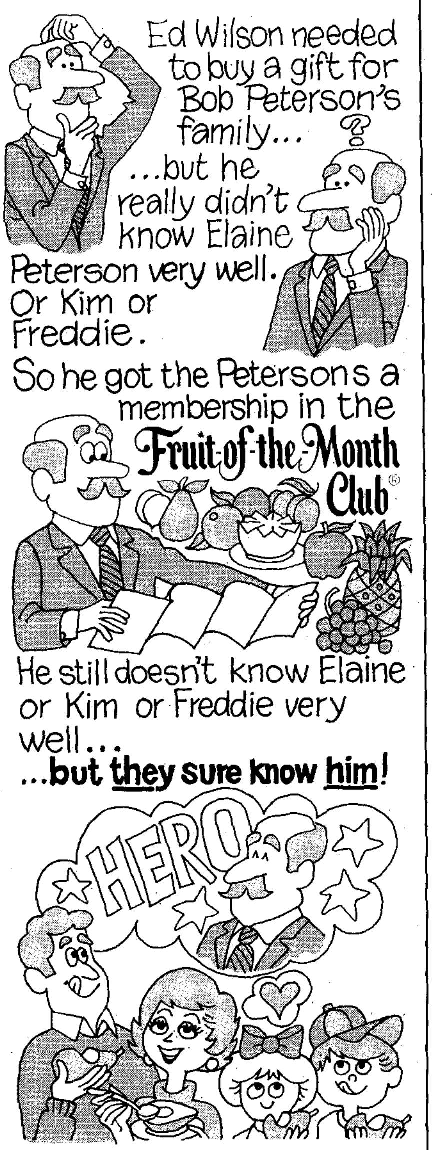
they would use some tools and operate a couple of winches, rehearsing emergency provisions for closing the payload-bay doors. Accordingly, the first thing that Musgrave and Peterson did, once they were outside and squared away, was to "translate" down the length of the bay; in space, translating is moving locally from one place to another, as opposed to travelling along an orbital trajectory. The waist tethers of both Musgrave and Peterson were attached by long wires on reels (so that the excess would be out of each astronaut's way) to other wires, which ran down the sides of the cargo bay; it was as though the astronauts were on dog runs. Even though the long wires were looser than they were supposed to be, both men translated down the cargo bay easily. Musgrave got so he could put his hand around the wire and, pushing himself off from the forward bulkhead, coast in one smooth motion all the way to the aft bulkhead. Neither Musgrave nor Peterson ever felt in any danger of floating away or falling down to the earth. "We had become so thoroughly adapted to zero G that the orbiter was quite literally our home and our sole frame of reference," Musgrave told me.

Back at the forward end of the cargo bay, Musgrave did what was called a mobility check of the suit. With his feet held down by restraints, he stretched and bent in various directions. He raised his arms overhead, to test some new bearings in the shoulder joint designed to permit greater freedom of movement than previous astronauts had had; they worked well. He bent at the waist to try out a waist joint that previous astronauts had not had; it worked perfectly. He leaned over backward until his head almost touched the floor—a move that on earth would most likely have had unfortunate consequences. He pronounced the suit perfect, to the delight of the suit technicians listening in Houston. It fitted snugly, too, even though it had been deliberately made an inch too long: astronauts grow about an inch in space, the same way people get taller in bed at night when they are no longer pressed down by their own weight. His suit was tight not only lengthwise but along his arms, for Musgrave likes to have his fingers go all the way to the ends of his gloves, for greater control of any tools he might handle; the potential drawback of such a snug fit is that sometimes the ends of an astronaut's fingers get bruised. Musgrave's only complaint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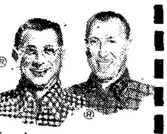

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about the suit was that it was slightly stiff, but he felt that that flaw could be fixed if one worked in it a little while ahead of time, as if one were breaking in a new baseball mitt.

Once out of the foot restraints, Musgrave next got some tools from the toolbox—a cabinet at the forward end of the bay. They were in what are called tool caddies—little Beta-cloth pouches, several of which could be attached to a small frame that protruded from each astronaut's chest and was called a mini-work-station. The purpose of the mini-work-station and the caddies is to keep the tools from floating away during a job; and to that end each wrench or screwdriver is fastened to a lanyard attached to a reel inside a caddy. Whenever an astronaut hands a tool to another astronaut, he goes through a little ceremony: before he can unhook his own lanyard from the tool, he has to make sure that his companion has already hooked *his* lanyard on. Then he can unhook, allowing his own lanyard to reel in. Musgrave thinks that this is excessively cautious; he thinks he ought to have been able simply to hand Peterson a tool, not letting go of it until he was sure Peterson had it. Unquestionably, there are a lot of lanyards, tethers, and reels to worry about; in addition to the little ones in the caddies, there are the ones that tether the astronauts themselves, not only at their waists but at each wrist. Sometimes a reel doesn't work, and a snarl develops. Once, when Musgrave was trying to see if a reel was strong enough to pull him from one side of the bay to the other, he stopped midway, because it had developed a backlash; the reel perhaps ought to have a guide, Musgrave suggested, the way some fishing reels do. On another occasion, Musgrave complained that his wrist tethers "were really banging around." Clearly, a good deal of work remained to be done on the tethering and reeling systems.

At the aft end of the bay, Peterson set about loosening a bolt with a ratchet to disconnect the drive mechanism for the big gold-wrapped ring that had encircled the rear of the rocket bearing the TDRS satellite and had tilted upward to bring the rocket to its release position. If a rocket ever got stuck when it was aimed up out of the bay—if, say, the pyrotechnic bolts didn't fire to release it—an astronaut would have to lower it manually, so that the cargo-bay doors could be closed for the return to earth; and this was what

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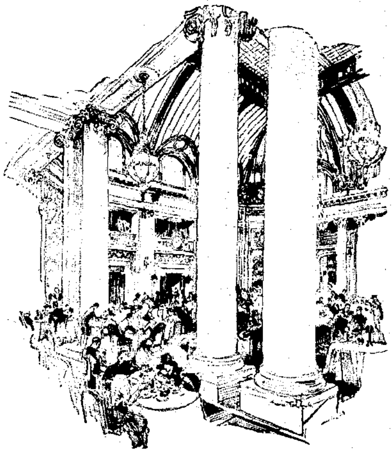

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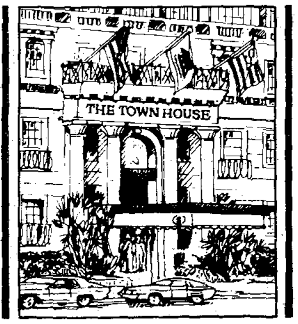

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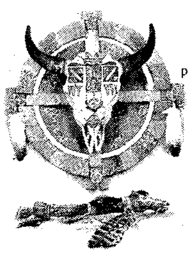

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Peterson was practicing. The ratcheting went easily. Nevertheless, Peterson found the work more strenuous than he had expected, because he wasn't allowed to brace himself against the launcher, or even to touch it; the Boeing Company, its contractor, didn't want it damaged, since it was scheduled to launch a second TDRS on the next mission. (These days, when the space agency is looking for customers, a NASA executive told me, it is necessarily being considerate to the corporation it deals with.) As Peterson struggled to brace himself without touching the launcher, endeavored to avoid kicking the sides of the payload bay with his upward-pointing feet, and turned the ratchet, an alarm registered on the control panel for his suit: he was using oxygen at too high a rate. Weitz, watching from the cockpit's rear windows, told him to slow down.

Musgrave had continuing troubles with reels—now with a winch at the rear end of the bay. In the event that a rocket got stuck while it was aimed up out of the bay, the next step, after the bolt on the launcher was loosened, would be to winch the rocket down. Musgrave ran the rope from the winch around one of a series of rollers lining the inner edge of the aft bulkhead and through a pulley; then he attached a hook at the end to a small ring on the launcher. He tried cranking in various ways, such as tethering himself and using both arms to crank, or cranking with one arm and gripping a handhold with the other—the method he preferred. When he was through, he couldn't get the hook off: the rope was taut, and the reel's ratcheting mechanism was stuck. Musgrave jokingly threatened to cut the rope with a pair of scissors in his space-suit pocket, but the ground told him not to, because the winch might be needed to crank in the payload-bay doors if their motors should fail. Eventually, he slipped the rope off the roller. "We need more communication with the winch people," he grumbled to me later. He then returned to the forward end of the bay, to test another winch.

That done, he picked up a big toolbox (it weighed forty pounds on earth), attached it to his wrist tether, and travelled back down the wire to the rear of the bay, in order to test his ability to translate with a heavy load. At first, the big box flapped all around and banged into him, but he finally got the hang of it. Musgrave remarked once that moving about in space was

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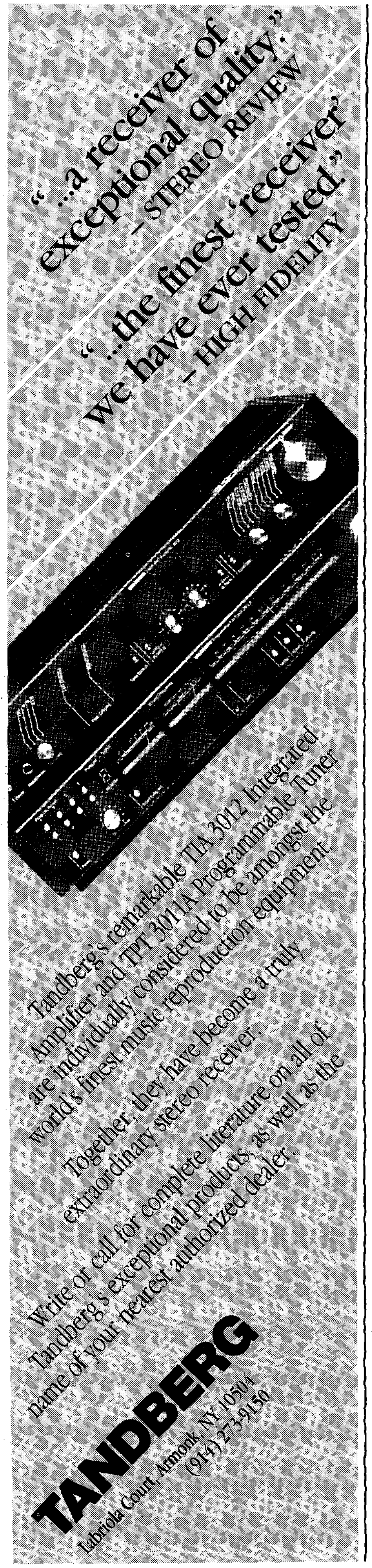

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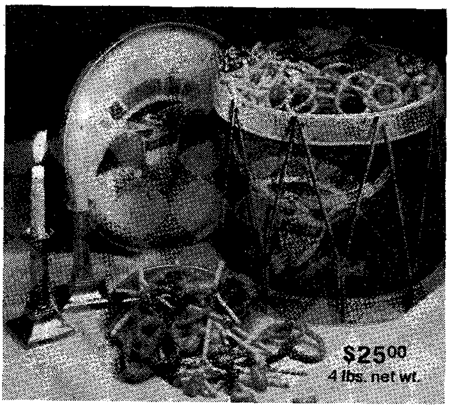
very much like moving about underwater, as he had done, for practice, in NASA's big tanks—though in space it was easier, because once you got going you didn't stop until something stopped you. "And it's a lot deeper a tank than I'm used to," he added. In fact, as the astronauts hung on to the sides of the cargo bay or poked about the bottom they looked a little like fish scouting the bottom of a lake, for their heads were down and their feet angled rigidly upward, like tails. The pressure in the suits kept their legs straight out and their arms at an angle well above the horizontal; accordingly, if they were holding on to something in the cargo bay, that was the position they naturally assumed. Watching them was mesmerizing, the way watching fish in an aquarium can be—something that Weitz, at the window, soon discovered. "It's more Star Warsy than 'Star Wars,'" he said later.

THE seventh mission, which was launched on June 18th, took another step toward the Solar Max mission: the astronauts used the remote-manipulator arm to practice capturing a special satellite that they took up with them and brought back. The seventh flight was a milestone in a number of ways. It was the first to carry a crew of five and the first to carry any of the new astronauts, who had been chosen since 1978 expressly for the shuttle program. (There were four of them aboard, and though the commander, Captain Robert L. Crippen, of the Navy, was an old hand, he scored a first by being the first astronaut to go a second time on a shuttle flight.) And it carried the first American woman astronaut, Sally K. Ride. Most of these firsts were duplicated on the eighth mission, launched August 30th: it was the second to carry five people, the second to carry new astronauts, the second to carry a repeater (Richard H. Truly, its commander, had been the pilot of the second mission), and the second to carry a human being who was not a white male—Guion S. Bluford, Jr., the first American black in space. All told, seventy-eight people are now active astronauts; of these, sixty have been chosen since 1978; and, of the sixty, eight are women and four are black men. Most of the new astronauts, according to Joe Allen, who is himself in his mid-forties, represent a whole new generation, and one that enters NASA perhaps better prepared to be astronauts.



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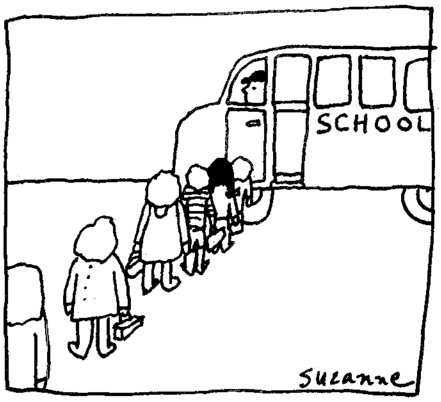
"To my parents' generation, travel by airplane was new and exciting, but to my generation it was old hat, while spaceflight was new," Allen said to me once. "The new astronauts grew up with spaceflight as we did with airplanes, and they accept it as routine."

Though new astronauts accept spaceflight as routine, and easily accept women and blacks among their number, some members of the press who covered the missions were not as easily adaptable. NASA itself may have been partly to blame, for it turned the seventh-mission astronauts, and particularly Sally Ride, a thirty-two-year-old mission specialist, into a major press event; they were sent on a public-relations tour in the middle of July which won't end until the middle of October. The big puff may have been all the more overinflated, because the Russians had previously sent up two women and one black man without much fanfare. As for the crew members, they behaved with a restraint that did them credit in the face of the onslaught; basically, all they wanted was to be treated like any other astronauts, and be left alone to get on with their jobs. Sally Ride was the hardest hit; at press conferences, she was bombarded with questions such as "Sally, now that you have the opportunity to achieve your goals, what advice do you have for the young women of our nation to best achieve their goals?" and "Do you have any plans to be the first mother who has travelled in space?" and "During training, when there was a problem, how did you respond—did you weep, or what did you do?" (Some reporters may have overcompensated in the opposite direction; I myself hesitated to ask her, for fear of being insensitive to her position, whether she had had trouble controlling her long hair in space—a legitimate question, since I and others had noticed that in photographs taken in weightlessness her hair was bushier than it had been in gravity. When I



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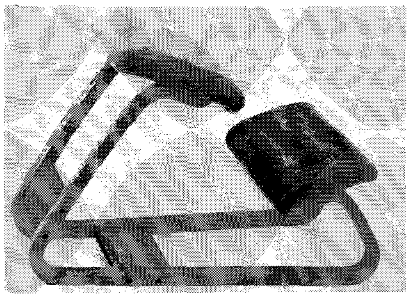
did ask it, she said she had had no trouble with her hair floating up.) She seemed happy when, after the flight, Crippen described her as a "super crewperson," and she accepted a citation signed by more than seven hundred women government employees.

On the fifth day of the mission, the crew members—in addition to Crippen and Ride and Norman Thagard, the S.A.S. expert, there was Captain Frederick H. Hauck, the pilot, and Colonel John M. Fabian, another mission specialist—all lined up at the console along the rear windows for the exercises with the arm and the special satellite. Although they were in relatively close quarters, they felt crowded only once, and that was when one crewman was taking a photograph out the window while another was operating the arm and trying to look out the same window. Both Crippen and Ride told me afterward that the orbiter was more than roomy enough for five people, and should have no difficulty accommodating six on the Spacelab mission. The eighth-mission astronauts felt uncrowded; Truly felt that five was the ideal number. "We've stayed out of each other's way most of the time, we've done our jobs, and we've had plenty of time to visit with each other," he said during the eighth crew's orbit-to-ground press conference. He observed that he didn't see how previous crews had got along with fewer than five.

For each of the exercises with the arm and satellite, either Crippen or Hauck maneuvered the spacecraft from rear controls at the starboard side of the console, which enabled them to fly it while they looked out the cargo-bay windows or the overhead windows. The three others took turns operating the manipulator arm from the port side. Those who were not doing either took turns reading checklists, photographing the action outside the windows, or sending commands to the satellite—the Shuttle Pallet Satellite, or SPAS, which had been built in Germany and brought up in the bay. A flat platform fifteen feet long and five feet wide, the SPAS bore several round canisters and odd-looking tripods—instruments of various sorts, including a materials-processing experiment, a mass spectrometer, a sensor for studying the earth, and a camera—so that it looked rather like a tea tray in the sky. It also had a grappling fixture sticking out from it, at a point where it could be easily balanced, for the arm to pick



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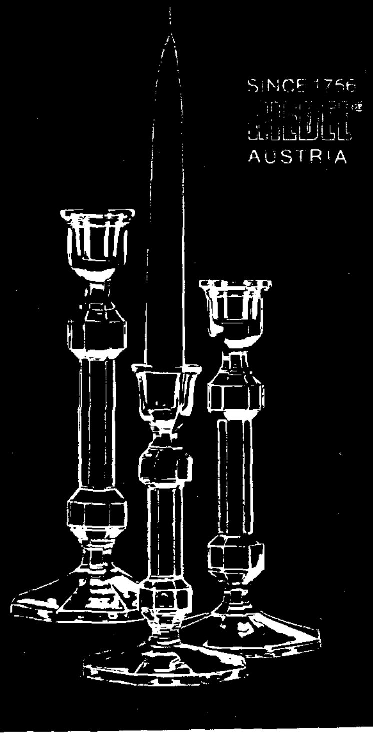

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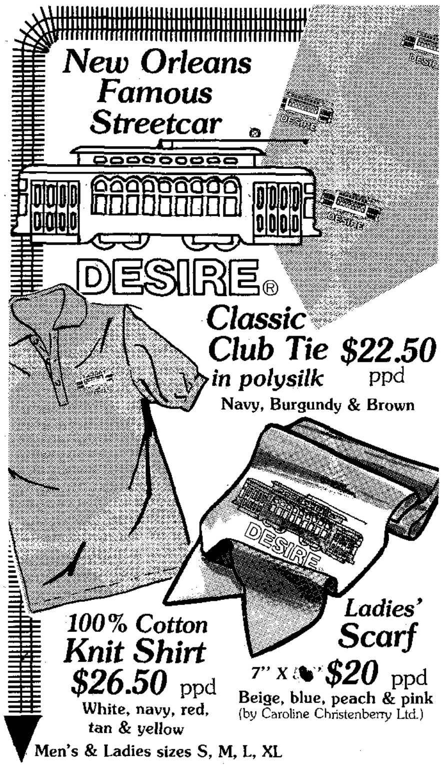

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it up by. Fabian, the first to use the arm, maneuvered it with a pair of hand controllers on the console—one for rotating the end effector (a sort of hand for the arm), the other for making the arm translate. When he had fitted the end effector—a hollow cylinder with three wires inside—over the fixture, he pressed a trigger on one of the hand controllers, causing the wires to tighten and draw the fixture inward, so that the end effector fitted tightly against the SPAS. Then—after releasing some latches—he lifted the SPAS from its cradle. Thus far, he had done nothing that hadn't been done by the astronauts on the third mission. Now, however, he raised the SPAS high out of the cargo bay and released it. Fabian and the other astronauts looked closely to see whether the SPAS had been inadvertently set spinning by the end effector, the way a ball can spin off the ends of the fingers—a phenomenon of baseball diamonds, bowling alleys, and space which NASA engineers call "tipoff rates." There was virtually no spin. After only a minute, Fabian retrieved the SPAS; for the first test, he just wanted to make sure that the hardware worked properly. As he maneuvered the end effector back onto the fixture, he did not look out the window. Instead, he looked at a television screen to his right, which showed a picture from the arm's wrist; that way, it was a simple matter to guide the end effector to the target. "Hand-eye coördination is important, but training may be just as important," I was told later by Ride, who, like Fabian, had practiced this maneuver hundreds of times in simulators, and who found the real thing in space easier. "You don't feel as though the arm and the end effector were extensions of your own arm and hand, exactly, because your hands are not going through the same motions; rather, it's like flying a spacecraft," she explained. It was also great fun, she added. None of the astronauts missed the target and had to start over again. "That is something you try not to do," she said. The crew-quarters engineers had put loops on the floor by the consoles, so that the astronauts could anchor themselves for the delicate work, but neither Fabian nor Ride used them, choosing to float free instead; the hand controllers had hand rests in front of them, and Ride held on to those for stability. "Anchoring isn't something we wanted to do much. It's fun to float free," she told me. On the eighth mission, one astro-

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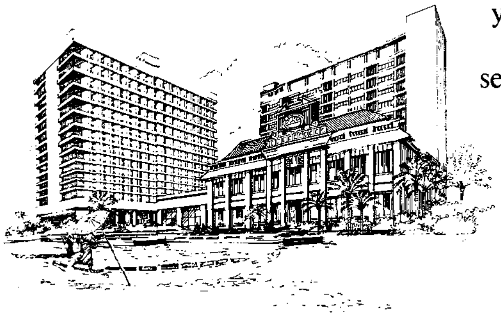

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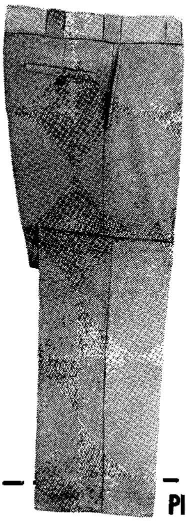

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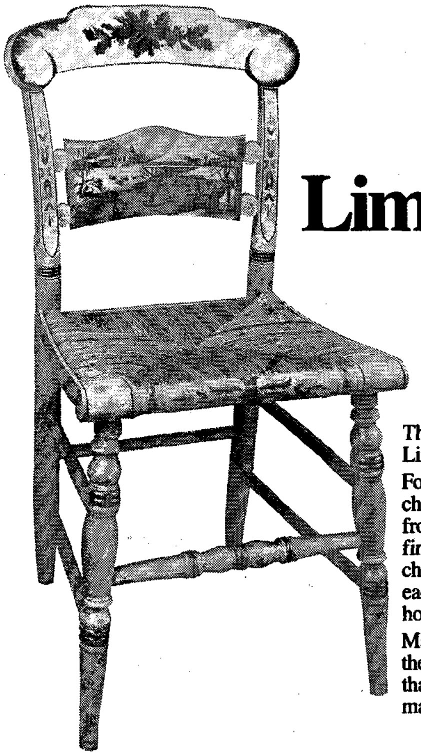

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naut, Dale Gardner, felt so carefree that he flicked switches for the arm with his feet.

Fabian, still at the controls, released the SPAS a second time, for a far longer period. The orbiter moved away from it and approached and retrieved it again. Close-quarter maneuvers of this sort are called proximity operations, or prox ops, by astronauts, who will be doing more of them when they pick up working satellites, such as the Solar Max, or deliver components for space stations. Crippen told me afterward that the prox-ops exercises increased his confidence in the procedure for capturing the Solar Max on the thirteenth mission, which he will also be commanding. The seventh mission was the last chance the astronauts had to practice catching satellites with the arm. Although the eighth mission carried a large package for the arm to heft about, the arm never released it. That object, which weighed seven thousand four hundred and sixty pounds, or more than twice what the SPAS weighed, had fixtures in odd places, to give the astronauts practice in getting the arm to lift unbalanced payloads—something it may have to do if NASA ever builds a space station. Sometime next year, the arm will move on to hoisting an object that weighs twenty thousand pounds—well along in the sequence leading to a space-station module, which might weigh thirty-two thousand pounds. On the eighth mission, the arm worked as well as it had on the seventh. As for the other tasks undertaken on the seventh mission, which included the successful launch of two communications satellites atop PAM-Ds, Crippen was so pleased with the way things had gone that he reported later—embroidering on Allen's words on behalf of the Ace Moving Company—"We pick up and deliver."

LAST winter, I took a trip to the Kennedy Space Center, at Cape Canaveral, to see the Spacelab, which is going into orbit aboard the ninth mission and was then being assembled in the Operations and Checkout Building, a big, rambling structure near the center's headquarters. I was led by an engineer, John Twigg, into a very long, very high, and relatively narrow white room with long rows of lights set into the ceiling; in the center of the floor, down the length of the room, ran a series of high scaffolds, each bearing a part of the Spacelab. The workmen up on the scaffolds wore white overalls and white hats, and had white cloth boots over their shoes; visitors, in their ordinary clothes, were not allowed up there. More than anything else, the scaffolds, made of steel girders, resembled sections of elevated-train platforms. For that matter, the Spacelab itself, most of which was assembled on a scaffold near the center of the room, looked very much like a small locomotive towing a small flatcar: the laboratory was simply a cylinder, some twenty-two feet long and fourteen feet in diameter, and behind it was a pallet, or flatbed, that carried instruments to be exposed to space—sensors for studying starlight or for studying the solar wind or for sensing emanations from the spacecraft itself. It was difficult to see the instruments on the pallet, because they were covered, and it was impossible to see inside the cylindrical laboratory module, because the ends were capped with what are called end cones—slightly conical covers.

Other scaffolds supported duplicates of various elements of the Spacelab, used for testing, so it was possible to get an idea of what the concealed parts looked like. On one scaffold was nothing but a pair of upright racks, set facing each other, as they would be inside the module, and slightly angled inward toward the top, the better to fit the cylinder's contour; this particular pair—one of six pairs that line the entire module—was the master pair, containing most of the controls for the Spacelab. On another scaffold was a duplicate of the pallet, with all its instruments uncovered. I could make out what looked like a blue water fountain but was in fact a sort of electron gun; and a square metallic box that was a contamination monitor. In all, there were about a dozen instruments, bristling with antennas and pipes of one sort or another. They and the instruments inside the module made a total of thirty-eight experiments, belonging to both NASA and the European Space Agency. Collectively, they represent all types of experiments done in space—atmospheric physics and earth observations, plasma physics, materials science and technology, astronomy and solar physics, and the life sciences. Though future missions would be devoted to one or another of these categories, the first mission was meant to be a trial balloon for all of them.

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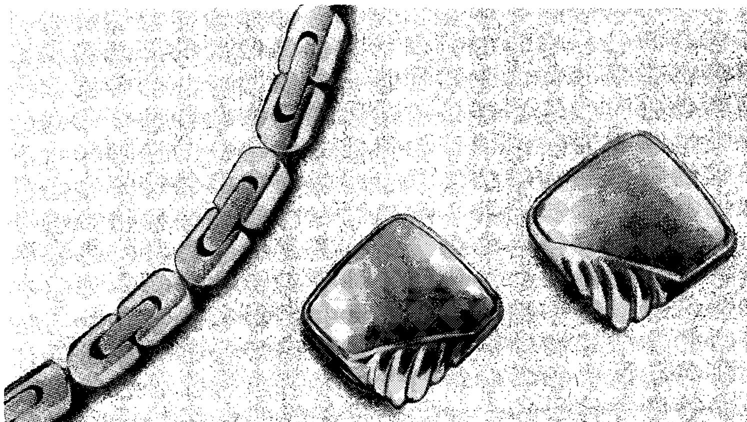

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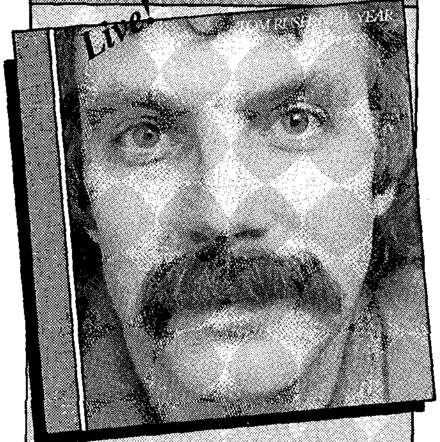

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Processing Facility, and loaded into the Columbia's cargo bay. As Twigg pointed out, it is far easier to get everything into the cargo bay when the orbiter is horizontal than when it is vertical, on the pad. Still, some items will have to be loaded on the pad, among them biology experiments that include living things, such as plants and a monkey. Twigg was a little worried about the monkey. Leading me to the back end of the hangar, he showed me what looked like a length of pea-green stovepipe some three feet in diameter, with a couple of right-angle turns in it, and explained that it was the access tunnel that would lead from the air lock in the middeck to the Spacelab. (The kinks were necessary because the hatch leading from the middeck air lock was lower than the hatch in the Spacelab, at the center of the nearer end cone.) Twigg was not at all sure how the technicians at the launchpad were going to get the monkey, in its cage, around those bends. "We'll probably have to station a couple of men down there, suspended on bosun's chairs, to hand the cage around," he said.

ABOARD the ninth mission will be two men known as payload specialists, Bryon Lichtenberg and Ulf Merbold, who will be operating the Spacelab. They are the first members of a new group to go into space: people who are *not* NASA astronauts but employees of clients who have major pieces of hardware aboard, and their presence marks a long step in the direction of flying ordinary citizens in space—a possibility that is being talked about increasingly around NASA. It is even being talked about in space, for during the eighth crew's press conference from orbit Truly said, "I do think in the future we can safely and easily fly private citizens in space, with the proper introduction and preparation. I don't think on this flight we would have any problem with one—as a matter of fact, this probably would have been a nice one to have a passenger, a citizen, with us."

Truly has been on a NASA committee set up to study the question—the Task Force for the Study of Issues in Selecting Private Citizens for Space Shuttle Flight—and in May the committee recommended that in the middle and late eighties, when there might be some extra seats available aboard the shuttle, some private citizens be allowed to go up. Several months earlier, while the committee was in

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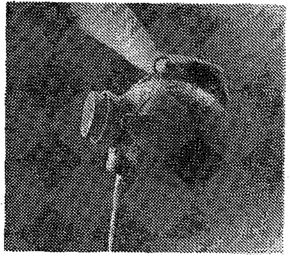

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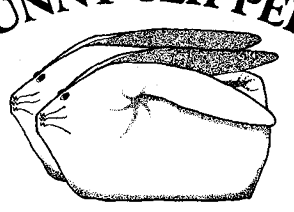

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the middle of its work, I sought out its chairman, John E. Naugle, when I happened to be at the NASA headquarters, in Washington. He has the reputation of being NASA's resident intellectual, and he looks the part; he is a short, bald man with woolly whiskers covering much of the lower half of his face, and he was wearing a professorial dark-brown suit. A cosmic-ray physicist who joined NASA in 1959, he became associate administrator for space science in 1967, associate administrator in 1974, and chief scientist in 1976; and although he retired in 1979, he is frequently recalled for special tasks, such as this one. Despite his scientific background, he was strongly of the opinion that people from the arts or the humanities should be given priority when extra seats became available—and later the committee recommended precisely that. "C. P. Snow, rightly or wrongly, pointed out that our society was divided into two cultures, and if that is the case then the people who have been sent into space so far have been drawn almost exclusively from one culture, the scientific one," Naugle said. "The second culture—people in the arts and the humanities—has not really dealt with spaceflight yet, and it is high time that it did."

Ever since the early days of the Apollo program, if not before, NASA has been receiving letters from citizens who want to go into space, and with the advent of the shuttle the mail has increased. There have been a number of letters from writers and musicians and artists who want to write or compose or paint while they are in space. One proposal, from a technical-minded artist, was to go into orbit to develop hardware that later would help other artists in space, where brushes and tubes, not to mention dabs of paint, would be likely to fly about. There have been requests from ballet dancers who want to do their grands jetés in weightlessness, but, as Naugle pointed out, the space shuttle may be too small for what they have in mind. And choreographers would like to compose space ballets—or, at least, be inspired by the experience of space to write new ballets for production on earth. Indeed, many of the letters have come from artists of various types who want to go because they suspect that after they return the experience would influence their work in some way, and Naugle himself feels that this possibility is of greater interest than what an artist might do while he is actually

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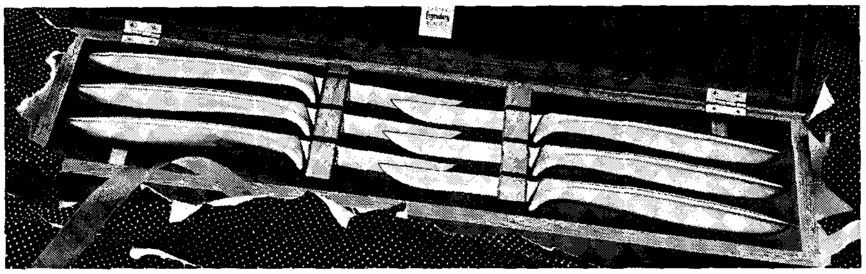

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there. Which arts would be represented in space first is, of course, undecided, though when I talked with Naugle he seemed to incline toward a suggestion that NASA start with the more concrete arts—such as reporting and photography—and then move on to the more abstract ones. This certainly would be compatible with the way NASA explores new worlds (external ones, as opposed to the internal ones explored by artists, but in NASA's view the principles involved might be the same): the agency ordinarily starts with a flyby mission, then comes an orbital mission, followed by a hard lander, a soft lander, and finally, perhaps, a manned landing. According to this scheme, reporters and photographers might fill the role of flybys; fiction writers and landscape painters might be orbiters; abstract-expressionist and minimalist painters, and poets, composers, and choreographers might be the hard landers. As it happens, some of the flyby arts have already been flown in space by the astronauts themselves, a few of whom, such as Allen, in photography, and Michael Collins, the command-module pilot on the first moon landing and the author of "Carrying the Fire," have excelled; building on what they have done would have a certain logic. (When I mentioned this line of thought to an abstract artist I know—the order in which the arts might be rocketed into space and the possible outcomes make very good dinner conversation—he argued that the abstract painter or the composer or the poet should go first, because what such an artist would do might be more profound and less predictable.) Whatever the case, Naugle wants to avoid at all costs what he calls "a sort of Noah's Ark situation," where there would be categories that had to be filled, such as a poet, a painter, and a musician, or even subcategories, such as a lyric poet, a pop-art painter, and a trombone player. "That way, you could get up to fifty in no time," he said.

Many NASA executives are interested in the proposal to send citizens into space, for they feel that it is consistent with NASA's charter, which stipulates that the agency be as open as possible; and at a time when NASA is becoming more secretive in some areas—about proprietary rights of customers, military activities, even sickness in space—it is heartening to see it becoming more open in at least one new one. About the only people at NASA who are sour on the idea are, predict-

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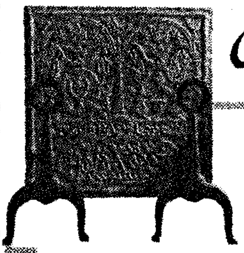

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ably, some of the astronauts. "They're of two minds," Naugle, who had recently been to the Space Center, told me. "They understand the responsibility to the public. Yet some of them have been astronauts for fifteen years and haven't flown yet—and here we're talking of sending up ordinary citizens." The astronauts complain that ordinary citizens might be troublesome; they say that one crew member would have to be delegated to look after the passenger full time, acting as a combination guide and keeper. It was suggested to NASA in Houston that the passenger's time should be programmed, like an astronaut's—with time set aside for questions, and time set aside for painting, writing, or composing. It could be that the two cultures will have as hard a time getting together in orbit as they have on the ground.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

◆

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Fenton (Mich.) Independent*]

Carol McCarty turned 40 on May 5. She experienced two surprises for the momentous occasion. She was at Fenton's Century-21, Park Place, on Friday when a man was ushered into her office. While interviewing him as a possible investor she was discussing depreciation, when he said,

"It's warm," and began taking off his tie.

She couldn't figure out "what was coming off," when the music began and the male stripper started peeling.

"I was so embarrassed," said Carol.

She thought that was the end of celebrating, but on Saturday evening a hearse arrived at her home on Moffitt drive. She and her husband Pat were greeted by a chauffeur dressed as Father Time (long white hair, a beard, dress suit with tails).

Carol claims she was really frightened. The hearse took them to the Oregon Circle home of Vince and Marlene Zajenkauskas, where approximately 60 guests awaited, along with the McCartys' sons, and her sister.

Decorations included a casket sporting a mannequin dressed in a gold Century-21 jacket and a dead flower corsage with black ribbon and a card stating, "Ask Me About Trauma?"

Pictures on display included those of the birthday girl as a nude baby, as a child, teenager, those of her wedding and current shots. Her baby book and high school year were also shown.

Dead bouquets were used for decoration along with black ribbons. The birthday cake was topped with black icing, but the buffet was outstanding.

Gifts included such useful gifts as outdated railroad stock, an antiqated picture of naked cherubs, Geritol, mineral oil and many unprintable tokens.

It seems the man who drove the McCartys to the "wake" was none other than former mortician Tom Allen.

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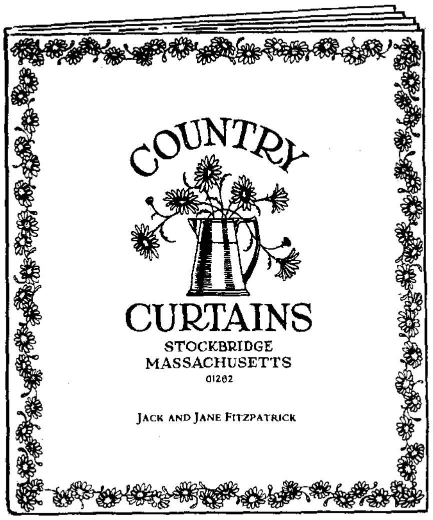

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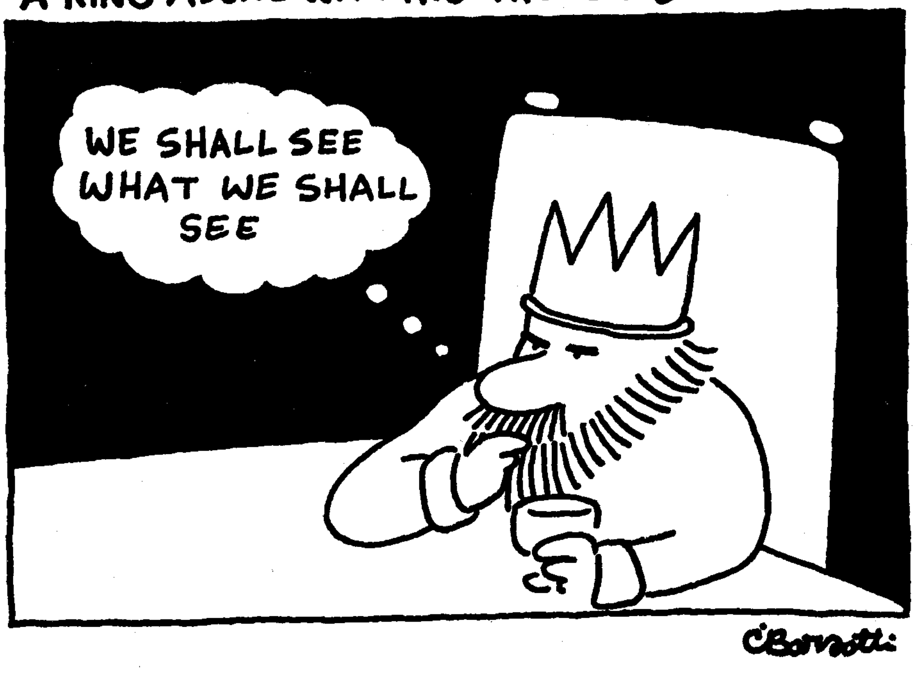
THE CURRENT CINEMA

On Golden Swamp

“CROSS CREEK,” an account of a woman’s struggle to become a writer, is given a supernal glow by the director Martin Ritt. The picture seems to be suffering from earthshine: everything is lighted to look holy, and whenever the score isn’t shimmering and burnishing, nature is twittering. It’s all pearly and languid, and more than a little twerpy—it’s one long cue for “Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin’.” Loosely based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings’ semi-autobiographical tales about what she learned during her years in an orange grove in the Florida swamps, the movie opens in 1928. We’re meant to admire Mrs. Rawlings (Mary Steenburgen), a Northerner, for her courage in leaving her home and husband and going down to Florida to write. But the script doesn’t give even a hint of why she bought the grove (sight unseen), or why she thinks she’ll find more propitious conditions for writing gothic romances in the subtropical marshland than she had in her bedroom or her study in New York. The filmmakers view her as a feminist ahead of her time—a heroine who gives up a soft life and goes out on her own to face hardships. Yet the way they tell the story, she’s almost immediately equipped with everything she has cast aside. When her jalopy gives out before she arrives at her property, it’s said to be in hopeless condition, but the courtly and handsome hotelkeeper Norton Baskin (Peter Coyote), who drives her to her tumbledown shack, shows up again a day or two later bringing the car, which has been repaired so that it looks sparkling and new. Meanwhile, friendly neighbors have been dropping in, and Mrs. Rawlings has hired a young black woman, Geechee (Alfre Woodard), to clean and cook, and field hands to take care of the crops. The house is already transformed; it’s gracious and orderly, and she’s at her typewriter, with a potted gloxinia blooming nearby. She’s ladylike, and the local people do everything for her. So what’s so heroic about her—beyond her managerial skills?

The film’s central peculiarity is that Mary Steenburgen doesn’t make contact with the audience. Our emotions circulate among the other characters; they never land on her, and it’s because she’s so withdrawn. She has a tight, little-girl voice, and she seems to count to ten before she speaks; her eyes narrowed, she looks at the person she’s going to say something to, and we have to wait until she says it. I think she wants us to see that Mrs. Rawlings is a determined woman who doesn’t speak lightly, and that she observes everything around her and takes it in—stores it for her art. But the movie dies many deaths during her ten-beat considerations. She’s playing in “real time,” and everyone else is playing in heightened, theatrical style; the other actors take us out for a ride, and she keeps putting the brakes on.

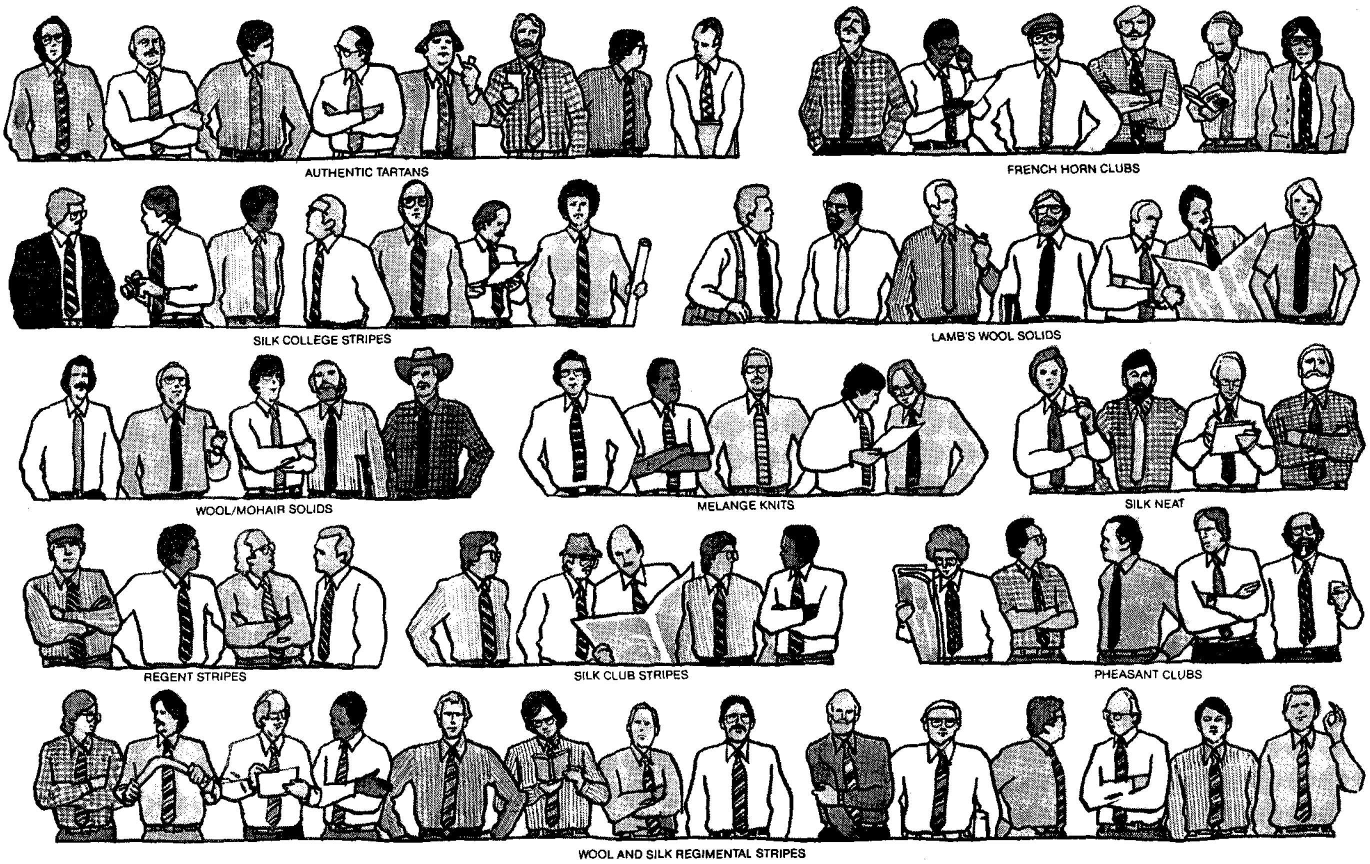
A KING ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS


WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE
CBarsotti

Her character isn’t appealing in other ways, either. Mary Steenburgen has traded in her softness for a frosty, patrician manner. And with crisp hat-brims that come down to her eyes, and her expression pinched and vinegary, Mrs. Rawlings is a Mary Poppins even when she’s belting down a shot of corn liquor. She treats that tall, charming Norton Baskin abominably. But he must see in her what the filmmakers see (and what they fail to show us), because he keeps coming back. And he’s certainly a resourceful fellow. He doesn’t just get cars repaired; he flushes Maxwell Perkins out of the swamps. Perkins (Malcolm McDowell) explains that he has been visiting “Ernest in Key West,” and before dinner he sits down to read Marjorie’s latest effort, her breakthrough story, “Jacob’s Ladder,” which, of course, isn’t a gothic—it’s about the lives of backwoods people—and Perkins tells her he’ll publish it.

Ritt and his collaborators seem to have adopted a child’s-storybook women’s-liberation approach. Actually, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings and her husband, Charles, bought the Florida grove together and lived there for about five years before they separated. And all these “giving” people! In the movie, Geechee follows her mistress’s example: she learns to be independent. Luckily for Mrs. Rawlings, she goes right on cleaning and cooking. (Independence seems to make her a perfect, loving servant.) In the book “Cross Creek,” Geechee is a hopeless, tormented drunk who wanders off, and she and the other characters don’t do much without expecting something in return. It’s a readable, tough-minded book, filled with people who, according to the author, are “a blend of the true and the imagined.” One of its weaknesses is the homey sententiousness about “the land” which mars a few paragraphs of the opening and closing chapters; this high-toned guff is just what Mary Steenburgen is given to recite in voice-over. Most of the movie is sun-coated and sugar-cured. It’s the development of a writer according to the Waltons.

Something about centering a picture on a heroine seems to lead Ritt to Disneyfy his men. In his “Norma Rae,” both Beau Bridges and Ron Leibman were emasculated; here Norton Baskin, the character based on Mrs. Rawlings’ second husband and widower, has no apparent interest in



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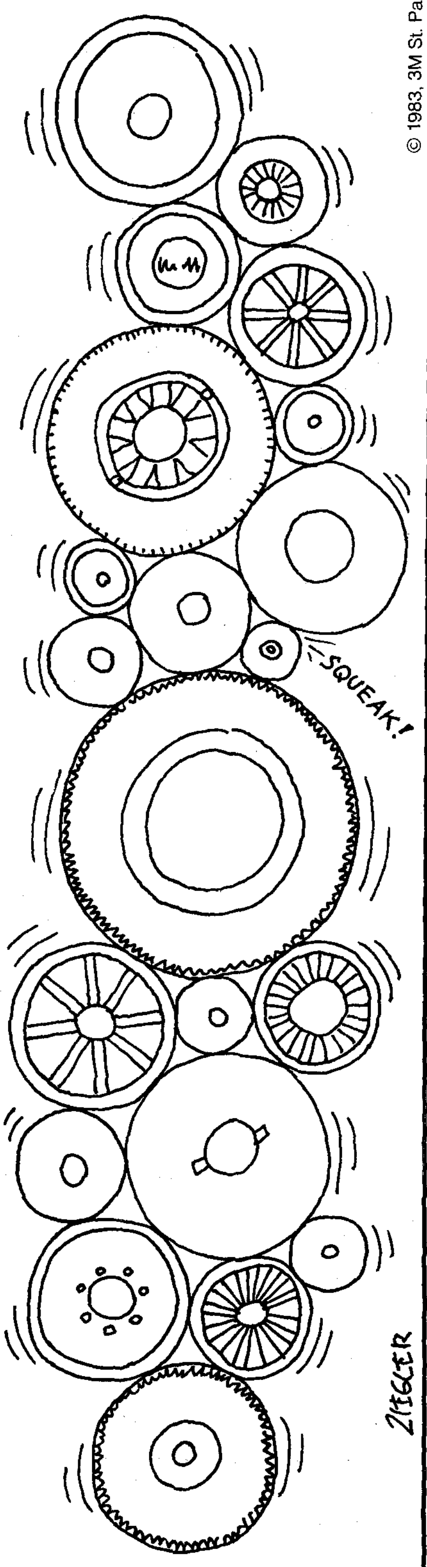

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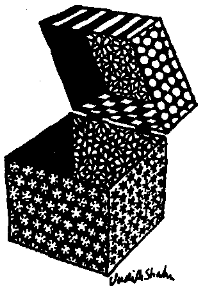
life except to be supportive of this wonderful woman, who keeps rejecting him. Peter Coyote (he was Keys in "E.T.") has a Jiminy Cricket charm, and he manages to suggest an amiable, gentlemanly insolence; he's a spiffy fellow for a woman to turn up in the swamps (or any other place). But he has been sprinkled with pixie dust. The only man in the movie who has any strength as a character is Rip Torn as Marsh Turner—a Cracker on a grand scale and too powerful for sweetening. Rip Torn is off and running before Mary Steenburgen finishes her ten-point count. Cobbled together out of several people in the book (and probably intended to represent the spirit of the place itself), Marsh Turner figures in a subplot, which is basically a revamped version of Mrs. Rawlings' book "The Yearling." He's a father who loves his daughter (Dana Hill) so much that he lets her make a pet of a fawn, even though he realizes that the grown deer will endanger the family's food supply.



Ritt shows his flair for melodrama in his handling of the hyper-emotional entanglement between father and daughter. The scriptwriter, Dalene Young, piles most of the film's dramatic action into these scenes, and Rip Torn and Dana Hill work together with what looks like spontaneous frenzy—you believe in his passion for her, and she's almost as far into her character as she was in "Shoot the Moon." (She was so very bad in her starring role in the TV production of "The Member of the Wedding" that her performance here is a return to grace.) In the past, Torn's emotions have generally been twisted, and he has often had a mean, hipster's glint. His meanness was fun; it was tonic. But his being *on* was sometimes the essence of his acting and of his characters. They fed off being *on*—that's what made them seem sadistic, sharklike. Self-hate was Rip Torn's specialty. Here, he's essentially decent; he's untwisted, and you see more sides to him than in his usual roles. There's a warm, free-flowing stream of emotion in his performance; both the character and Torn himself seem capable of sorrow (and of generosity). As Marsh Turner, he wears a feather in his hat. He's a gallant, responsible husband and father who's also a grandstanding rowdy. Then, within a few minutes of screen time, he turns into a weeping, broken man; drunk and in despair, he throws an empty liquor keg through a shopwindow in town; returning home, he bangs things in misery, breaking up furniture. Marsh Turner's emotions rear up very large, and he simply discharges them—when he's bashing chairs or tables, it's like brushing a tear away. It's a rampaging role, but Torn doesn't seem to be afraid of anything, and he gives his character a pleasure in performance—something that American actors rarely do. He endows this backwoods man with his own love of whooping it up in front of people, and with an awareness of the impressions he makes. It's a demonstration of a wild-man actor's art—he lets us see how rage and tears verge on each other. It's crazy, great acting, and the picture would be stone cold without it.

You can't really dislike "Cross Creek." It's lulling, in a semi-stupifying way. You sit there staring at this prestige item that might have been planned to open at Radio City Music Hall for Easter Week circa 1935. Alfre Woodard brings some speed and urgency to Geechee's first conversation with Mrs. Rawlings, when she insists that she be hired. And Ritt handles the low-key scenes involving a white handyman, Tim (John Hammond), and his bedraggled wife (Toni Hudson) with a sure—if slightly mechanical—touch. (The Tim episode is like a classic yet shopworn short story.) Yet even what is well done feels out of whack. I think what keeps it that way is the misconception of the central figure—envisioning her as a muted, passive artist who soaks up the local color, and leaving us to watch her soak. It may be an impossible-to-play role; the heroine never deepens or takes hold. At the end, she says that she has become a part of Cross Creek, but to us she's still an outsider. Mrs. Rawlings—that's what the people in the movie call her—comes across as a lyrical stiff.

The remarkably ugly ads seem to be trying to suggest radiant respectability: they show the heroine peering out from a background of blotches and lily pads, and they describe the picture as "The true and compelling story of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Pulitzer Prize winning authoress of 'The Yearling.' " That sad, misbegotten word "authoress" is emblematic of everything that went wrong with the movie.

ABOUT halfway into the Australian comedy "Lonely Hearts," the shy Patricia (Wendy Hughes) is sitting in a tea room with the eager, eccentric Peter (Norman Kaye), and she looks out the window and says that she loves Melbourne in the winter. And her comment may bring you up short, because it makes you realize that you haven't registered where or when the film is taking place. "Lonely Hearts" is burdened by that title and, much worse, by its nondescript look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. The exteriors are as cheerless as the orange-brown interiors. This is a movie in which you have to settle for the acting and the odd flyspecks of humor. Wendy Hughes, who looks a bit like Joan Hackett here, starts out with her straight dark hair solemnly parted in the middle and tucked behind her ears. She is perfectly in control of her performance: she's a beautiful woman acting plain, and she is skillful enough to put across every nuance of Patricia's sexual repression. Patricia is a bank clerk in her thirties who wilted before she bloomed. Now she has moved away from the parents who intimidated her, taken an apartment of her own, and got herself a therapist. She's still wearing proper-schoolgirl clothes (jumpers and shirtwaist dresses), and she moves with an agony of self-consciousness, but she has signed up with a dating service.

That's how she meets Peter, a forty-nine-year-old piano tuner who has just been liberated by the death of the invalid mother he has been caring for. Norman Kaye, a stage and TV performer making his film début here, doesn't always ring as true as Wendy Hughes does, but then he doesn't hit as many familiar notes as she does, either. (She gives the standard fine-actress-playing-dowdy-aging-virgin performance.) Norman Kaye is playing an individual whose traits don't add up the way character traits in movies usually do. Peter has a furtive, childlike prankishness in him, and that's what keeps the movie alive. Norman Kaye is an unpredictable actor, who takes a lot of quirky, vagrant chances. He plays Peter with a ruddy, mottled complexion, and his face is an uncharted maze of tics and wrinkles, topped by a hairpiece that's like Pagliacci's hat. The total effect is surprisingly genial and attractive. Peter is most likable, I think, in the scene at a rehearsal

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of the amateur theatrical group he has brought Patricia into; sitting behind his friend the director (Jon Finlayson) and watching the atrocious acting of his own amiable, innocent brother-in-law (Jonathan Hardy), he leans forward to make a comment, pressing his head down on his friend's shoulder to hide his giggles.

The budding romance between the timorous Patricia and the whimsical bachelor doesn't put too much of an emotional squeeze on us, because although the core material is moist the film's humor is dry and sometimes darting and sneaky. The movie is very casually strung together. It's an Australian variant of the comfy-cozy Ealing comedies of the fifties, but it doesn't have their precise construction or their sharply pointed wit. It moves from one small slapstick diversion to the next. The director, Paul Cox, who wrote the picture with John Clarke, falls back on such standbys as that little-theatre group, which helps to fill the big void in the script. There's not much story. Peter's work as a piano tuner allows the director to follow him into homes and institutions, and every place has some potty people or is good for a gag or two. So are the places that Peter and Patricia go to on their dates. (The director may feel virtuous about the film's dun-colored drabness; it may tie in with his conception of realism and how ordinary people see things.) At times, Cox may appear to be staging a "Candid Camera" show, but he whisks the principal actors in and out, and keeps the bit players busy. Peter always has another piano to tune or the theatre group has a crisis, and the film keeps bopping along. It's mildly satirical, mildly romantic, and mildly engaging.

If I'm stingy in my praise, it's because the people in the movie have been constricted so that we can like them. Patricia and Peter accept their ordinariness and aspire only to the happiness of simple, unassuming people. Their modest, desperate hopes are for what is clearly within their reach, and so we can smile complacently at their efforts. Their aspirations are scaled to flatter the audience: our smiles are like giving them a pat on the head. —PAULINE KAEL

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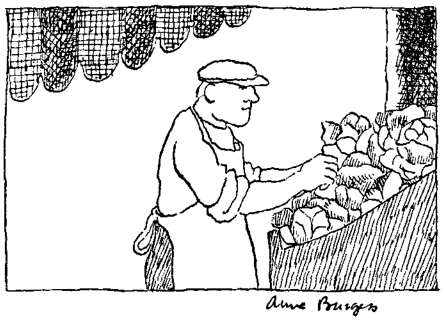
WEESET JOURNAL

August 20th: Weeset Point is a roughly triangular piece of land that juts a thousand or so feet into the great Nauset Marsh, a natural work of art that lies a third of the way up the east coast of Cape Cod, between Orleans and Eastham. For five summers, I have rented a small, one-story shingled house, shaped somewhat like a T, that sits fifty or sixty feet back from the tip of the point, its many-windowed, ship's-bridge living room offering a hundred-and-eighty-degree view of the marsh. The point, surrounded by water, tracked by birds, inhabited by animals, and worn by weather, is a compact wilderness, and it is exhilarating to come back to. (We are rarely conscious that the house is one of nine on the point, or that it is just two and a half miles from town.) The sky above Nauset Marsh is so big it can hold simultaneous events, as it did tonight. In the east, a sullen green moon, a day or two short of full, had just risen and was balanced between pink clouds and a lavender ocean. The rest of the eastern sky was a darkling blue, a fresh, new night blue. In the west, the sun, a pale gold-silver, was about to fall from a pale-blue late-afternoon sky. In ten minutes, it was over. The sun was gone, leaving a blazing afterglow, which turned the pines just to the west of the house black—as black as the water beyond them, in Woods Cove. The moon had become a distinguished, buoyant silver, and the path it made across the water to the point was wide and showy.

August 21st: The sun, seemingly having just set, started to rise at a quarter to six. But there was nothing straightforward about it. The grass in the marsh was green-black, and there were two huge, gooselike gray clouds in the eastern sky. The water in front of the point was beginning to hold light. Gulls, looking very white and bigger than they were, were already moving against the clouds. Light kept pouring into the sky, but still there was no sun. Then, from a purple pocket of cloud resting on the horizon, a narrow, flat, brilliant band of light appeared, disappeared, and reappeared, turning immediately into a bullying tomato sun. The colors of the marsh clicked on: the grasses became dusty green, the water a slate blue, the outer beach a dirty white. It was twenty after six.

The marsh is less a marsh than it is a small sea, an adjunct sea. It lies beside the ocean, from which it is separated by a delicate barrier beach a couple of hundred yards wide and ranging in height from a foot to twenty feet. It is connected to the ocean by an inlet—also called a cut or a harborway, depending on your age and origins. The inlet is generally two or three hundred yards wide, and is the only break in the forty-mile beach that runs from Chatham to Provincetown. For a long time, the inlet was at the south end of the marsh, just below the high headland of Nauset Heights, but in 1972 it began moving northward at the rate of over a hundred yards a year, and is now more than halfway to Eastham. The marsh is four miles long and a mile and a half wide. It is intricately shaped, and somewhat resembles a crude Humpty Dumpty, his back to the ocean and one leg longer than the other. The short leg is formed by the Mill Pond, a series of small connected pockets of water just to the west of Nauset Heights, and the long leg is formed by the Town Cove, a two-mile harbor, several hundred yards wide, that starts just to the north of Woods Cove and ends in the center of Orleans. The north shore of the marsh is a long, low headland that stretches from Salt Pond on the west to the old Coast Guard station on the ocean, and is covered with cedars and pines. (Without the Cape Cod National Seashore, which came into being twenty years ago, Nauset Marsh would probably be ringed with houses, and would be a Point Pleasant, a Hampton Beach, an Amagansett.) Thoreau walked across the top of the marsh at the start of his famous 1849 hike from Orleans to Provincetown, and he described it this way in "Cape Cod":

> We found ourselves at once on an apparently boundless plain, without a tree or fence, or, with one or two exceptions, a house in sight. Instead of fences, the earth was sometimes thrown up into a slight ridge. My companion compared it to the rolling prairies of Illinois. In the storm of wind and rain which raged when we traversed it, it no doubt appeared more vast and desolate than it really is. As there were no hills, but only here and there a dry hollow in the midst of the waste, and the distant horizon was concealed by mist, we did not know whether it was high or low. A solitary traveller whom we saw perambulating in the distance loomed like a giant. . . . Men and boys would have appeared alike at a little distance, there being no object by which to measure them. Indeed, to an inlander, the Cape landscape is a constant mirage.



The west shore of the marsh is made up of two gentle, rolling headlands, Skiff Hill and Fort Hill, together with the entrances to Town Cove and Woods Cove. The south shore covers a low, wet area known as Snow Shore Landing, the entrance to the Mill Pond, and Nauset Heights, which bristles with houses. (The National Seashore skirts its escarpment.) Six or seven islands take up the central part of the marsh. A couple of them are sandbars, with poop-deck dunes at one end and forecastle dunes at the other, but most are great hummocks, three or four feet high, and built over several hundred years of layer after layer of peat, which supports cord grass, salt-meadow grass, spike grass, and black grass. The hummocks are dotted with pools of various sizes, which are refreshed at high tide, and which are called pud holes, clam pools, sloughs, or pannes. Some are several feet deep and have a spooky, antediluvian look. Their bottoms are covered with soft, purple-green silt, two or three feet deep. The hummocks are traversed by small creeks, most of which dwindle and finally vanish. Occasionally, though, one goes all the way through. This is true—at high tide, anyway—of a little passage that cuts off the tip of the hummock nearest the point, and has been called the Straits of Magellan and the Hole-in-the-Wall. At low tide, the hummocks rise into broad plateaus, and at very high tides they disappear, making the marsh a veritable sea.

August 23rd: At half tide, the white marsh birds—egrets, gulls, terns—sit along the far edge of the hummock that faces us. A mile away, they look like Colonial villages. Blue herons, thinking themselves invisible, gather in the center of the hummock, in stiff, gray, clumps: old folks talking weather.

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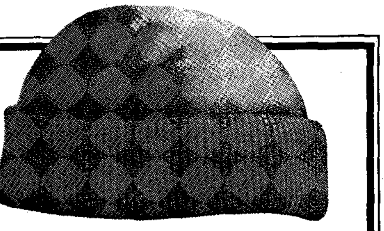

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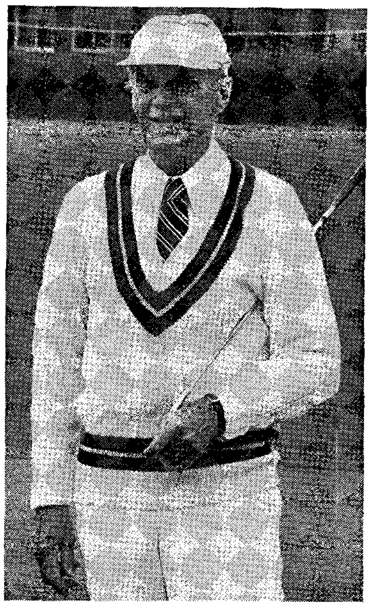
in what wind-driven New Englanders used to call stinkpots. But the best way to go is by canoe. It is never easy. The tidal currents are of Hell Gate strength and, combined with a contrary breeze, can bring you to a stop. The conditions late this morning for a canoe trip seemed acceptable—a gentle southerly breeze and a new incoming tide. I wanted to go with the tide up the west side of the marsh, past Fort Hill and Salt Pond, and into Nauset Bay at its northeast corner. Then I wanted to work my way back inside the outer beach, catching the incoming tide on the south side of the inlet. It would be a trip of five or six miles. The breeze and the tide carried us (my wife and two sons, aged twelve and fifteen) nicely by Town Cove and Skiff Hill. The top of the hummock grass was over our heads, and the exposed peat banks were covered with fiddler-crab holes and periwinkles. The only sound, when we stopped paddling and coasted, was the faint hiss of the water on the hull. A green heron, his head sunk into his neck, stood motionless against the peat, and I wouldn't have seen him if I hadn't caught his upstream silhouette when we were fifteen feet away. Around a bend beyond the heron, a small sandbar held a crowd of birds, among them a black-bellied plover, a knot, and a lesser yellowlegs. The bottom of the marsh changes constantly. The water is clean and clear, and we passed over shallow, sandy bottoms, black mussel beds, forests of eelgrass, which hide lobsters and flounder, and dark-green water, fifteen or twenty feet deep. We reached the entrance to Salt Pond—and ran out of water. Nauset Bay and the Coast Guard station shimmered in the distant northeast. Gulls stood ankle-deep in the water a hundred yards in front of us, laughing and waiting for enough water to get on with their fishing. We carried the canoe across a slippery flat to the channel near the entrance to Salt Pond and headed for home. Wrong breeze, wrong tide. It was head-on work every foot of the way, none of it harder than the last hundred yards, rounding Weeset Point. The Nauset Indians, who lived on the point four hundred years ago, probably taught every eight-year-old the lesson we had just learned: Go out with the last of the tide that takes you where you want to go and come back when it turns. And watch the wind.

On July 20, 1605, Samuel de Champlain, exploring the New En-



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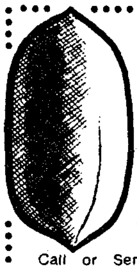

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gland coast in a pinnace carrying about twenty-five seamen and two Indians, sailed into Nauset inlet, leaving us an excellent map (with the inlet exactly halfway between Orleans and Eastham) and an excellent account of what he found. In his "Voyages and Explorations," he wrote, "The next day we went to the place that our men had discovered, which we found to be a very dangerous port, because of shallows and bars, and where we saw breakers in every direction. It was almost low tide when we entered it, and there were only four feet of water in the northern passage; at high tide there are two fathoms. When we were in it we found this place rather large, perhaps three or four leagues in circumference, all surrounded by little houses, about which each occupant had as much land as was necessary for his support. A rather pretty little river empties into it. [The entrance to Town Cove?] At low tide it is about three and a half feet deep. There are also two or three brooks bordered by meadows. This place would be very fine, if only the harbor were good. . . . A great many savages came to us, both men and women, who ran up from every direction dancing. We named this place Port de Mallebarre.

"The next day we went, with our arms, to see their settlement. . . Before arriving at their cabins, we entered a field planted with Indian corn. . . It was in flower and was five-and-a-half feet high. . . . We also saw a great many Brazilian beans, and squashes of various sizes, good to eat; some tobacco and some roots that they cultivated, which have the taste of the artichoke. The woods are filled with oaks, walnuts and very beautiful cypresses [cedars?], which are reddish and have a very good odor. There were also several fields that were not cultivated at all, because they were letting the soil lie fallow; when they wish to plant it they burn the grass and then till it with their wooden spades. Their cabins are round, covered with great mats made of reeds, and on the top, in the middle, there is about a foot-and-a-half open, where the smoke of the fires that they make escapes. . . . What gowns [the Indians] wear are made of grass and of hemp, and scarcely cover their bodies, reaching only to the thighs. . . . These people paint their faces red, black and yellow. They have almost no beard, and pull it out as fast as it grows, and their bodies are well proportioned. . . . They appear, to look at them,

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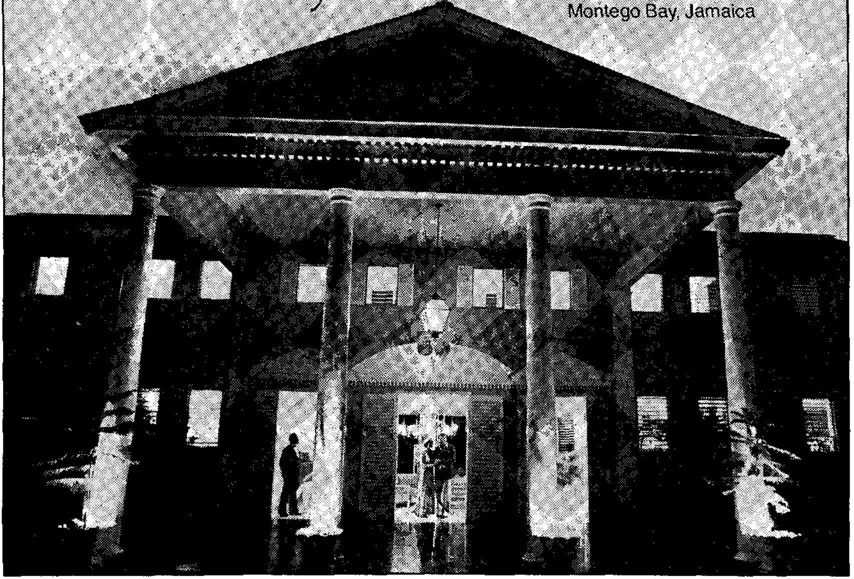

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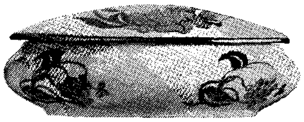

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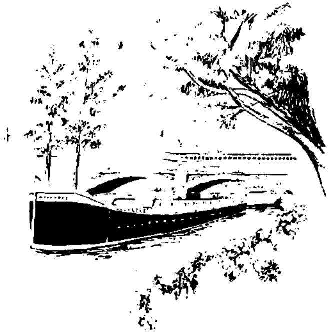
good-natured and better than those in the north; but, to tell the truth, they are bad. . .They are great thieves, and if they cannot secure a thing with their hands they try to do so with their feet."

AUGUST 25TH: Last evening about six, the wind dropped and the gnats came out. Immediately, fifty or sixty terns appeared over the point and went into a wheeling, diving, skittering, racing insect hunt. The sky was a solid battleship gray, and dark-gray clouds were moving south along the outer beach, dragging skirts of rain after them. The rain clouds turned toward us, crossing the outer channel and the big hummock, and the terns, having emptied the air, vanished. When the first drops of rain hit the house, all that was left above the marsh was a great blue heron, coasting toward the far side of the hummock, his wings motionless and held like downturned parentheses, his stick legs straight out behind him.

It was low tide this morning, and our twelve-year-old went down to the little beach at the end of the point. It lies between two rough, short jetties and is made up largely of salt-marsh heather, woody glasswort, cord grass, and olive-drab sand. Tide pools form when the water is out. In half an hour, the boy, singing one of those wordless drones that children use for company, had stocked the biggest pool, about eight inches deep, with a rock crab, a green crab, a small spider crab, some mummichogs, and a perfect baby lobster. The lobster was three inches long, and looked as if it had been carved out of red sandstone. The bottom of the pool was covered with salt-marsh detritus—mussel shells, clamshells, scallop shells, boat shells, mud snails, moon snails, hermit crabs, a million small stones (gray, maroon, yellow, black, pale green, off-white), and a carpet of infinitesimal shell fragments, probably the residue of Indian leavings. The pool, almost rectangular, resembled a Jackson Pollock. When the tide started in, an hour later, the boy dumped the crabs back into the channel and put the lobster down on the water's edge. It shot a foot across the bottom and disappeared beneath a piece of seaweed that fitted like a glove.

Champlain had reason to mistrust the Nausets: "Four or five sailors having gone ashore with some large kettles to fetch fresh water from among the sand hills at a distance from our



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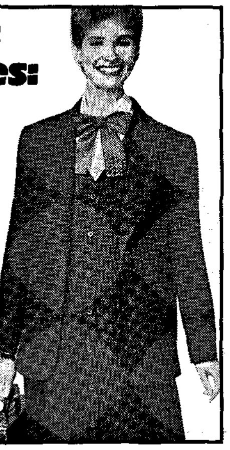

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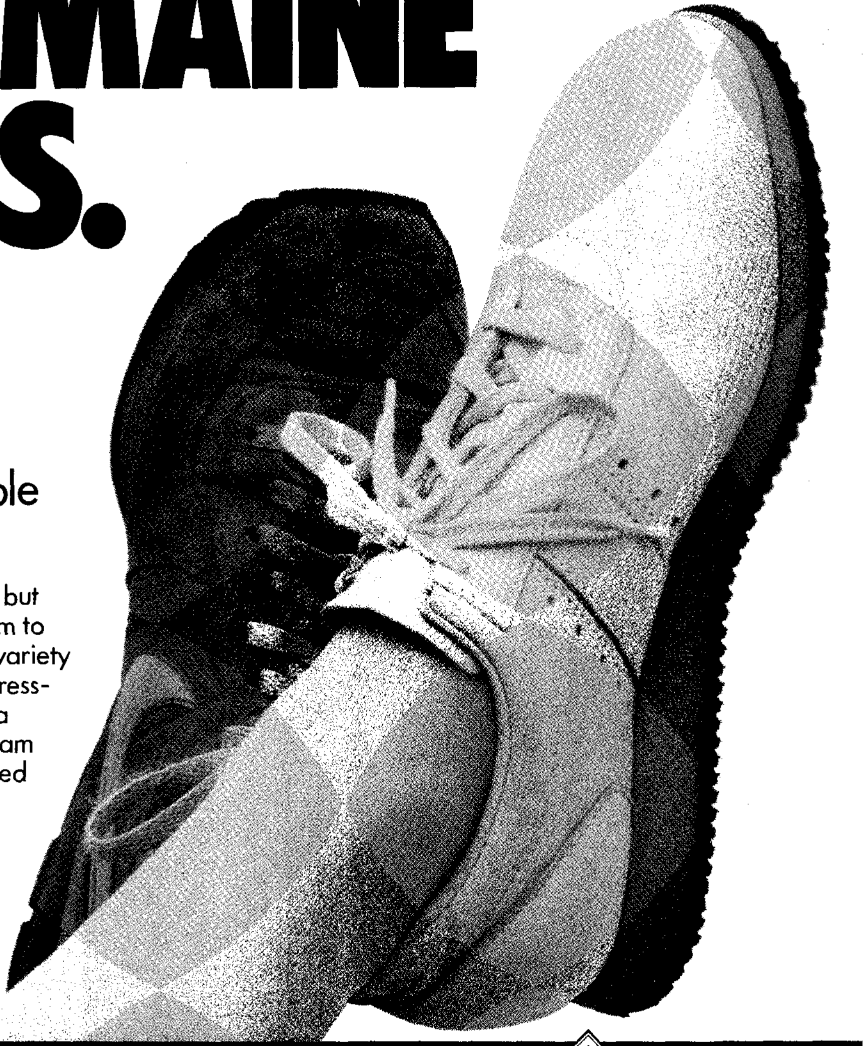

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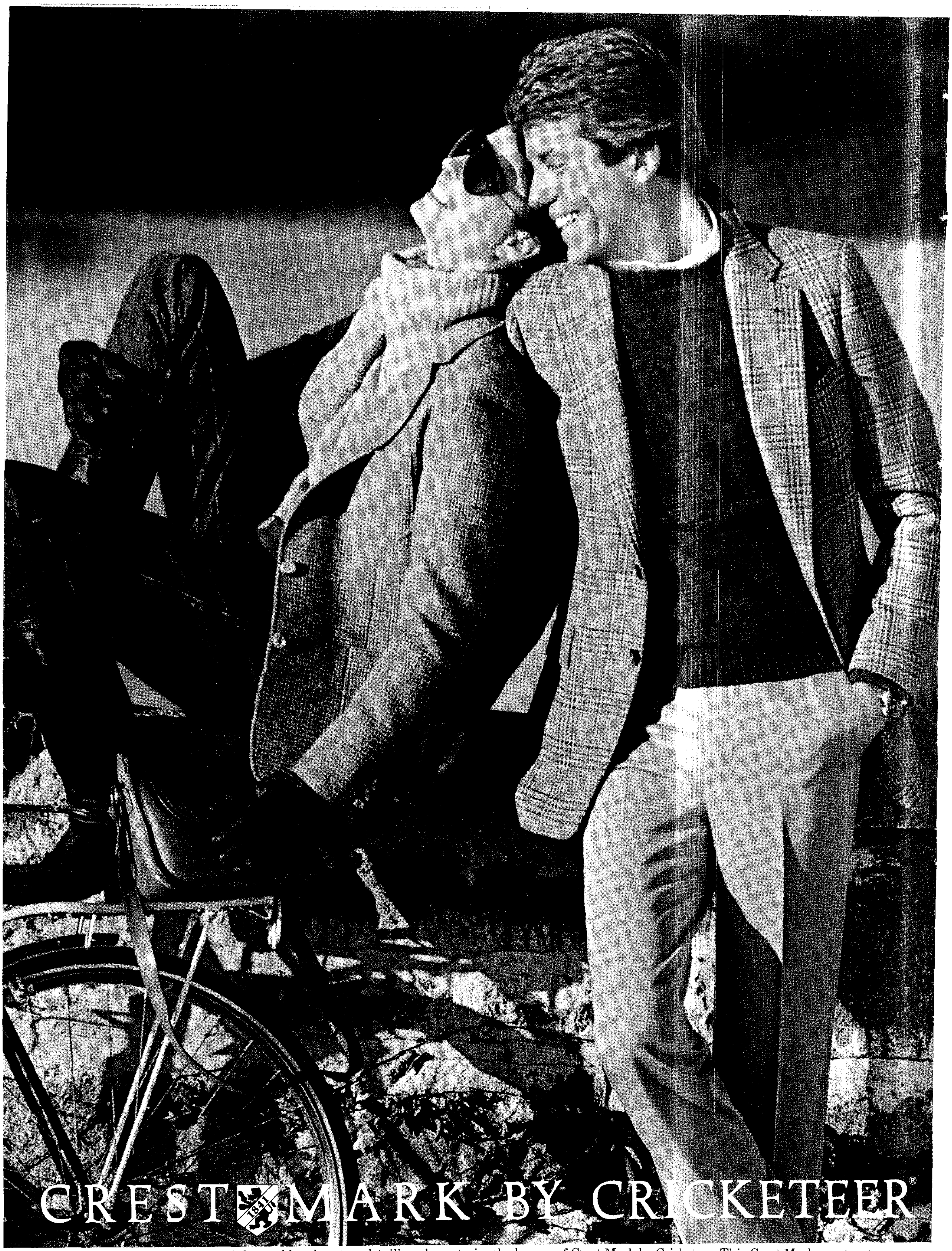
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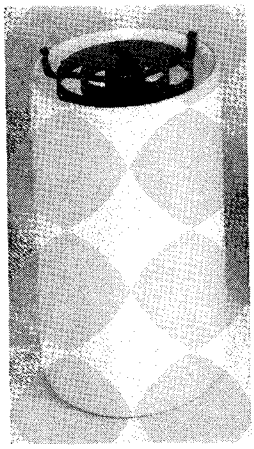

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pinnace, certain Indians, being desirous to possess some of these kettles, watched for the time when our men went there, and snatched one by force out of the hands of a sailor who had filled his the first and who had no weapons. One of his companions, starting to run after the Indian, quickly returned, being unable to catch him, inasmuch as the latter was a swifter runner than himself. The other Indians, when they saw our sailors running toward our pinnace and shouting to us to discharge some musket shots at the Indians, who were in considerable numbers, took to flight. At the same time, there were a few Indians on board our pinnace who threw themselves into the sea, and we were able to seize only one of them. Those onshore who had taken to flight, seeing the others swimming, turned back straight to the sailor from whom they had taken the kettle and shot several arrows at him from behind and brought him down. Perceiving his condition, they at once rushed upon him and despatched him with their knives." The sailor was the first white man killed by Indians in New England.

AUGUST 26TH: We had two thunderstorms this morning—one at two-thirty and one at six. What woke us, around two, was not the thunder, which was miles away in Truro, but the almost constant flickering of the lightning. It came in flat, distant sheets that lit the northeast sky, and as it got closer it lit quadrants of the marsh. It called to mind the beginning of a storm we had several years ago. The flickering had started about the same time, but it was far more rapid and it shone through dense fog. Also, there was no sound—just the steady, baleful flickering. That time, I had called the Orleans police and asked if anything strange was going on out Nauset Marsh way, and had been told that a severe electrical storm was coming from Boston and would reach us in about an hour. The report was correct. This morning, though, the first storm passed just north of us; we could see daggers of lightning plunging into the ocean beyond the outer beach. The second storm hit us—the thunder and lightning a Wagnerian spectacle, accompanied by the steady, heavy applause of the rain. Cape thunderstorms are odd in this way: the topography of low hills, myriad ponds and lakes, and large surrounding bodies of water seems to act as a huge sounding board, so that storms twenty

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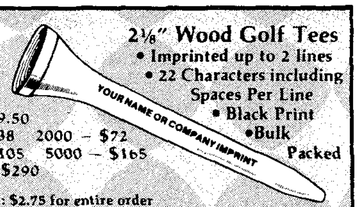
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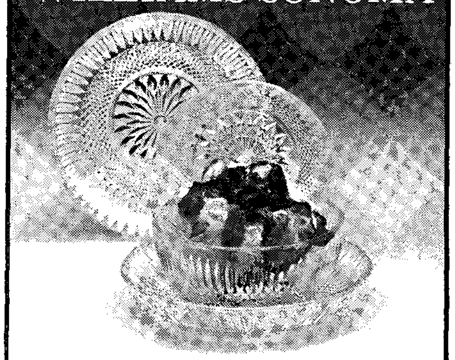
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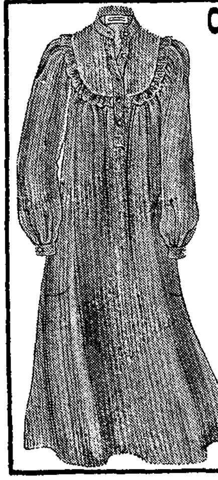
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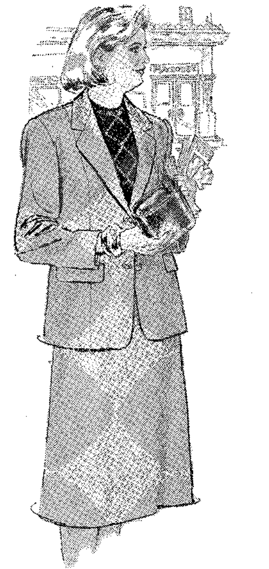
or thirty miles away reverberate like bowling balls, and when they close in they echo and reëcho.

Here are some of the fish that move through the waters of the marsh—striped bass, bluefish, flounder, fluke, sand dabs, skates, sand eels, eels, pollock, scrod, mackerel, sand sharks, menhaden, herring, whitebait, goosefish, mummichogs, pipefish. Striped bass are the kings, sometimes reaching sixty or seventy pounds.

August 30th: Here are some of the birds we have seen over, on, or near the marsh this year—great blue heron, blue heron, green heron, laughing gull, black-backed gull, little gull, black-bellied plover, American oyster catcher, common tern, greater yellowlegs, lesser yellowlegs, sparrow, sparrow hawk, mourning dove, knot, cormorant, marsh hawk, yellow-throated warbler, solitary sandpiper, killdeer, black duck, Canada goose, land crow, fish crow, cardinal, chickadee, blue jay, egret, snowy egret, cedar waxwing, dowitcher, and red-winged blackbird. We have not seen those majestic shorebirds the marbled godwit and the Hudsonian godwit, with their great, upturned beaks. A Boston doctor named Wyman Richardson saw them thirty or forty years ago, as he reported in his "The House on Nauset Marsh," a collection of dry, graceful, flat-vowelled essays on the weather and fauna and moods of the marsh. He also described the peregrine falcon, or duck hawk:

> We saw him soaring in tight circles, reaching skyward with unbelievable speed and drifting to the east before a fresh westerly breeze. At this particular moment there was but a single sandpiper around, about fifty yards in front of us. Finally the hawk became an almost invisible speck, but with his keen eye apparently still focussed on the unsuspecting red-back. Then down he plunged in a near-vertical dive. He drove past us at grass-top level, within fifteen feet, so fast we could hardly follow him. At this point the peep saw him and jumped. When two feet from the ground, and just as the hawk got there, the peep made a right-angle turn. The hawk turned also, with a searing, tearing crash of sound—but too late. Then back and forth, up and down and around they went, until the hawk tired of the chase. Up, up, up he went, and in a matter of seconds disappeared into the blue.

Nor have we seen a bald eagle. The naturalist Henry Beston wrote of spotting one in "The Outermost House," a poetic, Thoreau-inspired description of a year he spent in 1926 and 1927 in a two-room house built on the dunes above the outer beach. (The house lasted fifty years and became some-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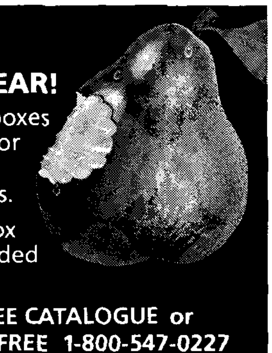
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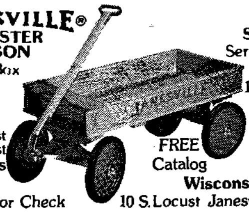
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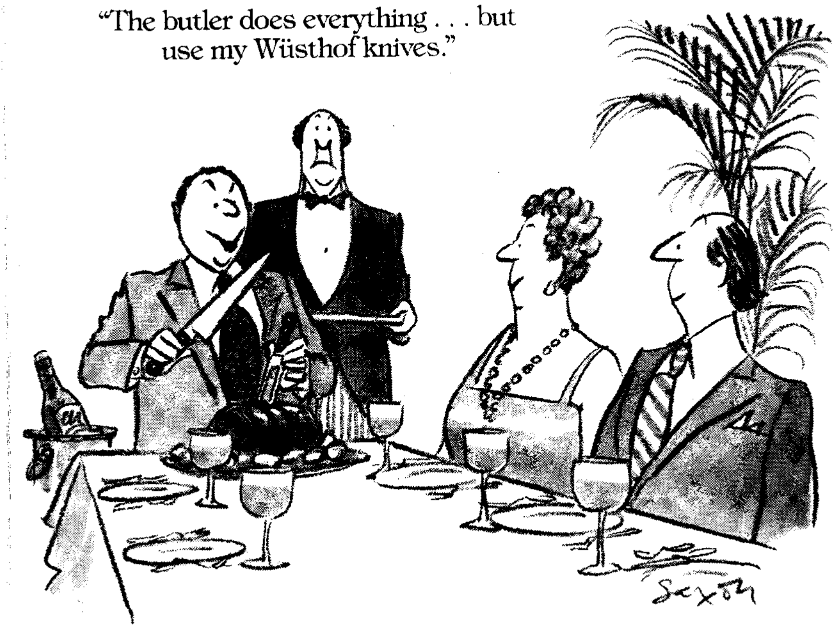
thing of a shrine. The great gale of February 7, 1978, washed it away.) Beston wrote:

> It chanced that on a mild September morning, as I was standing a moment at a window looking west over the marshes and the blue autumnal creeks, an alarm of some kind began to spread among the gulls. The incoming tide had already crowded the birds back on the higher gravel banks and bars, and from these isles, silvery cloud by cloud, I saw the gulls rise and stream away to the southward in a long, fugitive storm of wings. They were flying, I noticed, unusually low. Interested to see what had thus disturbed them, I stepped out a moment to the pinnacle of my dune. As I stood there staring after the vanishing gulls and questioning the sky, I saw far above the birds, and well behind them, an eagle advancing through the heavens. He had just emerged from a plume of hovering cloud into the open blue, and when I saw him first was sailing south and seaward on motionless wings, seeming to follow in the great sky the blue course of a channel far below.

Margy and Peter White, who own this house, are allowing the pines that rim the point to grow, but they have left a viewing platform at the tip of the point. To step onto this platform, as I did this morning after breakfast, is to step into the vast blue-green room of the marsh. It was a hot, coppery day, and the colors were muted. The thick semicircle of water that surrounded the point, stretching two miles from Nauset Heights, on the right, to Skiff Hill, on the left, was pewter blue. The scimitar-shaped hummock framing the water was a soft gold-green, the channel beyond a washed-out blue, the outer beach tawny, and the ocean misty and indistinct. The cut, directly opposite the point two years ago, was fifteen degrees to my left, and quiet. The ocean's customary thunder has been carried away this summer by almost steady offshore winds. Stepping onto the point on a moonless, starless night is very different. The marsh is covered by a dense, almost palpable darkness—a darkness affected not in the least by the lights of Nauset Heights or by the Nauset light, which flashes from up past the Coast Guard station. Barring an occasional restive gull or a motoring, clacking flight of geese, there is utter silence. It is in that black silence that the immensely attractive secrets of the marsh—its dreaming stillness, its fragile strength, its heedless beauty, its immutability—are preserved.

SEPTEMBER 1ST: On the point, the air—always unbelievably sweet-smelling—is rarely still, and when the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wind blows, as it often does, everything nods and rocks and hums. In particular, there is that thick, beseeching fir sound.

Wyman Richardson said that he learned never to go out on the marsh in a boat without a compass—that you could get lost thirty feet offshore in a sudden fog, or even on a starless night. A couple of mornings ago, one of the dozen or so fishing boats that operate out of Snow Shore Landing sat high and dry on the far edge of the great hummock next to the channel. When the tide came in, my insatiable fifteen-year-old rowed out and asked the fisherman what had happened, and he said, "I guess I didn't have it all together last night."

By 1700, the settlers on this part of the Cape had cut down the virgin forest that covered it, and were well on their way to depleting the topsoil, because they failed to rotate their crops. By 1750, the bare, windblown edges of the marsh were the way Thoreau found them a hundred years later. By 1800, Nauset Heights had an ugly saltworks at its foot, and there was another near Fort Hill. (Saltworks consisted of acres of low, open wooden tanks into which salt water was pumped by windmills and from which the water evaporated, leaving a substance that eventually crystallized into salt.) The saltworks were just about gone by Thoreau's time, but fishing shacks, used for drying fish and storing gear, had appeared at Snow Shore Landing and Nauset Heights. This morning, Dick Rich, who has made his way on the Cape in insurance and real estate, and now owns cranberry bogs, stopped by and talked about Weeset Point as it was sixty-five or seventy years ago. "This house was built as a summer place in the early twenties by my half uncle, Pearly Rich," he said. "It was just two rooms and a place to cook. The inside was unfinished, with the studding showing. It was the third or fourth house on the point, the second being the ten-room house my grandfather built in 1898 that stood about halfway down the point from here. It was torn down five or six years ago to make way for the Nichols' house. I told Mr. Nichols not to feel bad about razing it—it leaked wind like a sieve leaks water. We used to come up to my grandfather's to summer from South Orleans, where I still live. There was a pier running out about seventy feet nearly to that rock, and we swam off the end of it. Just beyond the rock, I

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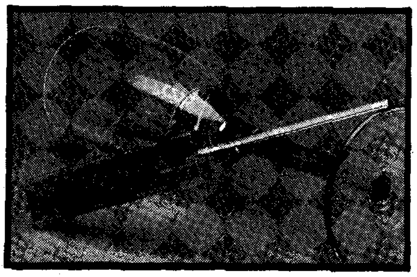

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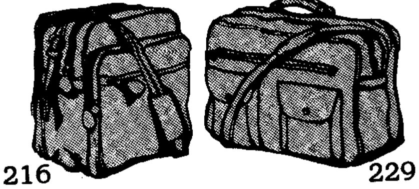

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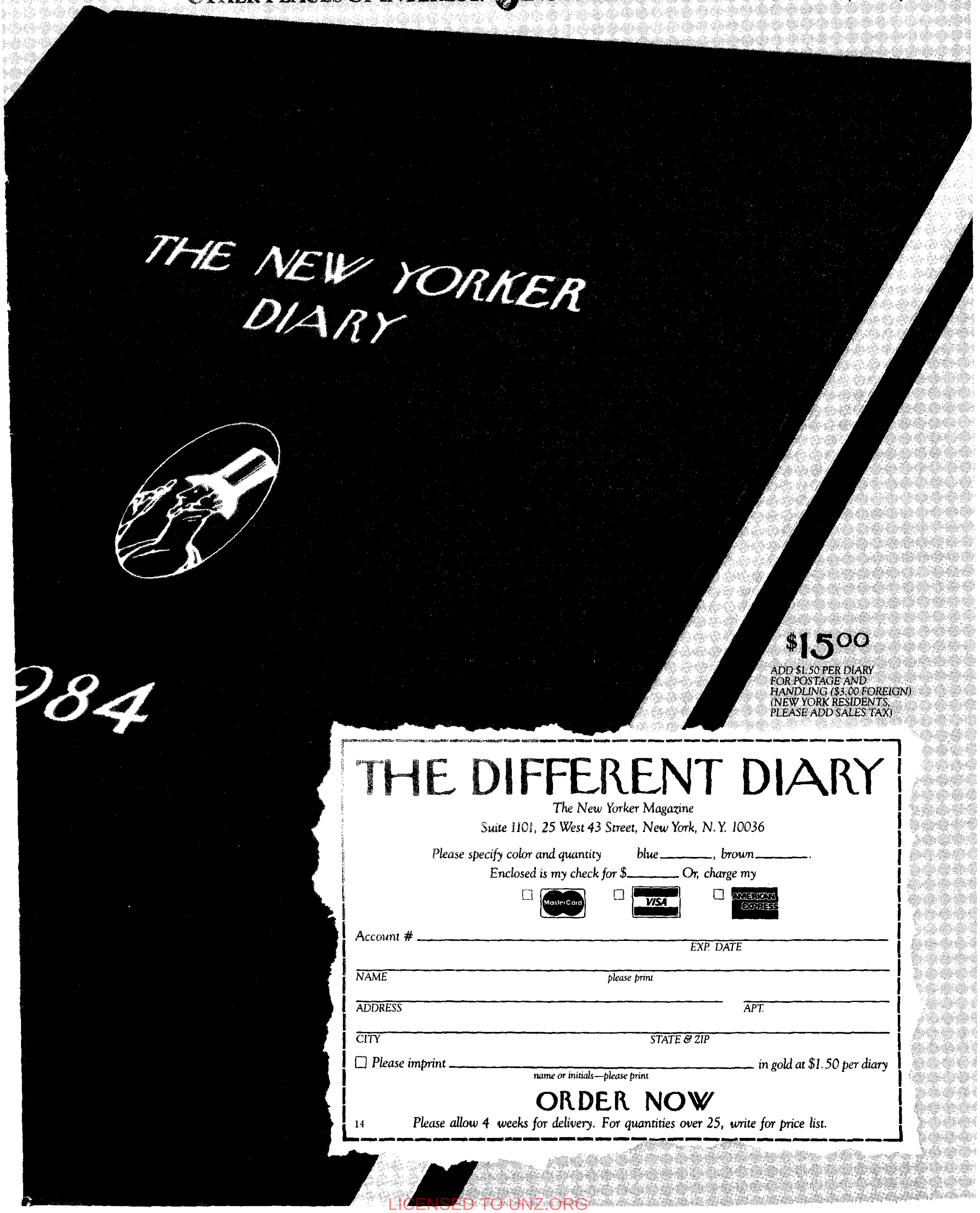

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caught lobsters and speared flounder by the bushel. I also used to shoot the seals that came into the harbor in the winter. I'd get a five-dollar bounty for each one. Some of the happiest times in my life were spent gunning in the marsh in the moonlight, shooting ducks and geese and such. Weeset Point—which was generally known as Rich's Point, since my grandfather owned most of it—was just about bare when I first came: no trees, a few bayberries, some low stone fences. You can't imagine how the wind blew, especially in winter. It'd be a nice, quiet day in South Orleans, and when we got here it would be blowing a gale. In winter, the ocean came right up to the point, and one of the bad storms did severe damage. Anyway, my uncle Pearly Rich sold this house to a member of Roosevelt's Brain Trust. He improved it, and made the inside like a ship, with the beds all bunks and the mirrors fastened to the walls. He was a wonderful man. My son Marty used to visit him just to watch him make his fish faces—one for a flounder, one for a bass, and the like. He also designed and built a boat shaped exactly like a teardrop, but it didn't work too well. Of course, the big event when I was a kid was the time in 1918 when a German U-boat shelled a tug just off the harborway. I was eleven. It was a Sunday in July, and I went out in a boat to watch the action. Nauset Heights was covered with spectators, and the shooting went on a long time. The Germans finally sank several barges carrying some kind of stone, and blew the superstructure off the tug, and then disappeared. The point looks good now, with all the trees and growth. It's as beautiful as I've ever seen it, and probably just as beautiful as it was before the white man got here."

The oceanographer Graham Giese wrote in "The Eroding Shores of Outer Cape Cod," a pamphlet published in 1974, "Cape Cod is a temporary, steadily diminishing glacial deposit whose shores have been subject to submergence by a rising sea level since its creation some fifteen thousand years ago. Nothing that man can ever do, intentionally or unintentionally, will change the fact that Cape Cod is slowly submerging."

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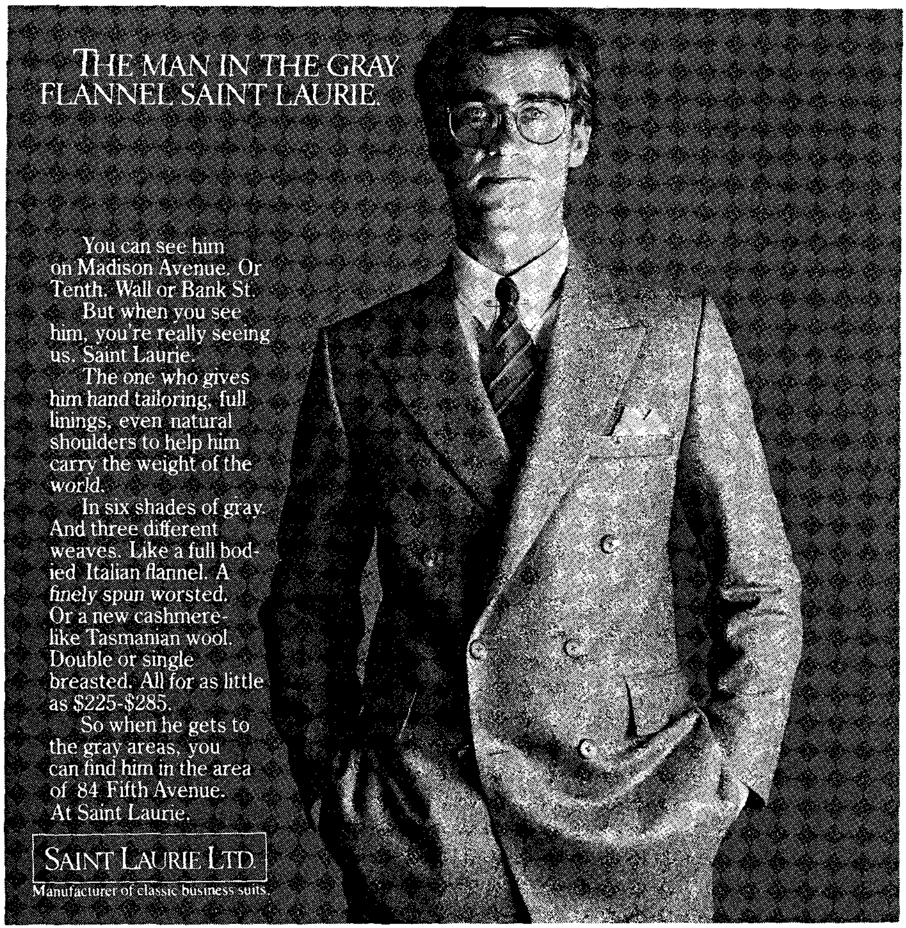

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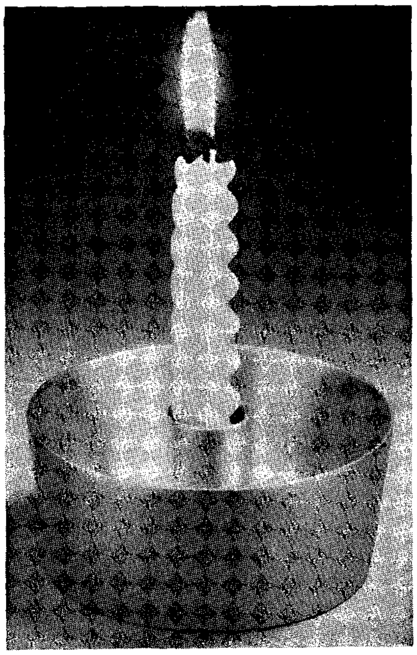

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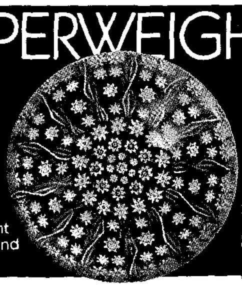

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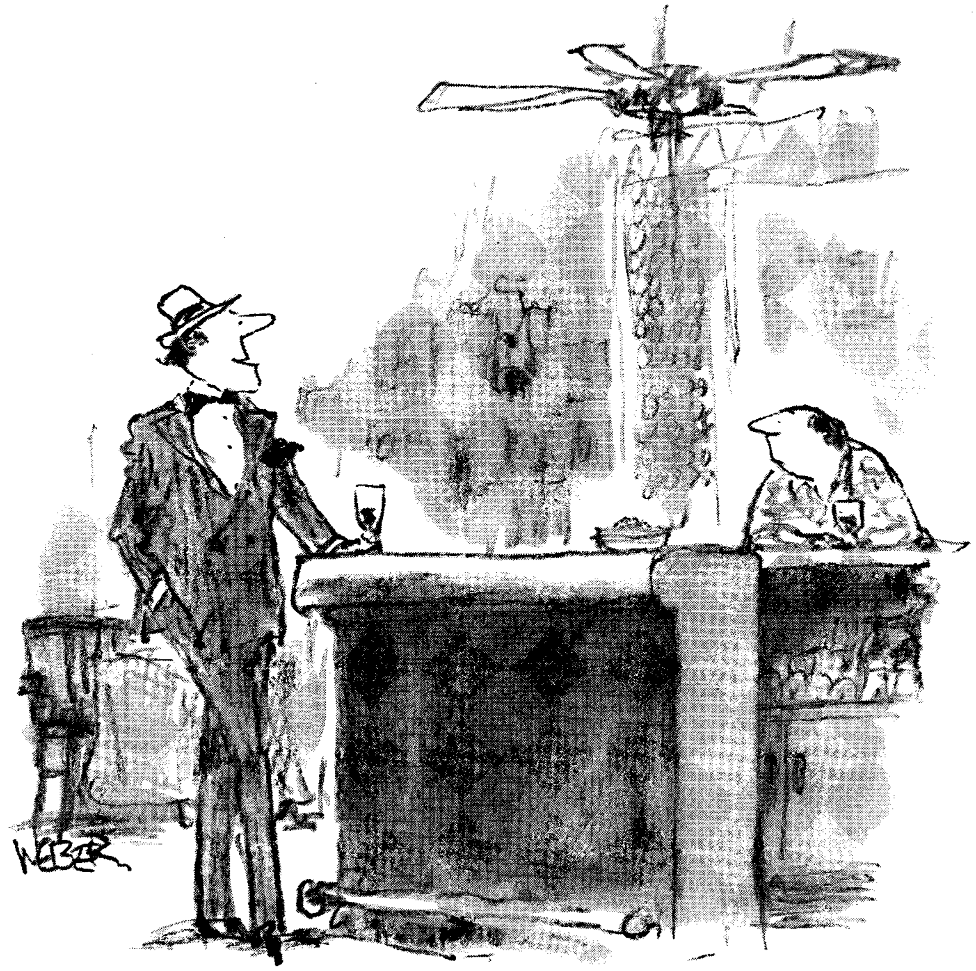
The New France

NO opinions survive more obstinately than those about national character, says Theodore Zeldin in his new study, "The French" (Pantheon; $17.95). Such opinions are no more than passing historical glances, handed down from generation to generation long after they have ceased to have any relevance. When the French critic Taine came to Britain, he soon found that "the strong, silent Englishman" was a fiction; he found a nation of fantasists and unbosoming talkers. The French used to be thought vain and flighty. Undoubtedly, we all have our set phrases. The national-character game is largely a matter of international wit and fading epigrams; class and status judgments seem safer, even if transient. At the moment, for instance, Mr. Zeldin believes that the famous claim of the French to be the apostles of *égalité* came to an end in 1945 and was taken over by modern West Germany. I trust him for the moment, because he is a historian, and no passing tourist, and because he sets people in the social flux of their times. He is well known for his important study "France: 1848-1945," and he understands that the French, like the British and the Americans, did not really enter the twentieth century until forty-five years after 1900. By that time, France and Britain had ceased to be Great Powers, and large chunks of national character had altered. What chiefly disturbs him is something else: we may love France, but for mysterious reasons the British and the Americans mistrust the French. About a third of the British population regularly goes to spacious France, for relief from our crowded island. The long history of the wars with France has been no handicap at all—it even seems a bond. Yet most British say they would not care to live in France. Americans, he thinks, find their ideological allies of the War of Independence difficult to recognize. He thinks we all go to France as tourists to eat, drink, and look at the splendid monuments and sights, phrase book in hand, but ignore the people. We certainly may be vague about the nature of regions like Alsace, the Basque country, Brittany, and Provence, whose reviving cultures are at odds with the edicts of Paris and as distinctive as those of the Cornish, Welsh, Scottish, and Northern Irish. A packer I worked with in a Paris shop when I was twenty was a Breton who denied he was French and declared he was more British than I.

For the last twenty-five years, Mr. Zeldin has been an academic at Oxford, and he writes in an easy, vivacious manner. To get to know any country, he thinks, one ought to understand its jokes. He follows the terse and derisive French cartoonists with passion. Each of his chapters—on matters like family life (where power and status lie), working conditions, the educational system, what the French eat and drink, how they dress, their attitudes toward illness, their prayers and their culture, their habits of debate, their teen-agers, their attitudes on such things as sex, women's lib, and the status of intellectuals—is preceded by surprising portraits and recorded interviews with "typical" people whose histories are "untypical." These relieve his resort to the guesswork of opinion polls. His governing view is that the French are now fully adapted to the scientific and technological revolution that has turned them, like ourselves, into a consumer society. The traditional France known to people of my generation before 1945 has almost gone. Even that powerful conservative French institution the family, with its ruling grandmother and its ceremonial Sunday luncheons, has been transformed. If Grandmother still has a role, it is as one who finds herself in charge of the children while husband and wife go to work. And divorce (though the rates do not yet approach the American level) has extended the family. Loneliness has appeared. Today "love does not just join people up in twos but also in twenty-threes, which is the average size of the effective family. The shortage of brothers and sisters has been made up for by a new abundance of grandparents. . . . France has a million divorced people, nearly four million widows and widowers, and about 2.7 million bachelors and spinsters aged over thirty." Yet in



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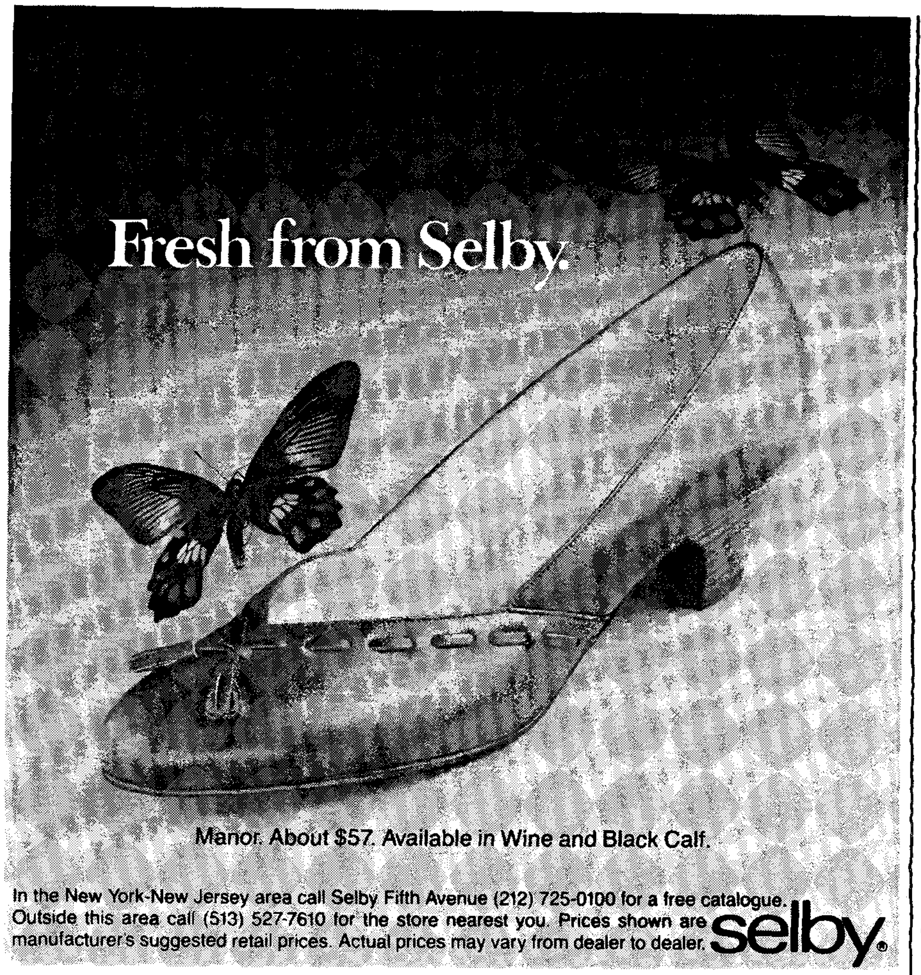

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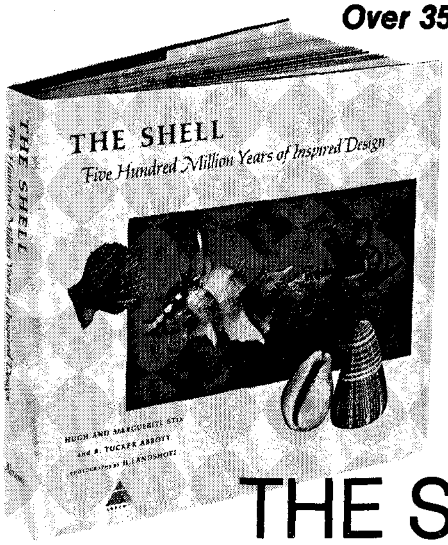

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Normandy last year large families of young and old seemed to me *very* large in comparison with families on my side of the Channel. How many were strictly French? There is a large increase in population. France now is crowded with poor immigrants from North Africa, Central Africa, Italy, and Portugal, who do the less well-paid jobs. We are all immigrant countries today.

The aristocracy in France has played far less part in public affairs than its opposite number in England. It was replaced after the Revolution by an instructed, high-bourgeois élite. But élitism is now supposed to be "out." The top people are now the managers in industry and commerce, who have more status than the highly specialized bureaucracy. It is the managers who are the medallists of varying grades and rank (Mr. Zeldin thinks France may be the most bemedalled country in the world)—the new upper class, often humbly born. *Égalité* has changed its face. In one sense, this is traditional: we remember Balzac's César Birotteau, the shopkeeper longing for the Legion of Honor. There is obviously still a fiercely trained centralized bureaucracy, but it is staffed by another kind of man or woman.

Here I find Mr. Zeldin's long account of the drastic changes in state education very revealing. France has become much like Britain and America—although the French both love and hate to be Americanized. One source of the change is in that crucial examination of the *lycée:* the *baccalauréat.* The two obligatory subjects are no longer philosophy and rhetoric. They were designed to turn out a highly polished man of the world who did not need a university education, unless, Mr. Zeldin says, "it was for vocational purposes"—a man trained to "write and talk with fluency and eloquence, with that peculiar sense of order that reduced all complexity to three arguments and a conclusion, with that dash of literary refinement that, like a perfume, added charm and sophistication." This fed what still seems to me the great, if maddening, French gift for analysis. My own impression when I was young was that it provided a system by which anyone could moralize in clichés and make tabulated distinctions by rote, even by digest—"I see you are a follower of Montaigne rather than of Pascal"—and so automatically equip the speaker with the power to cap any remark one

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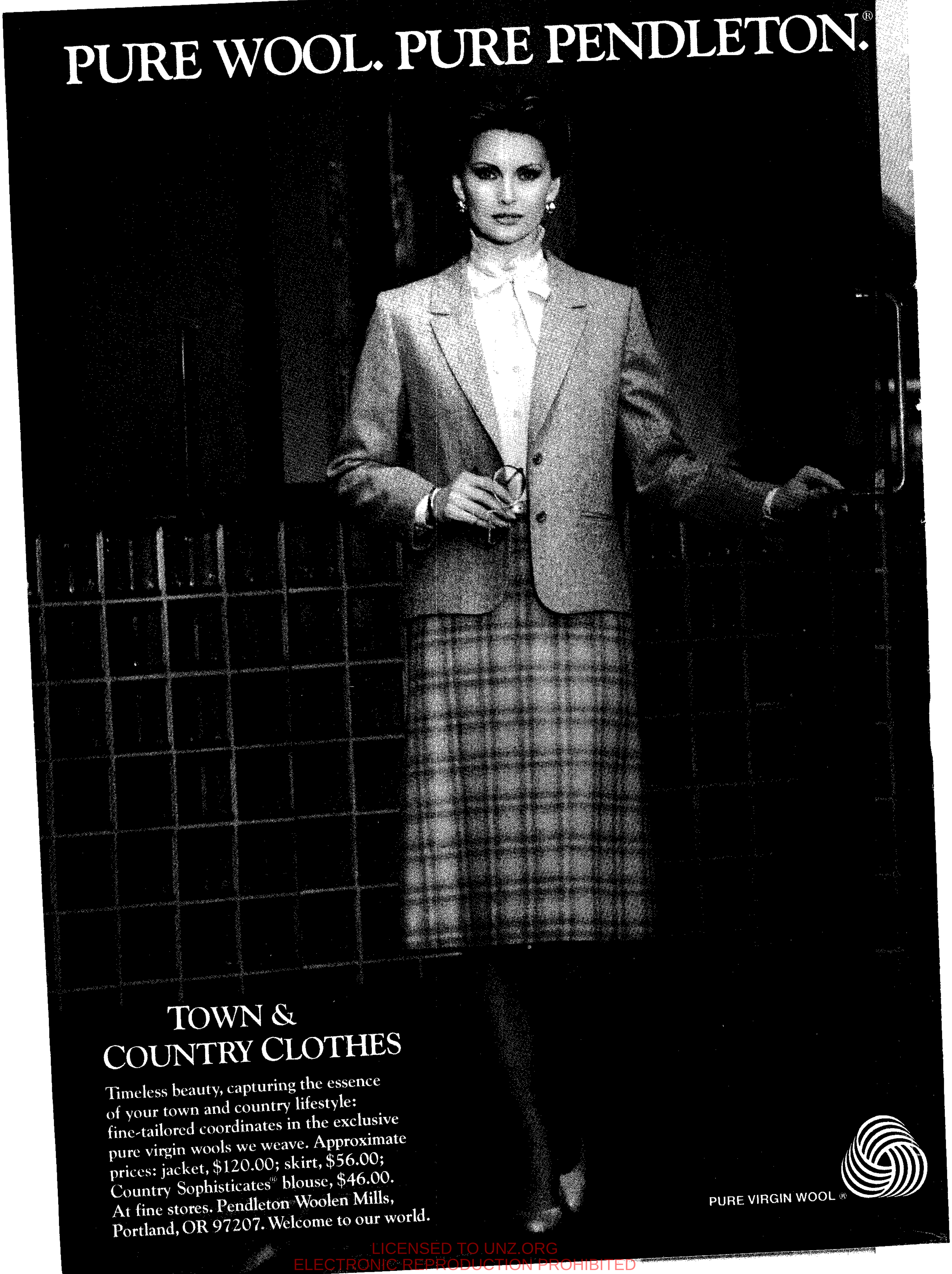

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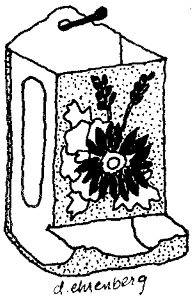
made. Mr. Zeldin agrees that the appetite for "abstractions" still exists. How many times in international committees has one heard the Frenchman shudder at the foreigner's "practicality" or "common sense," his lack of interest in first formulating intellectual precisions? Philosophy and rhetoric were aids to personal vanity. Now they are "out." The decisive subjects at the *lycée* are scientific and mathematical. This worries Mr. Zeldin: even the "scientific" Germans still demand equal proportions of the humanities, languages, and sciences in their exams.

Where the change has had its most drastic effect—and I think this must be true of all technological societies—is on the ordinary student. He may not be distinguished, but to get a future job—whether he rises to the high, powerful social status of manager or not—he absolutely must obtain a diploma. There are diplomas for everything. (There is even one for ironing, and launderers now call themselves clothes doctors.) Education begins earlier in France than it does elsewhere. The competition is fierce, for unemployment figures are high. Not all students can stand the four-year *lycée* course; some drop out and become manual workers. The democratic ideal of the same state education for all has not changed class differences, though many poor boys—far fewer girls—rise to the top, as one can read in Mr. Zeldin's portraits and interviews. One consequence of the system is that the state universities have lost prestige, and the old *grandes écoles*—originally founded by Napoleon to fill the highest ranks in the administration—have grown enormously in number and have created a new snobbism. They even concentrate, as the old British public schools did, on "character"! The *grandes écoles* attract the sons and daughters of the rich leaders of industry. Family influence and the "old boy" network have become important. Once more, something like this seems to be true of all technological societies, including the United States. There is a great deal of angry controversy among students and schoolteachers. One is tempted to conclude glumly, "Forty per cent like it, forty per cent dislike it, twenty per cent don't know," as one does with Kinsey's notorious questionnaires about sex.



A lasting illusion among romantic foreigners is that Paris is the intellectual capital of the world, given to the production of great artists and thinkers. Certainly the intellectuals have been an influential colony, producing their Sartre and their Lévi-Strauss, fiercely *à la mode*, if not on speaking terms with one another. Now, it seems, their powers of intimidation have declined. We used to imagine that the French read more books than the rest of us did; if we rely on "statistics," it turns out that they publish no more books and read fewer than the rest of us. They even read fewer newspapers than we do. They seem to read few books in English, but that does not seem strange: both intellectuals and the mass public have liked foreign literature only when they could use it as a kind of trellis on which to train their own exotic interpretations, often brilliantly misconceiving the originals—as Proust did with Ruskin, and, later on, as Hemingway and Faulkner were found useful to the existentialists of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Still, the French continue to be the most aggressive and well-organized publicizers of their culture. No other country approaches them in their efficiency in this, partly because of their despair at the general dissemination of English as the international language. The French remain masters of the "nuance" and of undismayed analysis. They are fearless in stripping naked their own natures, in private or in public. They are even pitiless in their clarity of mind: both the clever and the humble are traditional mockers of their own rhetoric—their mockery is a grace. Their conventional logic-chopping may bore us, but their *grande logique* is splendid and refreshing. The language has classic powers of definition. Or had. It is hard to believe that the new French student, as Mr. Zeldin says, cannot understand the language of Racine even when he makes fun of the subjunctive—as we also do.

Mr. Zeldin's very lively book contains a great deal of information on changes of life style, chic, and taste in sport, eating, and fashion. Rugby football, imported from Britain, was once for the élite, but now it is a mass sport. The new upper managerial class has moved on to tennis. The prestige of the couturiers rises from an old native flair for change, cut, and detail but owes even more to shrewd interna-

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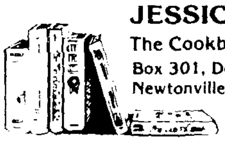

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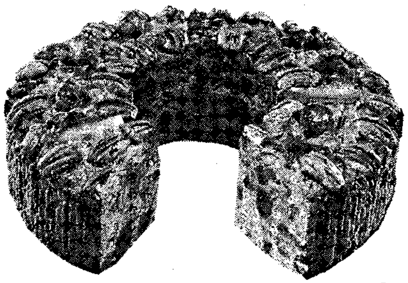

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tional alliances, marketing, and invisible propaganda. It is astonishing to read that although "the little dressmaker" has vanished, the "average" Frenchwoman buys only two new dresses a year. It is interesting politically that the French, like other nations, are at war with centralization and the capital: the provincial mayor is becoming more and more an important figure. We all have one foot in the "grass roots" ideology now. Most of us have been brought up to believe that the *influence* of a peasant background in France is strong. So it may still be, in the habits of frugality, shrewdness, stoicism, and hard work; also in the town dweller's dream of retiring early to a little country corner where he can be "tranquil" and enjoy the savor of living for its own sake. It is therefore a surprise to hear that the peasant population has greatly diminished and yet that a great many of the new, industrialized farmers are rich. The new France turns out to be one of the largest exporters of food in the world—the third-largest exporter of milk, after Russia and the United States. Mr. Zeldin says, "The peasant has so far been extraordinarily successful in his ambition not only to remain independent of state control but also somehow to milk the state at the same time. He has long paid less taxes than anyone else . . . On the contrary, he is subsidized by the state to the tune of about £1000 per head per annum." The Common Market has made the peasant "Europe's feudal lord." It does not surprise me—after reading this—that the small shopkeepers have easily kept sixty per cent of the retail trade from the supermarkets. That comforts me: the France I used to know is still alive! As for the new French, Mr. Zeldin rejects most of our traditional views of them, and some of our alarm. "The French are human beings, who do not obediently lap up everything they are taught, even if they were all taught the same things."

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COLD HEAVEN, by Brian Moore (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $14.95). In this novel, his fourteenth, Mr. Moore has attempted something very difficult: to give credibility to a supernatural experience. An American doctor and his young wife are vacationing in Nice. The wife is in love with another

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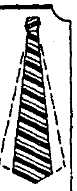

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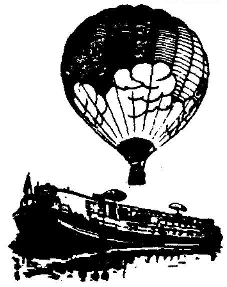
man, and is trying to find the right time to break the news to her husband. The doctor is struck by a motorboat while swimming in the Baie des Anges. He suffers a concussion and a fractured skull and is taken to a hospital, where he is pronounced dead and his body is placed in the morgue. But the next morning he is gone, and, it soon develops, has flown back to New York. The wife follows, mystified and feeling that it is all somehow her fault. The aura of mysticism deepens; the doctor seems to die again, to recover again. We are led past disbelief to something near belief—to an acceptance that something strange *is* happening. Mr. Moore has peopled his story with a number of vigorously persuasive secondary characters—a worldly monsignor, a nosy priest, an ancient nun, an uncomfortable fat man with two little dogs. The principals are merely functional, but they function well enough.

NOW FOR THE TURBULENCE, by Alma Stone (Doubleday; $13.95). "A retired librarian and a failed writer, we are not old crocks," an ex-Texan writes, about herself and her older sister, who share an upper-West Side apartment with cats, plants, mice, and bugs. "We are just people who like to drink and to read, and who've gotten older doing so. . . . Raised on quinine, calomel, paregoric, and my grandfather's Worcestershire sauce, we have strong stomachs and, some say, weak brains." These self-effacing claims are soon disproved in this fierce, funny novel, which begins near Riverside Drive and ends in mid-air (as the title suggests) about six months later. There are some wonderful reminiscence-like passages, including a long one about the making and tasting of that Worcestershire sauce: about the pot in which it was brewed, and about "that spicy, gamy odor of tamarind, persimmon and hog guts that clothes boiled in it gave off for months afterwards." There are also some dark and lonely times, involving night nurses and muggers, but gloom is given short shrift. Even when one sister has to take the other's ashes back to Texas for a funeral, she seems cheered, on the plane, by a carry-on bag "bulging like Picasso's goat."

THE DANGEROUS EDGE, by Robert Daley (Simon & Schuster; $16.95). Mr. Daley has vividly imagined a burglary—by way of a tunnel from



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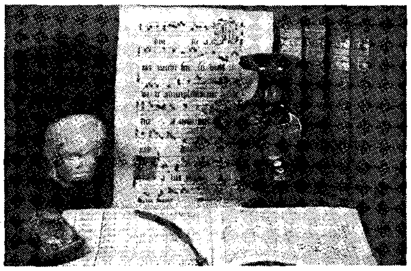

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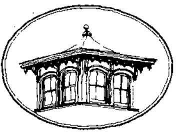

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a sewer into the vaults—of the Banque de Nice et de la Côte d'Azur, much like the famous reality of 1976. It is carried out by a rabble of French gangsters and English-speaking soldiers of fortune under the masterminding (up to a point) of one Edward Lambert—American expatriate, decorated veteran of the recently ended Second World War, would-be playwright, cigarette smuggler, and casual husband of an innocent French girl. When the enormous theft is discovered (with a taunt scrawled by Lambert: "*La Comédie Humaine Continue*"), the case is assigned to Robert Bellarmine, chief of the Brigade Criminelle, Nice detachment, Sûreté Nationale—young, dedicated, and a man who considers crime a personal moral affront. These three people—the egomaniacal Lambert ("a man who took sustenance in imagining that he occupied space in other people's lives"), the stiff but warm-hearted Bellarmine, and young Jacqueline Lambert—stand at the center of this strange *comédie humaine*. Although there is much else—violent action, taut suspense, a vigorous look at the Milieu, a glimpse of corruption in high places, brilliant local color—it is their strangely entangled relationship that gives the novel its very considerable power and deeply satisfying substance.

NOTE: "More Collected Stories," by V. S. Pritchett, has been published by Random House ($17.95). Some of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THE FACES OF POWER: CONSTANCY AND CHANGE IN UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY FROM TRUMAN TO REAGAN, by Seyom Brown (Columbia; $35 cloth, $11.95 paper). A thoughtful, large, and large-minded history. In American foreign policy since the Second World War, the goal of survival—neither Red nor dead—has not changed, but ideas about means have done so. In the immediate postwar period, for example, the revival of Europe seemed most urgent to the American government; the Kennedy Administration began to be seriously concerned with the Third World. Mr. Brown observes that, to a somewhat surprising extent, our foreign policy has responded to our Presidents' temperaments—Kennedy's cool, say, and Johnson's

Eddie Adams

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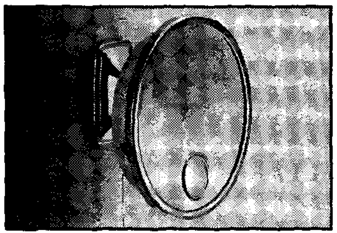

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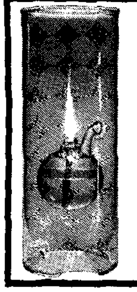

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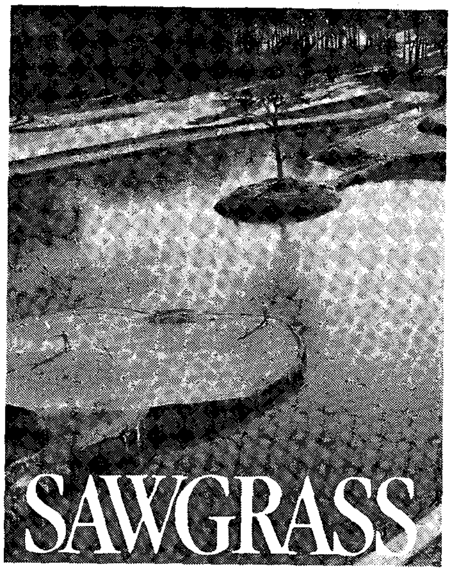

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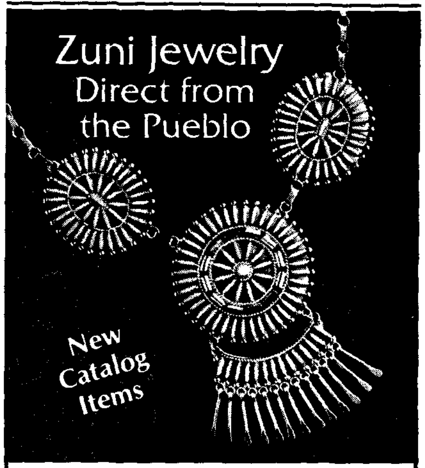
turbulent. In some cases, he suggests, the President should have been more assertive; he thinks, for instance, that Eisenhower's foreign-policy approach was superior to Dulles's, and regrets that Eisenhower allowed his Secretary of State unusual latitude.

WRITERS IN RUSSIA: 1917-1978, by Max Hayward, edited by Patricia Blake, with a preface by Leonard Schapiro (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $22.95). Eleven essays by the late Max Hayward—translator, university teacher, custodian, ambassador, and impresario of Russian letters for readers of English. In a charming biographical sketch, Patricia Blake describes a kind of linguistic wunderkind, who as a Liverpool schoolboy incidentally taught himself Russian while trying to learn Romany, and who eventually mastered seventeen languages. With a blend of knowingness and simplicity, Hayward's essays discuss individual writers, such as Pasternak and Akhmatova, and literary movements, both spontaneous and official. His services to Russian literature included campaigns on behalf of writers who were persecuted in the Soviet Union and the reëstablishment in New York of a Russian-language press. The close of his essay "Dissonant Voices in Soviet Literature" explains his devotion: "One day it will perhaps be shown that not only Russia, but the whole world, is indebted to Soviet literature for keeping alive, in unimaginable conditions, that indefinable sense of freedom which is common to all men."

FATAL VISION, by Joe McGinniss (Putnam; $17.95). On the night of February 16-17, 1970, three people were murdered in an officer's apartment on the grounds of Fort Bragg: Colette MacDonald, a twenty-six-year-old pregnant woman, and her two daughters—Kimberly, five, and Kristen, two. Their husband and father, Captain Jeffrey MacDonald, a twenty-six-year-old Army doctor, was injured. In August, 1979, after a seven-week trial, Captain MacDonald was convicted of the killings, and he is now in prison. Mr. McGinniss first met Captain MacDonald in June of 1979 in California, where the doctor had been practicing medicine since 1971, and when, awaiting trial, he sought a well-known writer (Mr. McGinniss is the author of "The Selling of the President 1968") to report his story



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as the legal persecution of an innocent man who, exonerated in a military hearing in 1970, had been the victim of slovenly police work, the government's need for a scapegoat, and the irrationality of his dead wife's family. Mr. McGinniss's research—documents and interviews—went over the lives of the MacDonalds, whose marriage began as a high-school romance, and his book follows the young people and their families and friends during the years of their education, evoking their backgrounds and personalities and those of the people who formed them. This joint biography gathers significant strands of American life—nuances of social class, ambition and its toll, the intrusion of drugs, and the aspirations of the MacDonalds' parents as well as of the MacDonalds themselves. There are clichés come to life (Captain MacDonald's flamboyant big-city lawyer alienated a small-city jury) and also contemporary issues—the excessive role of forensic psychology and psychiatry in the courtroom, for example. We recognize it all—perhaps unfortunately, for Mr. McGinniss's able reporting seems to make almost every figure in his narrative more contemptible than tragic. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

LONG WALKS IN FRANCE, by Adam Nicolson, with photographs by Charlie Waite (Harmony/Crown; $17.95). A guidebook of a most unusual sort. Mr. Nicolson has found and here describes—almost step by step—nine generally different walks that offer a comprehensive look at rural France. The areas are, roughly, Brittany, Normandy, Touraine, Burgundy, Auvergne, Cevennes, Provence, Limousin, and the Pyrenees just east of Biarritz. Each walk covers about a hundred miles. Distances between villages are given in exact kilometres; points of interest (scenic and historic) are indicated ("At the south-eastern corner of the town you pass the Château de Clos Lucé, where Leonardo da Vinci lived his last two and a half years"); and there are notes on what can be found to eat and drink along the way. The book is beautifully made (it is perhaps too beautiful to serve as a field guide), and Mr. Waite's photographs—more than two hundred, many in color—are also beautiful. Most of them depict countryside and buildings; the only

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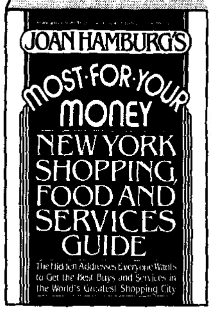
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human figures are (in the long tradition of travel books) those of old, gnarled peasants.

BASEBALL'S GREAT EXPERIMENT, by Jules Tygiel (Oxford; $16.95). A first-rate piece of social history. Mr. Tygiel sets the scene for baseball's experiment in integration—when Jackie Robinson signed a contract with the Brooklyn Dodgers' farm system, in 1945—in a postwar America that had learned little about racial injustice from victory over an enemy who was its embodiment. He goes thoroughly into the politics of the big-time sports business, and focusses on Branch Rickey, the Dodgers' president; he carries the story of baseball's desegregation into the late nineteen-fifties, through the experiences of such players as Roy Campanella, Don Newcombe, Hank Aaron, and Willie Mays; and he follows Robinson's fortunes into his later years, when his refusal to bow down in gratitude for having been given an opportunity he felt should have been his in the first place alienated some white (and black) friends, and made him a hero and spokesman for his people. That the Rickey-Robinson experiment had a wider importance was attested by Martin Luther King, Jr., who told Don Newcombe, "You'll never know what you and Jackie and Roy did to make it possible to do my job."

NOTE: John Updike's "Hugging the Shore: Essays and Criticism" has been published by Knopf ($19.95). Most of the pieces were originally printed in these pages. . . . "B. Tobey of *The New Yorker*," a collection of drawings by Barney Tobey, has been published by Dodd, Mead ($16.95). All the drawings originally appeared in these pages.

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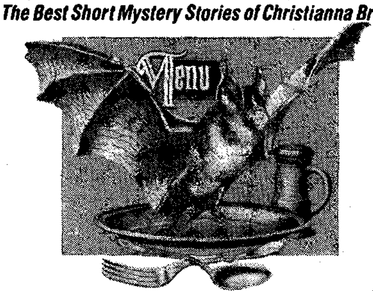

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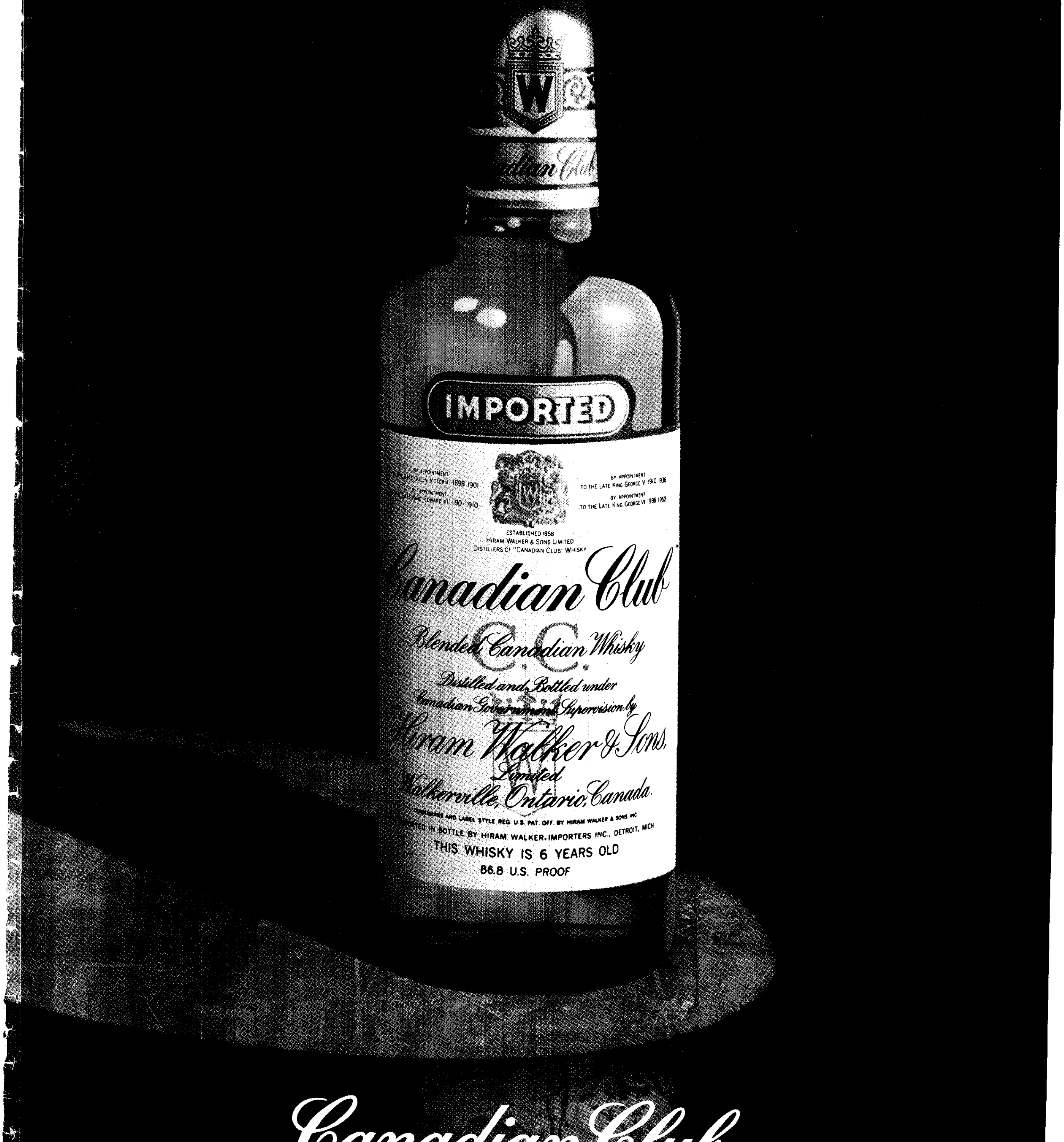
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